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VOLUME LVIII. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1890. NUMBER 46.

Poetry.

WHEN THE BASS BITE BEST.

When the north is breezy and cool and clear,
Lifting the low blue hills in sight;
When the waters are dimpled beyond the pier
And clouds sail idly over the mere,
Oh, that is the time for the bass to bite.

When boughs grow bare and apples fall
With every flaw from the windy west,
When the frost is white on the orchard wall
And the lake frowns blue at the passing squall,
Oh, that is the time when the bass bite best.

When paths are blind with a drift of leaves
And nuts lie thick in the yellow grass,
When barns are bursting with garnered sheaves
"*Imperial horrea*"—full to the eaves,
Oh, that is the time for the wary bass.

With a silver shiner far below
Tugging away at a silken thread,
In a cove where quiet currents flow
And purple shadows come and go,
And a bit of a blue sky overhead.

Too soon the western hills grow black
With lone pines looming above their crest,
In silhouette—too soon alack!
Do far lights glimmer to guide us back,
For that is the time when the bass bite best.
—[Forest and Stream.

SUNSHINE LAND.

EDITH THOMAS.

They came in sight of a lovely shore,
Yellow as gold in the morning light;
The sun's own color at noon it wore,
And had faded not at the fall of night;
Clear weather or cloudy—'twas all as one,
The happy hills seemed bathed with the sun;
Its secret the sailors could not understand,
But they called the country Sunshine Land.

What was the secret?—a simple thing
(It will make you smile when once you know):
Touched by the tender finger of spring,
A million blossoms were all aglow;
So many, so many, so small and bright,
They covered the hills with a mantle of light;
And the wild bee hummed, and the glad breeze fanned,
Through the honeyed fields of Sunshine Land.

If over the sea we two were bound,
What port, dear child, would we choose for ours?
We would sail, and sail, till at last we found
This fairy gold of a million flowers.
Yet, darling, we'd find, if at home we stayed,
Of many small joys our pleasures are made,
More near than we think—very close at hand,
Lie the golden fields of Sunshine Land.

Our Story Teller.

MIRIAM'S LOVERS.

To Miriam Everett's friends she was the personification of loveliness—a second Cleopatra, without the sin spots staining her garments; and to her enemies, perhaps she was exactly the reverse. Haughty, proud, arrogant, these were the terms applied to her by those into whose faces she had never smiled.

Steven Welmore thought her divinity, because he was in love with her and because she had smiled upon him—two most excellent reasons for his opinion! Stern, reserved man as he was, this woman had found the way into his most inner heart—into the very holy of holies of his soul—and he was as completely under her influence as the charmed bird is under the serpents who beguiles it.

Whether he had also found the way to her heart was quite another question, and one which he dared not ask as yet. Too much hung in the balance, finally, to risk it either way, so he contented himself by hovering about her continually and haunting The Cedars morning, noon and night, like some hungry bird that could not or would not elsewhere find its food.

Miriam favored him, certainly, but she favored other chosen few also. There was young Dr. Walter Drayton, who came every morning at sunrise and took Miriam cantering over the hill. He was, perhaps, as formidable a rival as Steven Welmore had—or, at least, he was feared the most. But Dr. Walter lived by his profession, while Steven Welmore was independent. Though this might not go far in the lady's opinion, since Steven remembered hearing her say once that no one was more deserving of honor than he who rose through his own exertions. Perhaps she had intended the remark particularly for Dr. Walker. Very likely. But when a man has lived thirty years before loving, as Steven Welmore had, and then falls a slave before the goddess, it will take more than one rival to make him believe that he can not conquer at last.

Steven Welmore had full faith that she would be his in the end, for he believed in fate, and the fates undoubtedly meant her for him! Or, if they did not, he would win her in spite of fates or furies either. Let any one who dared come between him and his purpose take care, for never a man had a stronger will than this same Steven Welmore.

He rode up to The Cedars one early September morning, just as the sun was rising, hoping to forestall Dr. Walter and secure Mairiam for himself; but he had been there before him, and they were already gone; so he turned about and cantered up and down the gravel road leading to the house, waiting thus until they should return. If he could not be the first, he would certainly be the second upon the scene.

In perhaps half an hour he saw them coming over the road in the distance at a break-neck pace, Miriam ahead.

"Only a race," she said, as she drew her panting horse up beside him.

"And fairly won," the Doctor added, also drawing rein near them.

"You breakfast early," Steven observed.

"At 8 on fine mornings—9 others," Miriam answered.

Dr. Walter, inwardly provoked that he must leave them alone, bowed his adieus, saying he had an unavoidable engagement at 8, and departed.

"It is my turn now, is it not?" Steven asked.

He thought Miriam's face had become serious at Dr. Walter's leaving.

"Yes, if you please. Suppose we go down to the woods for a quiet talk?"

"Well. Nothing would please me more."

What an opportunity for him!

They directed their horses through the gate at the back of the house and down a footpath leading out of the grounds and into the road toward the river: then, cantering on for perhaps a quarter of a mile, they came under the gorgeous, many-colored trees. The sun glinted down upon them through the branches, and now and then a bird thrilled his song above their heads.

"You do not believe in dreams, do you?" she began.

"No. Why?"

"I supposed you did not," she continued. "But; nevertheless, I have been so oppressed with terrible visions for a week back, that they begin to have their effect. I am actually growing to believe in them, and half fear some impending evil."

An amused smile half broke over Steven Welmore's face, but died away as Miriam caught the expression in his eyes.

"You are laughing at me. Therefore you are not my friend!"

She spoke in sober earnest.

"I did not suppose you admitted me within that charmed circle. I have never been very fortunate in making many friends."

He said it with a reserved air as if more truth lurked under his words than he cared to have revealed.

"Nor I. Let us shake hands upon that," Miriam said, with a sudden animation, at the same time extending her hand, from which she had drawn the glove.

"You. You say that, who can bind any you choose to your throne."

Her face was gloomy and sad as she answered him.

"You are mistaken. I am in need of a friend. Such a one as you might be, if you would."

Steven Welmore's face grew luminous. He bent toward her, looking into her eyes eagerly, as only one who loved her as he did was capable of looking.

"I will be your friend forever, if you will accept me. Love you as no mortal ever loved before!" he said:

"Oh, I do not mean that! Not that! How could you have misunderstood me so?"

He was upright in his saddle in a second; his eyes dilating and flashing and his whole face hard as a rock.

"All women are devils, and all men are fools," he said, in a clear, ringing tone; and putting the spurs into his horse, he dashed down the road like a madman, leaving Miriam alone.

Miriam was sorry, to say the least. If she could only have bound him to her as a true, loyal friend, what a comfort it would have been to her. But here he had thought her fishing for a husband! Bah! Her face flushed angrily, "Would no one understand her, then?" She needed friends, not lovers. She turned her horse's head and touching him with her riding whip rode swiftly away in the opposite direction from which Steven Welmore had gone.

Her anger was spent in the long, fierce ride she took, and she came home quite herself again. That evening, while Miriam sat in the moonlight, running her fingers dreamily over the piano keys, Steven Welmore came in and stood beside her.

"Miriam, I acted like a fool this morning, and have come to ask your pardon," he said.

"Granted," she answered, quickly, with a pleased face, giving him her hand.

"And I wish to be your friend," he continued, "and to have this morning's folly forgotten, if possible."

"Granted also. And to prove it, come out into the grounds with me. I have something to tell you."

They went out under the full moon.

"You ought to know why I cannot be yours, for such an unexpected honor as your love deserves some reward," she said. "I will tell you. Long before I knew you I loved and was engaged."

Her companion started slightly at her words.

"To-day that man is an abandoned inebriate, wholly lost and ruined; but—" she turned her face toward him, her eyes swimming in tears—"I love him yet and can marry no other."

For several seconds nothing broke the silence between them. Then Steven said: "I will be your friend. Your confidence has not been misplaced. Your dreams were of this. I see."

"Yes. Oh, such horrible things as I have dreamed! They make me shudder now. Let us go in. This beauty oppresses me to-night."

Doctor Walter was just entering the door as they came up the steps. He held a paper in his hand.

"Miriam, here is a telegram a boy at the gate handed me, as I came past, for you."

A quick look passed between Miriam and Steven Welmore, and a spasm as of mortal agony went over her face. She caught the note, and, hurrying before them into the lighted hall, opened and read its contents. Before either of the gentlemen had crossed the threshold she had dropped upon the floor in a deadly swoon. Both sprang in at once, and the housekeeper, attracted by the unusual noise, came hurrying in also.

They all saw the words, "I am dying, Miriam—come," upon the paper lying beside her; but only Steven Welmore knew their real significance to the prostrate figure before them. They bore her to her own room, where she moaned back to life; and long before midnight, she, with one of her maid-servants and Steven Welmore were on their way to London. Miriam would not allow either of them to accompany her further than to the hotel where they stopped.

She stood alone over her disgraced lover's dying bed, and alone she saw his poor, miserable life go out.

"It is over!" was all she said, when she returned, but her white lips and darkened eyes were token enough of her suffering.

For two years afterwards The Cedars was shut, and Miriam was away—where none knew save Steven Wetmore. Then she returned as suddenly as she had left, opened her house and received her friends as before.

Steven Welmore held his ground and kept others at a distance, on the plea of friendship, hoping that by and by when her grief wore away she would perhaps reward him for his devotion. He was not mistaken.

He may have half her heart—at least he has her hand, and with two-thirds of the world the heart is of little or no consequence.

LIGHTENING HIS LABORS.

One Way in Which the Editor's Wife Could Assist.

"Darling," murmured the wife of the young editor, says the Chicago *Herald*, "don't these literary cares sometimes seem like a heavy burden?"

"They do, Carrie," he said with a sigh. "The load seems at times too great for me to bear. But the work must be done."

"Is there no way, Richard," she said caressingly, "by which you might be relieved of a portion of this severe mental labor and worry?"

"I know of none. I cannot afford to hire any help in this department, and if I could I do not know of any one whom I would consider fully competent."

"It has not occurred to you, I dare say, Richard, that I might relieve you of much of the work myself?"

"You, Carrie? Soil your pretty fingers with ink stains and furrow that lovely brow with literary cares? No, no!"

"Do not shut me out from your cares and sorrows, Richard. I am very sure I could lighten your burdens if you would give me a chance. I was one of the best essayists in my class at school, and I have always thought I would succeed in literature if I had an opportunity."

"Carrie," said the young husband, his voice trembling with feeling. "I appreciate the tender devotion that moves you to make this offer. You might, it is true, do much to help me darling. With your aid and your generous sympathy, there is much of the drudgery of my editorial life that would become easy."

"And I would do just whatever you want me to do, Richard," exclaimed the young wife.

"Then, Carrie," he said, wiping away a tear of joy, "look over this bushel of poetry that's going in next week and see if there are any beastly, dad-dinged acrostics among them."

THE CYNIC.

He Is Devoid of Enthusiasm, Candor or Sentiment.

"If the Lord left any serpents in Paradise they took the shape of the man who is a confirmed cynic and pessimist. The man who has no faith, no enthusiasm no candor no sentiment. The man who laughs at the mention of good in the world, or virtue in women, or honor among men. The man who calls his wife a fool because she teaches his little children to say their prayers, and curls his lip at any belief in a world beyond the grave. The man who never saw anything worth admiring in the sky when the dawn touches it, or the stars illumine it, or the clouds sweep it, or the rain folds it in gray mists of silence.

"The man who lives in this sparkling, shining world as a frog lives in a pond or a toad in a cellar, only to croak and spit venom. The man who never saw anything in a rose a glint in the sunlight or in a lily asleep in the moonlight, but a species of useless vegetable, the inferior of the cabbage and the onion. The world is overfull of such men, and if I had the right sort of a broom I'd sweep them away as the girl sweeps spiders."
—[Chicago Herald.

Matter of Conscience.

First Messenger Boy (excitedly)—"Say, Cully, come into this toy store and see the nigger dance on a box an' turn summersets, widout losin' step."

Second Messenger Boy (solemnly)—"I've got a message for a doctor—case of life and death—and can't stop mor'n a half hour or so."—[Good News.

Stated With Color of Truth.

New York World.

A correspondent describes Ouida as "A square, yellow woman," but this does not alter the fact that Ouida is largely read.

Gladstone at Home.

Regular in All His Doings, Both at Hawarden and in London—An Eager Newspaper Reader and a Close Student.

William Ewart Gladstone will be 81 years old on the 29th of next December. A stranger observing him striding along Pall Mall on his way to the house of commons, head erect and chest expanded, or hearing him thundering forth denunciations of tory misgovernment from his seat in parliament would probably set him down as a remarkably vigorous sexa-

MRS. GLADSTONE.

genarian. Mr. Gladstone is in truth the youngest old man in the world. His eyes are full and singularly bright, his face clean shaven and wonderfully intellectual and his lips tender and tremulous like those of a high-spirited woman. He is tall, five feet ten inches, and lean. He has no hair on his face and little on his head.

Mr. Gladstone owes his unique virility in great measure to the regularity, simplicity and purity of his private life. His time is about equally divided between London and Hawarden, his beautiful estate in Flintshire. He has no town mansion properly so called, but hires a house each year for the parliamentary session from six to seven months. When in town he usually rises at 8:30 o'clock. Detesting laziness and abhoring slovenliness, he eschews dressing gowns or lounge coats, and always dresses for the day as soon as he leaves his bed. When his toilet is completed he goes to church, or, if the weather be bad, he takes a book and reads until breakfast time.

The morning meal is invariably shared by Mrs. Gladstone and visitors, if there be any, which is rarely the case in London. It is always of a plain character, usually consisting of fish, bread and butter and tea. Mr. Gladstone is an eager newspaper reader, taking a keen interest in the world's doings, and he frequently absorbs the contents of three or four journals in the course of the half hour customarily devoted to breakfast.

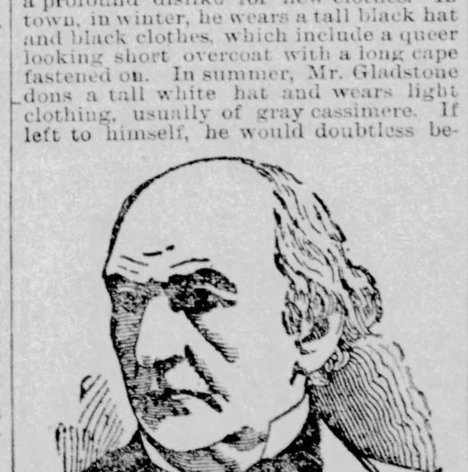
After breakfast Mr. Gladstone invariably proceeds to the library, where he disposes of his immense mass of correspondence, which, he once informed a friend, aggregates twenty thousand letters a year. When in office he had the assistance of several private secretaries; now that he is in opposition he does not employ a paid assistant but does the whole of the work with the help of his son. No arrears are allowed to accumulate, each day's work being disposed of as it comes to hand. Having gone through this arduous daily routine the Grand Old man devotes the remainder of the morning to the study of Dante and Homer, or some others of his Latin or Greek authors, making marginal notes as he proceeds. This intellectual seclusion is reverently respected by the entire household from Mrs. Gladstone downward, and it is permitted to be disturbed only upon occasions of grave political crises, or by business, public or private, of the most urgent importance.

Mr. Gladstone takes luncheon almost invariably alone, eating only a small slice of beef or mutton and drinking one glass of light claret.

The afternoon is devoted to social or political duties, but Mr. Gladstone always finds time to take a long walk by himself or a drive with his wife.

Of late years, when in London, Mr. Gladstone has generally dined out. He has so many personal and political friends that to entertain regularly at his own house would involve an amount of labor and excitement and a disturbance of healthful routine which his physicians have forbidden him to incur. Occasionally he visits the theater or the opera, and invariably at midnight, but never before, he takes his candle from the hall table and lights himself to bed. He has himself stated that he always leaves business outside his bed-room door, with the result that he invariably sleeps well.

Mr. Gladstone does not smoke, and dislikes tobacco in every form. He has a profound contempt for smart attire and a profound dislike for new clothes. In town, in winter, he wears a tall black hat and black clothes, which include a queer looking short overcoat with a long cape fastened on. In summer, Mr. Gladstone dons a tall white hat and wears light clothing, usually of gray cassimere. If left to himself, he would doubtless be-



come a very shabby looking old gentleman, but Mrs. Gladstone's soticitude and vigilance stand him in good stead in this as in more important matters. Mr. Gladstone has accustomed himself to look upon this matter of dress as within that domestic department of which he wisely recognizes his wife as paramount chief, and he dons, without demur, any suit which Mrs. Gladstone may put in his way.

Mr. Gladstone is not a rich man. It has been estimated that his private income does not exceed £7,000 a year, and the demands made upon the purse of a man in his position are enormous. In the course of every year he receives many presents from humble admirers, often specimens from workingmen of their handicrafts, and his return gift in almost every case is his photograph bearing his now familiar autograph.

All the world is aware of Mr. Gladstone's powers as a woodman. But the great solace of his old age is reading and the hobby to which he is most passionately devoted is the collection of old and rare books. He can never pass a second-hand book shop without stopping to examine the stock. There is not one second-hand bookseller of any note in London who does not regularly send catalogues to Mr. Gladstone, and he receives early intimation of anything good in the shape of rare or curious editions to be obtained at a moderate price. His taste is eclectic. For instance, after attending Stanley's wedding in Westminster Abbey, last summer, he escaped from the gay crowd, and made his way eastward entirely alone to Southampton row, where he overhauled the stock of a bookseller with whom he frequently has dealings. Upon this occasion he bought: "The Life of Thomas Reynolds," in two volumes; "The Morning of Life," a Catholic religious book; "Ireland Before and After the Union," by R. B. Martin; "The Rise and Progress of Religious Opinion in Ireland," by Mrs. Thompson; "Lord Holland's Reminiscences," "Manchester College Lectures," containing an address by Cardinal Newman on classical literature; "Byron's Letters," "Lent Lectures," "The Laws of Honour," an account of the suppression of duels in France; "Le Bouddha," by Saint Hilaire; "The French Librarian or Literary Guide," by Ventonillac; "English Synonyms," and a Greek work.

Mr. Gladstone always has his purchases rebound, holding that any book worth reading is worthy of a good cover. Almost any day during the parliamentary season one of his men servants may be seen with a big parcel toiling along St. Martin's lane on the way to the bookbinder's. Some years ago, before Mr. Gladstone sold his house in Carlton House terrace, he was a great collector of bric-a-brac and old china. But he sold his collections with the house and has not since pursued that amusement.

Having moved among the great ones of the earth for upward of half a century Mr. Gladstone is necessarily versed in the courtier's arts, but he thoroughly dislikes them, and when in the office practices them as little as his position as prime minister will permit. In this, as in other respects, he is radically different from the present Tory premier, Lord Salisbury.

The latter loves nothing better than to wear court uniform and to bask in the smiles of royalty. He has frequent audiences with the queen and a supple backbone inherited through the long line of ancestors of the great house of Cecil enables him to bow so low as nearly to touch the ground with his noble nose. He is an adept in the art of walking backward, and a past master in the craft of flattery. Mr. Gladstone, on the contrary, cannot or will not talk down to the level of the average prince, and in the presence of the queen he bears himself with an air of proud humility and manly deference which is sometimes embarrassing and not infrequently annoying to his royal mistress. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the great liberal statesman is not a favorite at court, and that he is rarely invited there. When in office he generally delegates to one of his colleagues the duty of paying the numerous visits required by state affairs, and goes to court himself only when "commanded."

During the session Mr. Gladstone is very regular in his attendance at the House, but he does not remain late except when a great debate is in progress or an important decision expected. As leader of the opposition he faces the

leader of the House, at present W. H. Smith. Between them is a broad table, on which is the box of the mace, and, when the speaker is in the chair, the mace itself. Mr. Gladstone invariably sits between Sir William Harcourt and John Morley, occasionally grave and silent, but more often smiling and chatting. On these occasions Harcourt, a big, burly man, fitted by nature to play the part of a heavy father, towers head and shoulders above his leader, owing to Mr. Gladstone's habit of shrinking into the soft seat. When not actually engaged in debate but sitting as an interested listener Mr Gladstone has hard work to suppress his natural inclination to jump up and join in the fray and he has a curious habit of betraying his eagerness and impatience by grabbing his knees and clutching impressively at the air with his long muscular fingers. Every member knows when Mr. Gladstone is about to make an important speech, the event being heralded by Mrs. Gladstone's appearance in the ladies' gallery, while the great man himself wears a flower in his coat and places on the table before him a little bottleful of a thickish yellow liquid, generally understood to be a kind of egg flip. It is made by Mrs. Gladstone from her own secret recipe and it always has a wonderfully restorative effect upon the orator.

Occasionally within the last few years symptoms of deterioration have been noticed in Mr. Gladstone's superb voice, but when last heard in the house it was very full, strong and musical. In parliament Mr. Gladstone gesticulates more freely than he does on the platform. During the more vehement passages of a speech he thumps the big, brass-bound box which lies before him, and at times, especially when aroused by Tory interruptions, he stretches himself almost across the table. But this exuberance of method is merely occasional. Every one of his set speeches contains passages of singular beauty delivered in the most stately style of oratory, and the peroration is always dignified, eloquent and effective.

It remains to be said that Mr. Gladstone is richly blessed in his domestic relations. His wife has been his devoted helpmate for more that 50 years, and his bearing toward her is still that of a devoted lover. When Mr. Gladstone enters his home the acerbities of political strife are left outside. He is gentle and courteous even to the humblest member of his household. He requests but never orders; yet no despot could receive more devoted service than is daily accorded to this fine old English gentleman.

As an orator William Ewart Gladstone has no equal in the land of his birth, out of which unfortunately his voice has been seldom heard; as a writer and a scholar he has long held undisputed place in the first rank; as a statesman his record stands before the world and in the course of nature must soon be enshrined in history.

BARGAINS IN CLOTHES.

Why a Certain Slugger Has Resorted to Honorable Employment.

"Bargains in clothes; 'ere's your bargain in clothes," sang out the latest puller-in at Harris Cohen's emporium in Park row, New York. He was a dapper, well-dressed young man, whom the reporter of the *Sun* recognized as the recent English importation, Charlie Smith, the feather-weight boxer. When asked as to the reasons of the change of life, he replied:

"Well, do yer blame me? Why, blast it, yer wouldn't have me starve, would yer? I'm gettin' me three pun a week here, an' where's the bloody foighter that's makin' as much. Me wife's comin' over on the Teutonic next week, and I've got to ha' a couple of pennies to meet her. No, I've not givin' up foightin', an' when I can get a 'gow' that the police wont step in and rob me of, as they did in the Sim Collins foight, why I'll be with 'em. You've got a lot of clever boxers over here, but when you foight you want to 'it 'ard. Now, I can 'it 'ard, an' give me a square show and I'll lick any man o' my weight over here. But it's 'ard gettin' on a foight, an' until I get one I mean to work. Bargain in clothes; 'ere's your bargain in clothes," and he made for a dubious-looking immigrant.

Composition of the Earth.

Mr. F. W. Clarke, of the Philosophical Society of Washington, has made the following estimate of the relative quantity of the chief elements in the composition of the earth. He assumed for the earth's known crust a thickness of ten miles below sea-level and included the ocean and the air in his calculation. Oxygen, 49.98 per cent; silicon, 25.30; aluminum, 7.26; iron, 5.08; calcium, 3.51; magnesium, 2.50; sodium, 2.28; potassium, 2.23; hydrogen, 0.94; titanium, 0.30; carbon, 0.21 chlorine and bromine, 0.15; phosphorus, 0.06; manganese, 0.07, sulphur, 0.04; barium, 0.03; nitrogen, 0.02; chromium, 0.01; total, 100.00. It is calculated that these nine elements form 98 per cent of the mass of the earth. Titanium, which is popularly supposed to be very rare, is seldom absent from the older rocks, Mr. Clarke says; but having no striking characteristics and but little commercial importance, it is easily ovre looked.

Two Hearts With a Single Thought.

When a girl is in love she always thinks the young man is perfect, and he agrees with her.—[Somerville Journal.

DUTCH COURTSHIP.

How Young Men in Holland Express Their Preference for the Girls.

In certain parts of Holland, when a young man thinks he has found his affinity, it is customary for him to ask for a match to light his cigar at the door of the beloved one's house. This little subterfuge is intended to arouse the parents of the girl to the fact that something is in the wind.

If a second call with a similar object is made soon after, no doubt is left of the young man's intentions, and the parents proceed to investigate the young man's character and antecedents with a view of ascertaining his eligibility as a member of the family. When he calls the third time, always for a match to light his cigar, they are prepared to give him an answer.

If his suit is regarded with favor he is politely requested to step inside for the first time, and is served with a light. If he is not accepted he is refused a light, and the door is shut in his face without further ceremony.

But, having prepared for this contingency, the downcast suitor will in all probability light his weed with a match from his own box, and walk away musing on the transitory nature of all earthly things. When the accepted suitor is invited to enter the house he, as a matter of course, informs the parents which of their daughters has captivated his fancy.

When this is settled the young man steps forward and they join hands. While the engagement is by by means a settled fact, even at this important stage, yet it is stated as a truth that when, on the occasion of the young man's third visit, his inamorata has offered him a second cigar, which he had smoked in their house, the engagement has never been canceled.

AN HISTORICAL MYSTERY

Solved at Last—The Mecklenburg Declaration.

The unraveling of the mystery of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence is a promising indication of the better understanding of United States history derived through the constant research and investigation by American historical scholars. Since its appearance in 1819, the so-called Mecklenburg Declaration, which, from its strong resemblance to the Declaration of Independence brought upon Jefferson the charge of plagiarism, has been a puzzle in American history. Its origin was supposed to be in the convention which was called by Thomas Polk, of Mecklenburg county, N. C., and which assembled in Charlotte on the 31st of May, 1775. The Mecklenburg patriots were noted for their enthusiasm in regard to the cause of liberty, and the court house on the day of the convention was surrounded by a large concourse of excited people, eager to know the resolves of their representatives. Twenty resolutions were passed, the first of which virtually declared the independence of the colonies, and the remainder provided for the government of affairs in Mecklenberg county. The document which has been supposed to be an authentic copy of the resolutions has now been discovered spurious. In a statement of the evidence which W. F. Poole has presented to the *Dial*, it is proved that, the original minutes having been destroyed by fire, the secretary seems to have composed the well known set of resolutions after Mr. Jefferson's Declaration had been printed. Although the writer adopted many of the ideas and expressions of the Declaration of Independence, there is no evidence of intentional fraud in the preparation of the spurious Mecklenburg resolutions. The convention had adopted ordinary patriotic resolutions, such as were adopted in nearly all the colonies at the time, and the secretary probably wished to improve upon the original when preparing a new set. The discovery of the error, after so many years of mystery, was accomplished by the finding both here and in London copies of papers of the time containing resolutions adopted at Charlotte, Mecklenburg county, with evidence that these were the resolutions referred to in the dispatches of colonial governors and sent to the Congress at Philadelphia. It is a satisfaction to know that a long-disputed point in our history has been settled beyond dispute.

HE WAS STAGGERED.

But His Faith Was Unshaken and Native Shrewdness Saved Him.

"I remember a negro in the Southern states some years ago," said the old soldier as he rested his war worn frame in a chair at the Monongahela house. "He was an old man, and when tired sunning himself on a log in the laneway he was accustomed to retire to the shade and doze. He had a class of twenty or so little boys to whom he used to give Bible lessons, generally on Sunday afternoon.

"It was his practice to give out on one Sunday the lessons to be prepared for the next. The old fellow was a little blind and a good bit deaf, and this fact induced the young fellows to put up a joke on him. In the old boy's absence they glued two pages of the Bible together, and on the following Sunday sat expectant of how their little game would work. The old tutor put on his 'specs,' and giving a sympathetic glance at his class opened the Bible at the passage about Noah's ark and began to read.

"He spelled out the lesson to the end of the page, 'and Noah took with him into the ark one of every kind,' and so on, 'and one wife,' and turning over, continued, she was 142 cubits long and 50 wide, built entirely of cypress wood and pitched inside and out.'

"'Foh de Lawd's sake! What a woman!' exclaimed the old darky, glancing wonderingly over the book at his grinning class. He paused and pondered over the wonderful dimensions of Noah's wife for many minutes, and then said:

"'Boys, we mustn't doubt anythin' the book says, but take it as the other passage furder on, which says: "We are fearfully and wonderfully made."'"—[Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Door That Kilgore Kicked.

This is the door that Kilgore kicked.

This is the lock that fastened the door that Kilgore kicked.

This is the boot that broke the lock that fastened the door that Kilgore kicked.

This is the foot that filled the boot that broke the lock that fastened the door that Kilgore kicked.

This is the man that owned the foot that wore the boot that broke the lock that fastened the door that Kilgore kicked.

This is the Congressman all forlorn that was bruised by the man that owned the foot that dwelt in the boot that broke the lock that fastened the door that Kilgore kicked.

This is the nose all broken and torn, that pertained to the Congressman all forlorn, that was bruised by the man that carried the foot that worked the boot that broke the lock that fastened the door that Kilgore kicked.

This is the surgeon all shaven and shorn, that plastered the nose all broken and torn, that belonged to the Congressman all forlorn, that was smashed by the man that carried the foot that wielded the boot that broke the lock that fastened the door that Kilgore kicked.

This is the czar with the glance of scorn, that thanked the surgeon all shaven and shorn, that mended the nose so broken and torn, on the face of the Congressman all forlorn, that was hurt by the man with a terrible foot, that wore the boot that broke the lock that fastened the door that Kilgore kicked.

This is the fakir in Texas born, that feared not the czar with his glance of scorn, nor the bill of the surgeon all shaven and shorn, that cared for the nose so broken and torn, that was worn by the Congressman all forlorn, and he went to the man with the dangerous foot and purchased the boot that broke the lock that fastened the door that Kilgore kicked—and he put that boot in the dime museum.—[Chicago Tribune.

A Possible Catastrophe.

"If Mr. Duste don't take back what he said this morning, I will leave him to-night."

"What did he say?"

"That my services were not required any longer, and that I may go to-night."—[American Stationer.

Our Serial Story.

Written Expressly for THE BLADE. Copyright 1890.

UNCLE SAM IN 1894;

A TALE OF OUR IMMEDIATE FUTURE.

"The best of prophets of the Future is the Past."—*Byron.*

CHAPTER XIX.

A SNAP GAME IN THE HOUSE.

FOR he could not be expected to marry a girl in whose veins ran the taint of the race of black bondmen—he, Wheeler Brackett, a Southern gentleman, whose "ancestors," as he magniloquently said, when referring to his family, had owned slaves themselves. The fact that in Hester's veins must run, if his uncle's story were true, the blood of the aristocratic Garniers did not count. The idea that only one drop in sixteen was black, to fifteen of white, was enough. Were the taint only one-thousandth part of that one-sixteenth, the case would have been no different.

But how was he to break the engagement? Brackett smiled grimly as he put the question to himself. The idea of his being engaged to a negro! In the first impulse of his feeling, he was inclined to leave Washington at once, without giving an explanation to Hester. Let her think what she pleased! But calmer reflection showed Brackett that this course was inadmissible. A negro must not be allowed to believe that a Brackett was not a gentleman. He must break the engagement—but how? He could not tell Hester that she had a taint of African blood, and therefore a marriage was not to be thought of; he could not repeat to her the shameful story his uncle had told him. Some other course must be followed.

But what other course? Should he go to Mr. Ingham and state the case? Evidently that would not do. He owed it to these people who had been so friendly to him, and to Captain Hartridge, never to let them know this horrible story. It would be a terrible thing were the happiness of the Ingham family to be wrecked. Brackett, however, could not endure with equanimity the idea of putting himself in a false position in their eyes; yet how was he to relieve himself of the engagement without doing one or the other? On the one hand was the telling of the story; on the other, the alternative of going away without explanation, and letting Hester think whatever she chose.

After thinking the matter over for a day, Brackett went to his uncle and asked him for his advice. He stated briefly the difficulties in his way, and asked what course he should pursue.

"As you have never spoken to the girl's parents," replied Walthall, "and she alone knows of it, the best way is to say nothing."

"Say nothing, sir? What will she think of me?"

"What do you care what a negro woman thinks of you?" returned the other, brusquely. "What does it matter?"

Brackett confusedly murmured something about his honor being involved.

"Your honor! Pooh! You talk as if the girl were a lady. Such scruples are out of place in dealing with those of an inferior race?"

"But she does not know that she is not white, sir."

"But you do, Wheeler; and, knowing hat, you can afford not to care what her opinion, even if erroneous, may be of yourself."

Brackett acquiesced, in part, in his uncle's view. He simply allowed things to take their course—and kept away from the vicinity of the Ingham residence, so that he might not meet Hester.

Meanwhile the situation in Congress suddenly grew exciting. The members of the House who were most interested in the passage of the farm mortgage bill were constantly on the alert. They pressed the committee to whom the bill had been referred with all possible vigor, and finally succeeded in having the measure favorably reported to the House.

This achieved, they set themselves doggedly to work to push it through. They knew it would be stubbornly contested at every point, and that an arduous campaign must be fought before it could pass, and their labors be crowned with victory.

Fortune unexpectedly favored them. It so happened that one day enough Republican Representatives were away to give the Democrats a two-thirds majority. No sooner was the fact noted than the promoters of the measure bestirred themselves. Messengers were dispatched in hot haste for a few absentees who were known to be favorable to the bill: and as soon as they were in their seats a motion was made to suspend the rules and take up the bill.

At once the House wakened into intense activity. The news flew all over the capitol, and abroad in the city, and the galleries filled as if by magic. The Republicans, caught napping, at once sent messages to the members absent from their seats to come to the House at once; and they immediately resorted to parliamentary tactics to delay proceedings in order to gain time for the absentees to regain their seats.

But there had not been much opportunity for purely obstructive tactics in the House since the adoption of the new rules by the Fifty-first Congress. The Democrats, when they gained control of the House, did not dare change them back, and allow unlimited opportunity for "filibustering" tactics. The evidences of popular approval of the sensible theory that the Representatives were elected to consider and enact public business, not to waste the time in its futile obstruction, had been too great for them to dare to change them, even if they had been so minded. And so the Republicans were compelled to take a dose of the same medicine that they had so administered to their now triumphant enemies.

The obstructions were futile. The Speaker ruled with a rod of iron, and the bill was taken up. In vain its opponents declaimed against the iniquity of cutting off debate on a measure of such grave importance as the form mortgage bill, which proposed the creation of a special currency to the amount of a billion dollars, to be loaned on land security—a measure which must have the most far reaching consequences upon the business of the country, whose full extent no one could foresee. The triumphant majority pushed steadily onward, and the bill was put upon its passage.

The occasion was a memorable one. The two hours' struggle had given time for thousands of spectators to flock to the capitol, and every inch of available room in the galleries was packed with on-lookers. The press gallery, behind the speaker's chair, was full; and every one followed with breathless attention the roll-call as one by one the members present answered to their names. Not a Republican voted when his name was called, but the Speaker counted a quorum, and had the fact noted in the minutes.

The bill passed by a majority of five votes, and was a law, so far as the House of Representatives could make it.

Loud applause broke forth when the formal announcement of the vote was made by the speaker—not so much because those who applauded were in favor of the measure, as in recognition of the audacity and generalship which had forced the measure through at a time when its opponents had been caught napping—for if the Republicans had kept their forces well in hand, and thus guarded against allowing an opportunity for their opponents to muster a two-thirds vote, the rules could not have been suspended, and the passage of the bill could have been delayed until the country could have been heard from.

The excitement ran so high, and the confusion on the floor was so great, that the House could not settle itself to further business; and after an ineffectual effort to proceed with the regular order, an adjournment was taken.

"That was a clever bit of strategy," remarked Mr. Ingham to Dick Felton, as the two left the capitol, "but it will recoil upon the heads of the men who engineered it, and kill the bill."

"How so? I thought you were pretty certain the bill would become a law? How can the manner of its passage in the House affect it?"

"The masses of the people detest snap judgments in legislation. If the bill had been taken up in regular order, and been debated regularly, the people might eventually have become accustomed to its provisions, and its passage then, after weeks of discussion, would not have created a tithe of the excitement that will now be caused. Its promoters have put into the hands of its opponents a powerful weapon to be used against it with the people. Wait a day or two, and see. You will see the most remarkable uprising of public sentiment ever witnessed in the United States."

And so it proved. The news of the successful coup by which the bill had been rushed through the House reached every city in the land, and the afternoon newspapers had long accounts of the affair, under startling headlines. An impromptu mass meeting of citizens was called in New York for the same evening, at Madison Square Garden, the largest hall in the city. Long before the hour for opening the meeting, however, the Garden was packed to its fullest capacity, and the thronging thousands in the streets were hurriedly organized into several "overflow" meetings at other points.

The bill was read publicly at each place, and different speakers explained the grave dangers of such an enormous addition to the currency of the country, the unsoundness of the policy of extending government help to any one class of the people, the absolute certainty of a period of wild speculation, to be inevitably followed by utter collapse and wide-spread ruin, which would involve the commercial and industrial interests of the country; and the certainty of loss to the great mass of citizens, and of benefit only to speculators and money lenders, was set forth.

The result was the adoption of strong resolutions, denouncing the majority in the House in strong terms for its action, calling on the Senate to refuse to pass the bill when it came before that body, and asking the President, in case the bill should pass the Senate to kill it with a veto.

Similar meetings were held the same night in other great commercial cities of the country—Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago, notably. And the example spread like wildfire to every city and town in the land. This was especially the case with great industrial centers—the manufacturing cities of the country. Meeting were held, and petitions against the farm mortgage bill were signed by hundreds of thousands of names of workingmen.

All the great popular demonstrations were held without political bias, and they were indorsed and applauded by the leading newspapers of the country, without regard to their politics. Then the political clubs and other organizations began to hold meetings to denounce the action of the House, and the great movement among the people took on the appearance of a political revolution. The idea of "paternalism" in government—that the latter is to be turned into an aid for a class—was condemned, and the doctrine announced and defended that "the best government is that which governs least"—that the functions of the federal government must be kept within the proper limits, and no legislation be attempted save that which will equally concern every citizen, from the highest to the lowest.

And from the enunciation of this doctrine at a time when every man's attention was sharply drawn to the subject, important results followed.

CHAPTER XX.

ANOTHER TARIFF TANGLE.

EVERY day added to the political turmoil that convulsed the country. The advocates of the farm mortgage bill were first amazed, then frightened, as the opposition to the measure developed its tremendous strength.

Then there was a rather curious phenomenon presented itself. In communities where not a word of opposition to the plan had hitherto been heard, men who had been perfectly silent on the subject, and whose silence had been taken for acquiescence, came forward in opposition. This is always the case, however. The popular clamor acts upon some naturally cautious persons as a sudden splash does upon an oyster; he closes his shell, and keeps quiet till he finds out what it all means.

There is a great multitude of men who are always, like the Athenians of St. Paul's day, anxious for some new thing, and who are ready to discuss it, and to uphold it; and there is another class who are very reluctant to do anything of the sort without due examination and consideration. It was the latter class who now came to the surface.

Meanwhile, the opponents of the protective system took a hand in the new discussion that had been so suddenly precipitated, as to the scope that should be given to the powers of the federal government. And they very soon added to the complications of public opinion by injecting the tariff issue into the discussion.

The free traders said that if the principle were to be laid down that Congress should not legislate for the interest of a class, then the protective feature of the tariff must be eliminated; for, they argued, protection is legislation for a class—the manufacturers, and enables them to make money by giving them a chance to ask increased prices for their goods. They said that foreign goods could be imported, were it not for the tariff, and sold here cheaper than our own manufacturers could sell them. Therefore, as everybody, high and low, rich and poor, has to buy more or less manufactured goods, it would be to the benefit of all that these goods should be bought as cheaply as possible.

To this the reply was made, that where American-made goods could not be sold for less than the imported articles, it was not because of the tariff, but because the wage-scale in this country is higher than in any other; that to produce any class of goods, from the time the original raw material—whether it be mineral, hidden in the rocks of the hills; or wood yet standing in the forest; or vegetables, yet to be grown; or animal, to be obtained from animals yet unborn—the great factor in the multifarious operations necessary to produce the finished products, is the labor required to make the transformation; that the American people were very largely workingmen—not in the strictest sense in which that word is commonly used, but in its broad sense, of working with hands, or brain, or capital, in productive industry.

This being the case, it was argued that it was of the last importance to the prosperity of the people that the rate of wages shall be kept up.

For, it was shown, that if the policy of free trade were inaugurated, the result would be that foreign manufacturers would flood this country with their products, which would be sold at the very cheapest possible prices, in order to ruin our manufactures; that the result would be that the buyer would have his choice of foreign-made goods or American-made—the former being the cheaper; that the foreign goods would be preferred every time on that account; and that our own manufacturers would find the alternative before them of shutting up their mills and factories, or of putting down their prices below those of their foreign competitors—and they could not do the latter without reducing the cost of labor.

To reduce the cost of labor would mean that the American workingmen must accept wages from one-third to one-half what they received at present. This would reduce their ability to buy, and compel them to live in a far less comfortable style than at present.

To this the free trade answer was, that this would be only in the of persons working in protected industries; it would not affect men working at mechanical trades, and the vast army of men holding clerkships, on railroads and other similar employments, and the great mass of laborers; that these could buy cheaper, and hence live better.

The unanswerable argument against this was, that no one ever saw a time of general stagnation of industries, a stoppage of furnaces, mills and factories, that did not show a reduction in wages; and that this reduction in wages invariably extended far beyond the operatives in the establishments which shut down or run on half time. That if a large number of employes suffered a cut of wages of one-third or one-half, the inevitable result would be for wages to go do down all along the line, affecting every man who worked for wages or salary; that this was the lesson of wage-reductions in the past; that we had never had a reduction so great as the one which would follow free trade, and therefore the effect on all other workingmen would be greater than that of even the severest "hard times" we had ever experienced.

They went on to show that it would reduce our working population to the status of the same class in England, where every tenth person is a pauper, acquiring aid from the government. The purchasing power of the great mass of the people would be curtailed, and that every producer, especially the farmers, would suffer therefrom. For 90 per cent of what our farmers produce is consumed in the United States, and the cry had been for years that what our farmers needed was a larger foreign market for the one-tenth that was exported; and if the home market was reduced, the farmers would be worse off than before.

To this the reply was that free trade would open the foreign markets to them, on the ground that foreign nations do not buy of us because we do not buy of them; that if the tariff were overthrown, so that we purchased more largely of their goods, they would buy more largely of ours.

This was, however, shown to be mere theory, and that the facts disprove it. We have for years been buying more articles from several different nations than we sell to them; for instance, we have been purchasing seven times as much from Austria as we sell to her each year—the same being true of Brazil, and other countries of South America.

And it was also pointed out that the man who buys American wheat, in England, for example, is not the man who has cotton goods to sell, or silks, or embroideries; and that the man who sells these does not know or care where the wheat is bought that produces the flour of which the bread he eats is made; that the question is not "who produces it?" but, "where can I buy it the cheapest?"

It was further shown that all civilized countries, save England and New South Wales, have protective tariffs in order to encourage their home industries, and to thus make them industrially independent of all other countries. And it was further shown that the price of labor enters more and more each year into the matter of finding a market for agricultural products in Europe; that the cost of ocean transportation has of late years been wonderfully cheapened, and that the wheat raiser of India or of the Black Sea region is nearer the European wheat market, from this cause, than the farmer in Iowa or Kansas, or the Dakotas, with a thousand miles of rail transportation between himself and the seaboard; and that as their wheat is raised cheaper than ours, the day would speedily come, if not already here, when this wheat could be sold in New York itself cheaper than our own wheat.

Finally, the protectionists argued, that the protective policy is the best for the whole people, excepting none, as it gives to no class an advantage over any other class. And then, that it enables the manufacturers here to charge more, was disproved by figures showing the relative cost of labor in Europe and here, in several leading manufactures, which proved that the difference was due to higher wages here, and that the higher price of the goods was not due to the tariff, but to this increased wage-scale; and that the profits of capital were greater, in most instances, in Europe than here!

So the battle raged. The divisions in public opinion only added to the confusion, and the business of the country began to suffer because of the constant agitation.

Delegations were sent to Washington to represent various of these waring interests. Those in favor of the farm mortgage bill sent them; those opposed to it sent them; the protectionists and the free traders sent them; until the unfortunate members of Congress were badgered to death by the throngs crowding to the city, each delegation bound to be heard, and each one wanting something different from the one which had just left.

Captain Hartridge was at the head of a delegation from his district, opposed to the bill and favoring protection. He had kept up a close correspondence with Mr. Ingham, and when he was named as a delegate he accepted, more because of Ingham's pressing invitation to come for a visit than for any other reason.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Too Imaginative.

Blinkers—"That stranger says that once, when in a foreign country, the natives were about to attack him, when he unfurled the American flag, stated that he was under its protection, and they slunk away in terror. I wonder what he is."

Winkers—"A miserable liar."—[Good News.

Recent Literature.

The Latest Volumes that Have Reached the Blade Book Table.

"Modern Ghosts" is the title of a book published by Harper and Brothers, New York. Between its covers are a number of tales of what are called the supernatural, selected by George William Curtis from different European writers of modern literature. The opening sketch is by Guy de Maupassant and it has all of the characteristic touches of this fine writer. "The Horia" takes hold of the reader with the strongest force. We put ourselves in his place, and feel the absolute necessity of destroying this "thing," which material means fails to destroy. "On the River," by the same writer, is a story told by an old boatman on the Seine, of the gray mists of the river, its terrors and its suggestions. The other sketches are not so terrifying, there is even a suggestion of humor in "The Siesta," by Alexander L. Kielland. Taken as a whole, however, the book is not a pleasant one and certainly not one to be placed into the hands of children. Some of the other stories are "Maese Perez, the organist," from the Spanish; "Fioraccio," from the Italian, and "The Silent Woman," from the German.

The same publishers give us "A Boy's Town," by William Dean Howells. This is the author's first venture into the field of juvenile literature. The story is of interest because it is said to be in the nature of an autobiography. It is the description of the early experiences of a boy, or as he says himself, the way that a town appears to a boy from his third to his eleventh year. The story has appeared as a serial in *Harper's Young People*. It is well illustrated.

"Echoes from the Orient" is further described upon the title page as a broad outline of theosophical doctrines by William Q. Judge, one of the best qualified among the writers upon the subject. The subject, of course, can be in no sense exhaustively treated within such, or, in fact, within any limits, yet an honest inquirer can gain a fair intellectual idea of the subject from these articles. It is published by *The Path*, 132 Nassau street, New York City.

"Gold Nails to Hang Memories On" is a very original autograph book by Elizabeth S. Allen, also published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., 46 East 14th street, New York. It give a history and record of the more or less familiar Christian names, and at the same time commemorates the best known and most famous men and women who have borne them. For instance, under the heading Mary, which is defined perhaps fancifully as "Star of the Sea," there are brief poems by Lord Byron, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Leigh Hunt and the author, commemorating the beloved name, and such famous people as Mary, Queen of Scotts, George Eliot, Marion Harland, Mrs. Dodge, Miss Howitt, and a dozen others who have borne it. Male and female names are arranged in alphabetical order with space on each page for autographs. There are ample indexes and cross references, and copious notes, and the volume, which is handsomely bound, is an ideal present for a birthday or for Christmas.

A prettier story than "Half a Dozen Boys," by Annie Chapin Ray, does not often come to our attention. It is a genuine tale of boy life. The six heroes are capital fellows, as towards whom healthy lads—or girls either, for that matter—will feel their hearts warm. The simple incidents and amusements of the village where they live are invested with a peculiar charm through the hearty and sympathetic style in which the book is written. There is a little touch, too, of the pathetic tragedy that colors the lives of some, even the youngest, of boys. Not least interesting is the mischievous little dog. The story is so thoroughly natural and wholesome that it will go to every heart. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., 46 East 14th street, New York.

One of the most curious of new publications is that entitled "The Narrative of Captain Coignet, Soldier of the Empire, 1776-1850. An autobiographical account of one of Napoleon's Body Guard." Fully illustrated. Of the genuineness of this most interesting recital from one who fought with Napoleon, there is no question. The style is marked by quaint frankness and *naïveté*, an honest boastfulness thoroughly Gallic, and a keen sense of the picturesque value of truth. It is a story very much like one might hear at the old fireside of the soldier himself. He gives us a very vivid idea of what military service under Napoleon was—its glories, its privations, its rewards, its disciplines, its triumphs, its terrible suffering. Some of the recital is marvellously vivid, and the book is a very valuable addition to the literature of the Napoleonic era. The work was translated by Mrs. M. Carey and published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

"Teetotaler Dick," by Thos. W. Knox, is a temperance story which the readers will remember as having appeared as a serial in THE BLADE last year, and any words of commendation would be superfluous. It is a good story to put into the hands of boys, and has now been brought out in book form by Ward & Drummond, 711 Broadway, N. Y.

The twenty-fourth volume of "Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia" has been issued. Though conducted in a quiet manner, this cyclopedia is one of the great literary undertakings of the time. Something of its magnitude may be seen by the fact that the closing topic of the present volume is Montem. Sixteen more volumes will be required to complete the alphabet, all of which are promised within the year 1891. In the present volume five states are treated: Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri and Montana. Mexico is also treated at length. Among the cities described are Memphis, Tenn., and the historic Memphis of Egypt; Meriden, Mexico, Milan, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, and Mobile. There are biographies of Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, Michelangelo, John Stewart Mill, Hugh Miller, Milman, Milton, O. M. Mitchel and Maria Mitchell, Moliere, Mommsen, James Monroe, and Montefiore, the renowned Jewish philanthropist. There are, of course, multitudes of other topics of interest. The matter is well brought down to date, and the illustrations are numerous and helpful. The publication of this most excellent cyclopedia has been resumed by John B. Alden, New York, who will be sure to push it vigorously to completion.

"A Kentucky Colonel," by Opie P. Read, is a story in which the fortunes of a young man, whose family had lost everything by the war, are followed through varying adventures to the end. He begins by going to answer an advertisement in a paper that chanced to come to his hand and out of that grew the influences which made his after life what it developed into. It is published by F. J. Schulte & Company, Chicago.

"In the Valley" is a wonderfully absorbing and realistic story by Harold Frederic. The scene is laid in the Mohawk Valley and the events are mainly historical. The opening is in November, 1757, when the French first entered the beautiful valley. The story is told in the first person, and the hero of the story is the teller. The character of Daisy is well drawn, as also that of Tom Lynch or Mr. Stewart as he called himself. The story ran as a serial in *Scribner's Magazine*, and it is now published in this permanent form by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"Sidney," by Margaret Deland, is the strong story that has been running serially in the *Atlantic*, and which THE BLADE has noticed at length in its columns before. It is one of the strongest works of this author, splendidly written, with a force and energy underlying its thought that must make it a power. The gradual development of Sidney's character, her awakening into a life of love and sorrow, from which her father had hoped to keep her from entering—these are given with a vividness that holds the thought and brainsight of the reader to the end. This work must add laurels to those already won by the author. It is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston.

First Over All Competitors.

First Merchant—I suppose you know my ink received the first prize at the exposition?

Second Merchant—I haven't been reading the papers lately. Who were your competitors?

First Merchant—Well, I was the only one who exhibited, but many intended to do so.—[American Stationer.

HOW CLOTHESPINS ARE MADE.

An Interesting Description of a Simple Matter.

If there is one article that is an absolute necessity to a housekeeper it is a clothespin, and the following facts in regard to that useful article are interesting:

"Clothespins," said a dealer, "are made in the lumber regions of Michigan and Vermont. They are usually of white ash, but we have them of beach, birch and maple. The wood is taken to the factory in logs and cut into lengths of 31 inches by circular saws. These are then cut into blocks which are reduced to sticks, then placed under another saw and reduced to clothespin lengths. Next the turner takes a hand at them and from him they go to the slatting machine. They are placed in troughs by the operator, the machine picking them up and slatting them. Then they are placed in a revolving pipe dryer, going thence to the polishing cylinder. Each pin passes through eight hands.

"A single plant consists of a board saw, gang splitter, gang chunker, turning lathe, drying house and polisher, and costs from $10,000 to $19,000. The little blocks of wood, five and a half inches long, are placed on an endless belt, which feeds the blocks automatically into the lathe. As the lathe is turned the pin is taken automatically from the spindle and placed on a turn-table and carried to a circular saw, which whittles out the slat into a pin. It is then finished and thrown out of the turn-table by the same appliance that puts the pins on the table. Falling, they are caught in a basket or barrel, and taken to the drying house to remain twelve hours or until dry. The polishing cylinder holds from twenty to forty bushels. This is run at a slow speed, about thirty turns a minute, and by simple friction or contact they become polished. They are sold to the trade at a little over $1 per bushel, and packed in boxes of four to the bushel. This industry is an increasing one, and almost $1,000,000 worth of pins were manufactured last year."

A TRAVELER'S STORY.

He Found Green Pastures Surrounded by Ice Fields.

An adventurous individual, who was with Stanley in Africa some years ago and has lately returned from an exploration in Alaska, tells a rather marvelous story of that distant part o Uncle Sam's domain. He accompanied an expedition that went into the interior of Alaska, beyond the Mount St. Elias range, through the Chilcat Pass, the only route yet known to Americans. The party pushed on through glaciers and ice fields for full 50 miles, and then, according to this individual's account, emerged into a delightfully green and fertile region, where rich meadows stretched away as far as the eye could see.

After traveling a long way through this pleasant country the Yukon river was reached, and here the party divided, one half returning homeward via the Yukon, while the other sailed down the Alsech river to the ocean. This latter detachment the person who relates the story accompanied. So perilous and difficult was the navigation that it required ten days to make fifty miles. The explorer maintains that interior Alaska has great possibilities as a grazing and mining region. One obstacle to its development has been its inaccessibility. Chilcat Pass will answer for small exploring parties, but it is too difficult for the purposes commerce.

This explorer, however, insists that he has discovered a new and easy route to the interior, by means of which thousands of acres of meadow and mineral land may be immediately opened to settlement. Time will determine how much there is of truth in this strange story, and how much that is extravagant. At present it must be confessed that it bears an unfortunate resemblance to those apochryphal tales current 20 or 30 years ago relative to the rich and verdurous expanse by which the North Pole was said to be surrounded.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CELESTIAL CHESTNUTS.

Current Anecdotes and Jests in the Flowery Land.

The Chinese have a large volume called the "Book of Laughter," which contains a full selection of anecdotes and jests current in the Middle Kingdom. Gen. Cheng Ki Tong, charge d'affaires of China at Paris, has recently published a translation of some of these Chinese jests. Many of them are very comical, possessing, even in translation, a peculiarly dry humor, and some of them prove that jokes and anecdotes well known in the West are also classic in China.

There is, for instance, the very familiar story of the nervous man who lived between the two blacksmiths—only in this Chinese version one of the men is a coppersmith! The nervous man tries to induce the two noisy artisans to move, and one day they announce that they have made arrangements to do so. Overjoyed, the man treats them to a magnificent dinner, and after they have partaken of it the blacksmith informs them that he is going to move in the coppersmith's shop and the coppersmith into his.

Less familiar is the story of a worthy old man who was unmercifully beaten at regular intervals by his undutiful son. This cruel treatment did not prevent the old man from lavishing caresses on his little grandson, bringing him many presents and indulging all his caprices.

One day the old man was asked why he was so very good to the child of the undutiful son who beat him so cruelly.

"Sh!" said the old man, "I'm spoiling him, so that he'll beat his father when he grows up!"—[Boston Herald.

Misfit Photographs.

The prosperous foundling in the "Spectator" devoted a handsome sum to the purchase at the picture dealer's of "a complete set of ancestors." If we may trust a photographic contemporary, there is a demand in the trade for what are called "misfit photographic portraits" which has some little affinity with this amiable weakness. Mothers, we are told, often buy pictures of children with long hair, when the hair of their loved ones hasn't grown, in order to send them to friends, who being at a distance have no opportunity of detecting the deception. Bride's pictures among the "misfits"—that is, the portraits that have been rejected by the sitters—find a ready sale; but it is the opinion of an expert that the business is only really safe in the case of babies. An instance is cited of a photographer who, being much goaded and worried over his failures to take an unruly infant, opened a drawer and exclaimed desperately: "You'll never get a photograph of your child. It's impossible. But there's a whole lot of other people's children in that drawer. Pick out the nearest you can.—[London Daily News.

A Total Failure.

Totling—Hello, Dimling! Where have you been?

Dimling—Nutting.

"Get anything?"

"No; nutting."—[Puck.

A Graceful Compliment.

Little Edith—Papa said you do everything so gracefully, Miss Tensesons.

Miss Tenseasons—Did he? That was so very kind of him.

Little Edith—Yes; he said you were growing old gracefully.—[Racket.

Scrofula

Is the most ancient and most general of all diseases. Scarcely a family is entirely free from it, while thousands everywhere are its suffering slaves. Hood's Sarsaparilla has had remarkable success in curing every form of scrofula. The most severe and painful running sores, swellings in the neck or goitre, humor in the eyes, causing partial or total blindness yield to the powerful effects of this medicine.

The Worst Type.

"My son was afflicted with the worst type of scrofula, and on the recommendation of my druggist I gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla Today he is sound and well, notwithstanding it was said there was not enough medicine in Illinois to effect a cure." J. CHRISTIAN, Illipolis, Ill.

Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

The Image Vendor.

Unconcerned with the Business of Life, but a Traveller in Profitable Ways Nevertheless—By a Graveyard Fence.

YOU see him everywhere in New York, in streets where fashion flourishes and in streets where fashion never treads. Sometimes it is on the disused steps of some vacant house on Fifth avenue, a tall, black-eyed Italian with his wares spread over the stoop; a Venus here, a dryad there, a dancing satyr on the upper step with arms swaying gaily, the palms of its hands held upward to the sky. Then there was a fence near one of the thirties on which he used to perch, brooding dreamily over his cupids and nymphs set out in long lines on either side of him.

With the business of life, its barter and its gain, our Italian vender seems never to have any concern. One never sees him importuning passers-by, nor making effort to dispose of his wares. For all the casual observer knows he has nothing to do in life but just to loll lazily there in the sun. And so silent is he for the most part, and for all his rags so graceful, that one involuntarily compares him as close of kin to some of his own images.

Sometimes one meets him sauntering leisurely among the rapidly-disappearing market gardens way out beyond the park, the head of a Greek divinity appearing out of the basket strung from his shoulder. And sometimes one finds him in the Bowery, but he tells you confidentially—

IN THE CAST-MAKER'S SHOP.

and he has told me many things in confidence—that with experience the image vendor learns to travel in more profitable ways.

There is a small graveyard in one of those crooked downtown streets, on the stone wall of which he loves to bask. A strange place to bargain in, but our ragged and cheerful vendor stops wherever there is nook or cranny for his statues to rest.

But our vendor, for all his love of sunshine and all the grace of his languid pose, is a thrifty fellow and makes his dollars quite as rapidly as his more vigorous brother of the pick and shovel. An inert body sometimes exerts a power that mere activity can never rival. The man with the images leaves noisy wiles and measures to those less skilled. He says nothing and stands still. The timid and the cunning are deceived; they come and buy, so much that our vendor seldom goes home at night without some eight or ten dollars in his pocket. A certain per cent of this is his, the rest goes to the proprietor of his shop. His percentage, however, is large. Out of every three dollars he is allowed to retain a dollar and a quarter. So that it does not take him very long to amass a little fortune of his own. He is a liberal fellow for all his prosperity however. He has not always a conscience about richer customs on the avenue, but an every day buyer is apt to get things for a mere song, and to have various little things thrown in with a nod and a smile and a "you keep."

He has not many woes to weary him, and there is very little in life that he

INVADING THE STUDIO.

fears, nothing bothers him, in fact, but the policeman. In confidential moments these are some of the other things that he will tell you, in his half intelligible English, how the policeman passes him, telling him to "move on," and if he takes too long to pack his baskets, moving him, baskets, images and all to the police station. "I mussa pay $5. No pay, I mussa work five days." But he's cheerful and complacent under it, and is rather more apt to tell you with glee about the man with the bananas, who had to be locked up, than to dwell on the unpleasant side of his own experiences. But his recountal gives you an insight into his nature that nothing else could, and you begin to realize that that exquisite *dolce far niente* pose of his on the steps of a Fifth avenue house, or the broad top of its fences, is a pose of vigilance as well.

The shop from which the vendor starts on his daily rounds, is a picturesque affair on an impossible street down close by the river. The street itself is almost as difficult to find as a colony in Central Africa. The directory gives it plainly enough, to be sure, but no one within two blocks distance of it can tell you

A BARGAIN.

where it is. Most of them assure you that no such place exists. The street official has heard of it, of course, as he is duty bound, but he sends you a Sabbath day's journey out of your way. Some polite Hebrew touches his hat, and sends you in a direction quite as remote. Horse car conductors, with all the urbanity, which some of the more gracious of them have, on occasion, promised to let you out within a block of it, and you ride twenty blocks away. One is muddy and quite in despair when finally the lamp post proclaims you successful. Then, of course, comes the search for the number. It is written in charcoal over the wooden door, but on a second visit it is not so much for the number as for certain other

THE IMAGE VENDER.

details that one would look.

There must first of all be the old wagon, patched up with a piece of a starch box' standing in front of the image-vendor's door. Then there must be the group of chickens in solemn conclave under its wheels, and the strutting roosters in the streets crowing as lustily as on any New England farm. There must be the stable running underground on one side of the shop and the old junk shop on the other. Last of all there should be the figure of a girl filling up an adjacent doorway, all eyes for the handsome Italian, busy among his gods and goddesses. If one finds all these things one may know very well he has found the image-makers, too. If one more proof is needed he has but to look for the Apollo that stands in the window.

It is the handsome Italian himself who greets one at the door, making up with his grace and volubility for the silence of that worker who stands bent over his clay and never turns and never speaks to any visitor who enters. One would have liked a look at his face to know what

FROM THE ITALIAN QUARTER.

manner of man he was, and what manner of thought absorbed him as he worked with long slender strokes of his knife, over the curves of that arm of the Venus—whether love of gain, or love of love itself, or love of art alone kept him so silent and so bent.

The walls of the shop are hung with casts. Down one side of the shop, on the workmen's bench and scattered about the floor, are moulds of every shape and size, and tools that only a craftsman understands. A dark middle room is their storage room, lined with figures in plaster, looking down on piles of bread heaped there on floor and table ready for a future meal. In the back part, with all the classics reproduced on the water, stands the stove with something savory stewing in a pan. The Venus of Medici, armless as her sister of Milo, and with one leg still in the process of development, lies against the window. Outside is a dim and narrow courtyard.

Lucchegi, the handsome Italian, gracious yet alert, does the honors of this dingy shop in a way to make one forget he is not in the studio of some master.

The plaster images which are made here are all cast from European models, the best of them coming from Paris. The image-maker who loves his profession will use no model, but that which comes from the hands of an artist. His process of work is well known, but a word about it here may not be out of place. The model is first covered with a preparation of oil, then immersed in melted wax, or a preparation of galatine, a thread having been left tied around the model in such away that by pulling it the wax, when cold, may be cut equally in halves and quarters as desired. Very intricate or twisted designs, models where arms are entwined, have their wax impressions made in many parts. The wax being cooled, and therefore having become solid, it is removed from the model, and is then put into an outside wrapper of some strong substance by which all danger of injury is avoided. Into this wax mould the liquid plaster is then poured. The plaster, when liquid, has the constituency of very thick cream. When the plaster is solidified the wax is removed. With a fine piece of sandpaper, and sometimes with a knife, all marks of seams and joinings are obliterated. A wax mold may be used for eight or ten castings. The cost of making a cast is very slight, and the image maker has large profits when his wares are sold.

The greatest favorites among the casts are the babies and the cherubs. The demand, however, changes from time to time in unexpected ways. At one time the gypsy girl, as it was sometimes called, and the laughing girl at others, a little head by Gretti, was sold as rapidly as it could be cast. Fifteen or twenty a day always, with orders for more. This continued for some time, and the sale is still more or less steady. The singing cherubs went off with great rapidity and some of the cupids climbing are sold every day. Predier's "Night" had a great run a season ago, but she seldom now goes out of the shop. Heads of donkeys, asses, horses and dogs are always in demand. No basket goes out of the shop without a Venus of Milo.

Among the casts that hang about the shop are bits of the Alhambra, heads of famous Greek statues, copies of Barye, the hand of Michael Angelo's Moses. Among more modern works one sees troubadors with mandolins, female divers in tights, and Thorwaldsden's "Night and Morning."

The image vendor gets most of his custom from the studios. He always carries a new cast there and always comes away with sales or orders. His best purchasers on the streets are the well-to-do. He learns those things after a little experience, and so ceases to frequent unpromising places, or to pose himself or his wares, where some love of æstheticism does not prevail. He is clever, very amiable and very wise. He is a droll and delightful acquaintance and for all his rags is an honest fellow.

LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH.

At the head of all blood-purifiers is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. But it's different from all of them. Whatever is claimed for this, it's *guaranteed* to do. The money is refunded in every case where it fails to benefit or cure. It's because it *is* different that it can be sold so. All diseases originating from a torpid liver or impure blood yield to it. It cleanses and purifies the system, freeing it from all manner of blood-poisons, no matter from what cause they have arisen. For Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Scrofula, Salt-rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, or any blood-taint or disorder, it is an unequaled remedy. Nothing else can take its place.

"Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol to inebriate, and no syrup or sugar to derange digestion.

It's a concentrated vegetable extract; put up in large bottles; pleasant to the taste, and equally good for adults or children; works equally well *all* the year round.

TALE OF A CABBAGE.

That Vegetable's Part in a Romance That Ends in Marriage.

Romances and the rose go hand in hand, and the dainty violet and the modest lily have often opened the portals of love, but it has been left to California to produce the only cabbage that ever led to a real romance that wound up in a wedding.

Eighteen months ago, according to the unquestionable statement of Granville W. Alexander, a grain merchant in this city, there stood in front of the door of one of San Francisco's real estate dealers a cabbage from San Bernardino county, weighing 92 pounds, and said to be the largest ever raised. While this production of California's greatness was on exhibition the Oregon express landed from England two Britons, so fresh from their native soil that they walked along the dry and dusty streets with surtous down to their ankles and their trousers rolled up to meet their coats. They were both bound for Australia. Passing along they espied the wonderful cabbage. Both men stopped short. Up went two single eyeglasses.

"By Jove, old boy, but that's a doosedly large cabbage, doncherknow."

"Doosedly large," replied the second surprised son of Albion, and then they both went in and inquired of the real estate man where it was grown.

Both men were wealthy. Both men were cousins, and while unknown to them the busy hand of fate was now at work, it only seemed to the curiosity seekers that life would be misspent unless they saw the land upon which this cabbage grew, they were obeying the idle whim of idle gentlemen in going to San Bernardino to do so. And so they went.

Englishmen, as a rule, are not garrulous, and these two friends were no exceptions. Once in San Bernardino they were directed to the farm where the cabbage grew. They remained two weeks. At the end of that time one of them said to the rancher:

"I want so much of your land in a certain section. How much is it worth?"

"Four hundred thousand dollars."

It was paid for. The other friend said to the rancher:

"Your daughter is very beautiful and I love her. I want to make her my wife."

Two months ago there was a wedding at the ranch. There were a number of people present, friends of the family, and the groom threw aside his taciturnity long enough at the supper table to tell how the big cabbage had led to his happiness.—[San Francisco Chronicle.

THE WORLD'S LENGTH OF WIRE

Enough Telegraph Lines to Go Round the Earth Thirty Times.

The length of telegraph lines at the end of 1889 had reached a total of 1,680,900 miles, a length to go around the equator 30 times. Of this total the United States had 776,500 miles of wire, on which in 1888 no less than 56,600,000 messages were sent. France has 220,890 miles of wire, on which 30,050,000 despatches were transmitted last year. Great Britain possesses 180,000 miles of metal line, and in 1889 sent 50,000,000 messages. Russia has spun out 170,500 miles, and in one year dispatched 10,289,780 missives. Australia has strung across its surface no less than 105,360 miles of wire, and transmitted in 1889 12,000,000 messages. Canada has 58,500 miles, and made an annual record of about 4,027,531 dispatches. Italy owns 19,500 miles, and did a business in 1889 of about 7,000,000 electric messages. Egypt has 5,500 miles, and is in connection with India and England by submarine cables, on which last year 1,600,207 communications were transmitted from one end of the globe to the other. China has 5,500 miles of wire across Mongolia, and Japan owns 16,500 miles over which 5,000,000 messages were sent in one year. New Zealand has covered itself with 11,575 miles of metal cord, and despatched 1,836,394 messages. Tasmania has 2,500 miles of telegraph wires. Persia claims, in partnership with European wires, about 6,124 miles. South Africa has a credit of 4,310 miles of wire. There are, besides, 942 submarine cables, exclusive of the seven Atlantic cables, with an aggregate of 112,749 nautical miles.—[Electrical Review.

Nipped in the Bud.

A woman who appeared to be an excursionist was walking up and down Woodward avenue recently, says the Detroit *Free Press*, with a man's hat in one hand and a large calfskin wallet in the other. An officer finally approached her and asked:

"Madame, are you looking for any one?"

"Oh, no," she replied; "I know right where he is."

"Are you in any trouble?"

"No, sir, I never let anything trouble me."

"But you—you——"

"It's just this way, sir. Me and my husband came in on the excursion. After we got here he began to frisk and cut up, and I proceeded to nip him in the bud. He's over there on the city hall steps, bareheaded and without a cent, while I hold the key of the position."

Confirmed.

The favorable impression produced on the first appearance of the agreeable liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs a few years ago has been more than confirmed by the pleasant experience of all who have used it, and the success of the proprietors and manufacturers the California Fig Syrup Company.

The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions for this department from the old soldiers are solicited by the editor; but short and lively personal and historical sketches, interesting reminiscences, etc., are preferable. Every comrade will be recognized, and no contribution will be overlooked. Nothing from the records is desired, as we are supplied with a full set.

Gen. Noyes at Cedar Creek.

THE following is an abridged account of the engagement at Cedar Creek, July 4, in which the late Gen. E. F. Noyes lost his limb. The judge related the story at a meeting of the Ohio Loyal Leigion in March, 1889:

Early in the day, in the afternoon, under the command of Gen. McPherson, I got my command in line of battle to make the charge.

"We have been selected to make this charge because they thought we could do it successfully, if anybody could," I said, as I went down the line. "And this is the 4th of July, you know, and a bad day to be licked, and we don't want to be. Just fix your bayonets and load your guns, and don't fire a shot."

After we had lain there for an hour or two, or two or three hours, I don't remember how long, Gen. McPherson came around again with a staff officer; the latter came to me and said that Gen. McPherson had made up his mind that the works could not be successfully carried by assault, and I might withdraw my command.

But a little later Gen. Sherman came around, and he looked all along the line, and said:

"Here's the place to strike them, and we are going to do it right away. Just tell the commander of your troops to get them in line again."

Little by little I got my command into position and all fixed, and at 6:40 the bugle sounded the charge, and my boys, in accordance with what I had instructed them, followed me. But I did not get very far—not more than a third of the way. My right line struck the enemy first, and they put a minie-ball into my ankle joint. I sat down on the stump of a tree, and the boys went on and made a hole through the enemy's line big enough to put their whole army in full retreat before daylight next morning. I sat on the stump and looked around; there was a lieutenant there by the name of Losses, from Portsmouth. I said:

"Lossee, we have got the works."

"Yes."

"What are they doing?"

"They are breaking to the right now."

"Go right away to the command on my right;" (that was Chamberlin's command) "and ask them to close up and fill the works that have just been vacated, and when you have done that, come back."

He did so, and then came back and said to me:

"Are you hurt?"

"Yes."

"You ought to get out of here."

"Yes."

"Can you get on my back?"

"Yes."

And I put my arms around his neck and tried to raise myself, but I could not stand it, and I said:

"I guess I can't go it, Lossee. You'll have to go up and get two or three of the boys and bring them back here."

So he set me down again on the stump, and went up and got two or three of the boys and came back with them. They shouldered me and took me back, and as we were going along we met a lot of officers, Dodge, and Fuller, and Sherman—I don't remember who they were. They said:

"Who is that?"

"That is Col. Noyes."

"Is he hurt?"

"Yes," I said.

"Are you badly hurt?"

"Well," I said, "I will tell you what I think. I was ordered to take those works, and I have taken them, and I shouldn't wonder if they had taken one of mine, but it's the Fourth of July, and I don't care a copper!"

They took me back to the field hospital, and I sent for old Dr. Monahan of the 63d Ohio, who was the best surgeon in our part of the army.

"I've got a little job for you," I said. "Cut that leg off."

He said, "I don't believe its as bad as that."

But I said, "Don't bother to take the boot off, but cut it off."

"I can't do it until the reaction takes place."

"What reaction?"

He said, "Let me feel your pulse." He felt my pulse and said, "Why, your pulse is all right."

"I guess so," I said; "now go ahead and do it," and the next thing I knew my leg was off, and I was all right.

Now, up that moment, I had never had an unpleasant thought—not a regret in connection with my disaster. But the next morning the army was ordered to go on to the front, and to commence that wonderful "march to the sea," and, as the officers passed by the tent where I was lying, one after another they filed out and came and shook my hand and bade me good bye, and "God save him." They were going to the front for glory, and I was going to the rear disabled, with no further part in the war, and no share in the final victory which awaited us. Then I cried like a child!

Longstreet and the "Highlanders."

The New York Highlanders, a volunteer regiment which served with conspicuous distinction in the war, has a new name on its roster, says the New York *Star*, and the recruit is no less a distinguished commander than Gen. Longstreet, the Confederate army leader. It all came about in this way: Thirty-two of the "vets," wearing the Glengarry cap, with the long blue streamers, visited Knoxville recently, and participated in the celebration of the siege of that city. Col. Andrew Baird marshaled the command. The regiment played a conspicuous part in the capture and defense of Fort Sanders, and the Glengarries were readily recognized by the old townspeople. They were royally welcomed and entertained by the boys in gray. Gen. Longstreet was the most conspicuous ex-Confederate in the entertaining delegation. The Highlanders, when they arrived in the city, were received with the genuine "rebel yell," but Gen. Longstreet reassured them with the remark:

"Boys, you've heard that before. You didn't run then, and I don't think you will now."

Gen. Longstreet accompanied the "Scotch Blues" to the leading hotel, and he was the first to approach the register. When he finished writing, this is what the vets read:

General James Longstreet, late Confederate army, now with the New York Highlanders.

It is needless to say the general was elected there and then.

Gen. Longstreet then told of his first meeting with the "Scots." He said he was about to meet an attack, and inquired of an aide who was making the charge on his line on the left. The aide answered: "Those Irishmen with the Scotch caps."

"I asked him how they were fighting," continued the general, "and he said: 'Can't you hear the racket?'

"I could. Just then a squad of men came running from where the engagement was the hottest, and I asked the lieutenant in command if there was any fighting going on, and where they were going. 'Going,' echoed the lieutenant, 'to the rear. This is no fit place for any man.' From that time my estimation of the Scotch boys rose a hundred per cent."

A Mysterious Incident.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Our brigade took a prominent part in the war. History shows we did more marching than any other regiment in the service. I enjoy reading the Camp Fire, and generally turn to that first. I had four brothers in the war. My youngest brother was killed in the last battle of Nashville. He was a member of the 10th Minn. Inft. I had not heard from him for some time, and did not know where his regiment was, but they had been sent to Nashville to meet Hood's army. My brother was killed the last day, in the last charge at night. Our brigade was below Nashville, on the railroad. We were engaged that day till after dark, and lay down in line, where we had been halted in the timber. I was very tired and hungry. Our rations consisted of one-half pint of corn meal, cobs and all, and no salt. I had stood as picket nearly all the night before on a bridge that spanned Stone's river. When we halted I laid down and was soon fast asleep. I do not know how long I slept, but all at once I appeared to be standing up, holding my brother George, and trying to make him speak; but he could not. Then he disappeared, and I awoke. I told my other brother, who was with me, that brother George was dead. As near as I could learn, brother George died at the same time I dreamed I held him, and the circumstance has always been a mystery to me. I was a member of Co. G, 8th Minn. Inft. I enlisted in 1862, and was discharged in 1865.—J. H. REEVES.

He'll be Rewarded Later On.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In January, 1861, a boy 18 years of age, living in a slave state which did not secede, incurred the ill-will of the rebels by his devotion to the Union. He was persecuted all the year, being threatened with death many times. There being no Union troops near, he did not see any until about January 1, 1862. Uncle Sam was then engaged in sending slaves back to raise grain, while the rebels fought us; and also in administering the oath of allegiance to rebels (after men and horses had been run down) and turning them loose to shoot us from the brush as soon as they could get a gun and find a convenient hiding place.

Not believing in that way of prosecuting the war, this boy did not then enlist, although he was offered flattering inducements; but he took work without pay as a scout and guide until February, 1863, when he enlisted as a private in the Union army, refusing promotion, and was continued as a scout through the war. In May, 1863, he was desperately wounded while fighting his way out where the command (a small foraging path) had been surrounded by bushwhackers. Nineteen bullets went through his blouse and three through his hat, four of them hitting him. He was left for dead on the field. Notwithstanding the condition he was in, he fired a shot while down, saving the life of another wounded comrade, and both of them got away. The surgeons said he could not possibly live, but he did, and in 1865 was honorably discharged. He is yet alive, but so badly disabled that for much of the time during ten years past he has been unable to put on and off his clothes. After much dilatoriness and many examinations he has at last succeeded in getting $36 pension per month, though in all candor I think the government has not treated him fairly, and with justice, considering his devotion to the Union, and his deplorable condition during all these years. And this is only one of many similar cases of which I have a personal knowledge.—H. L. T.

Short Letters.

A QUEER IDEA.—Comrades, let us keep our names out of all publications, and as all the "growlers" have forgotten the service we did them and our country, let us also forget it, except among ourselves and families, and let us train the rising generation to know who their friends are and when there are battles to fight, let every man and the growlers fight his own battle. There is so much kicking about the honor that the government wants to show the soldier that needs it, that I say let them keep it, and stop their howling. I think when President Lincoln took his seat there were 75 cents in the U. S. treasury; but there was no kick about that, for it did not go for pensions, but to feather the nests of the kickers.—DAN SNELL, Co. A, 52d Ill.

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WHO WAS HE?—I would like to know who was orderly for Gen. Sanders on the East Tennessee raid, besides myself. I think he belonged to either the 44th or 45th Ohio. I lost a horse on that raid. Will some comrade of Sanders's staff at that time show up about the Camp Fire?—STEVEN GENTLE, Co. C, 1st Ky. Cav.

***

FORMED AN ASSOCIATION.—At a meeting held October 9, 1890, in Topeka, Kas., the members of the 31st O. V. I., formed a state organization of their regiment. James M. Rose was elected president and Ed. F. Ewing secretary. This gallant regiment has the honor of claiming that there are more bullet marks upon its colors and flag staff than any other regiment sent out by the state of Ohio. A greeting is sent to all survivors of the 31st, and a cordial invitation to meet with the organization at Topeka, in 1892.—ED. F. EWING, Sec.

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WHAT GARFIELD SAID.—It was in April, 1862, a few days after the battle of Pittsburg Landing. Gen. Garfield went out with us on picket line. After marching out about two miles from camp he called the brigade to a halt. Then himself and staff went out to look for the Johnnies. After sometime they returned and the general said they had found the rebs. Then he called the attention of the brigade and said: "Men, we will likely have a little skirmish with the Johnnies today; they are cavalry; wait until they come up so you can see the white of their eyes, then take deliberate aim and you will empty a saddle every time.—J. S. DENTON, Co. D, 65th O. V. I.

Chips.

Comrade Lyman Root:—Please send your present postoffice address to the Camp Fire.

Mrs. C. C. Fulton:—"Bound for Canada" has been published in "Old War Songs." The "Yankee Girl" appears this week.

Mary Rotramel, Ills., writes: "I am a soldier's daughter and like the Camp Fire very much. My father was a member of Co. C, 15th Ills. Cav. He served Uncle Sam for nearly two years. Would like to hear from other soldiers' boys and girls through the Camp Fire."

If.

Aunt Mary—Poor Bess, does your tooth ache yet? If it were mine, dear, I'd have it out at once.

Bess—If it were yours? Well, Auntie, so would I!—[Puck.

Much.

"What's in a name?" asked Biggs, the other day, in the course of a conversation.

"I guess your wife can tell you," said Boggs.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, everything you've got is in her name, isn't it?"—[Puck.

An Electrical Dog.

Charley—I must be full of electricity. If I stroke our cat a little, all her hairs seem to stand on end!

Johnnie—That's nothing. My dog does that without touching the cat at all.—[Texas Siftings.

THE POINT.

"A 1" From a Catholic Archbishop down to the **Poorest of the Poor** all testify, not only to the virtues of

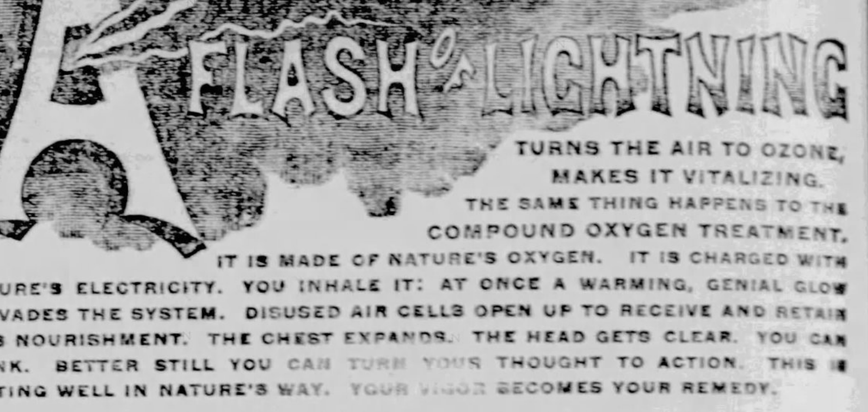
ST. JACOBS OIL,

The Great Remedy For Pain,

but to its superiority over all other remedies, expressed thus:

It Cures Promptly, Permanently;

which means strictly, that the pain-stricken seek a prompt relief with no return of the pain, and this, they say, St. Jacobs Oil will give. This is its excellence.



TURNS THE AIR TO OZONE, MAKES IT VITALIZING.

THE SAME THING HAPPENS TO THE COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT.

IT IS MADE OF NATURE'S OXYGEN. IT IS CHARGED WITH NATURE'S ELECTRICITY. YOU INHALE IT: AT ONCE A WARMING, GENIAL GLOW PERVADES THE SYSTEM. DISUSED AIR CELLS OPEN UP TO RECEIVE AND RETAIN THIS NOURISHMENT. THE CHEST EXPANDS. THE HEAD GETS CLEAR. YOU CAN THINK. BETTER STILL YOU CAN TURN YOUR THOUGHT TO ACTION. THIS IS GETTING WELL IN NATURE'S WAY. YOUR VIGOR BECOMES YOUR REMEDY.

A BOOK OF 200 PAGES WILL TELL YOU WHO HAVE BEEN RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH IN THIS WAY. IT IS FILLED FROM COVER TO COVER WITH SIGNED ENDORSEMENTS.

THIS BOOK WILL BE SENT ENTIRELY FREE OF CHARGE TO ANY ONE WHO WILL WRITE TO

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, No. 1529 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

120 SUTTER ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. 58 CHURCH ST., TORONTO, CANADA.

OLD WAR SONGS—LXXX.

GOOD BYE, OLD GLORY!

Four weary years of toil and blood,
With loyal hearts so true,
Through field and fortress, plain and flood,
We fought the rebel crew.
But victory is ours at last;
The mighty work is through,
Sound drums and bugles loud and long,
This is your last tat-too.

CHORUS.—Farewell, farewell to march and fight,
Hard tack a fond adieu,
Good bye old glory for to-night,
We doff the army blue.

Good bye to muster and parade,
Good bye the grand review;
The dusty line, the dashing aide,
Good by old general, too.
Good by to war, but halt I say,
John Bull a word with you,
Pay up old scores or we again
May don the army blue.

ON, ON, ON, THE BOYS CAME MARCHING.

(Sequel to "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.")

O the day it came at last, when the glorious tramp was heard,
And the boys came marching fifty thousand stong.
And we grasped each other's hands, tho' we uttered not a word,
As the booming of our cannon rolled along.

CHORUS.—On, on, on, the boys came marching, like a grand majestic sea,
And they dashed away the guard from the heavy iron door,
And we stood beneath the starry banner free.

O the feeblest heart grew strong, and the most despondent sure,
When we heard the thrilling sounds we loved so well.
For we knew that want and woe, we no longer should endure,
When the hosts of freedom reached our prison cell.

O the war is over now, and we're safe at home again,
And the cause we starved and suffered for is won,
But we never can forget, 'mid our woe and 'mid our pain,
How the glorious Union boys came tramping on.

The Old, Old Story.

A little cough; a feeling ill;
A headache oft; a daily chill;
A slower walk; a quickened breath;
A frequent talk of coming death.
No strength to rise from day to day;
From loving eyes he fades away.
Now lifts no more the weary head,
The struggle's o'er; the man is dead.

Such is the fatal progress of consumption. How often is repeated the old, old story. Yet not half so often as it was before the knowledge came to mankind that there was a discovery in medical science by which the dread disease could be arrested in its early stages and the patient restored to health. This wonderful remedy is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Thousands of cures follow the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents.

STATIONERS' NOVELTIES.

A red tomato in cut glass makes an odd ink bottle.

The end of a new combined pencil and penholder is a penknife.

Efficient magnifiers are made out of a glass bulb filled with water.

A heavy metal bull-dog with chain attached, makes a convenient paper weight.

Colored bronze cranes, three in number, are used as supports for a gold bronze inkstand.

Dried leaves of the silver poplar can be written on with ease and make an unique visiting card.

A manufacturer, who was doubtless a visitor at the Paris exposition, has produced a clever style of pen rack in the form of the Eiffel tower.

A rack for fountain pens is made of celluloid in the form of a large pen, and rests, with a slight incline, on miniature standards of the same material.

A graceful spray of sweet lavendar in natural colors ornaments the corner of a new notepaper, which is perfumed with the odor of the same fragrant flower.

Unique in the way of paper weights are those in imitation of junior bivalves, which bear the trite yet expressive phrase printed on them—"Don't be a clam."

Grand Army clocks are a novelty. The design is of a large G. A. R. badge, ribbon and all of bronze, on a blue plush background. The face of the clock is in the medal.

A novel design in inkstands is that having the form of a miniature stove, with glass doors. It is intended for red ink, which, showing through the doors, gives the effect of a roaring fire.

Two black bears carrying branches under their arms and a pail between them is a late design. The pail is used as an ink-well and the branches form a convenient rest for pens.

A convenient inkstand is a square of glass with an embattled top, which serves as a pen rack. The ink-well is of the reservoir type, and is opened by removing one of the battlements.

—The bald man's motto: "There is room at the top." This top may be supplied with a good crop of fine hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer. Try it.

Millionaire Flood's Estate.

The final account of James L. Flood and T. I. Bergen, executors of the will of James C. Flood, has been filed in San Mateo. They ask that they be discharged and the property be distributed to the heirs, Mrs. Flood, Miss Cora J. Flood, and James L. Flood. The widow will receive one half of the property and the children one-fourth each. The final account shows that the executors have received $138,396.82, and have cash on hand, $68,482.10. The amount of property on hand, as per inventory, is $3,231,965.50. They have paid out $38,814.72, and their commissions, as allowed by law on $2,240,487.00, the appraised value of the estate, are $13,023.18. The total amount of claims presented against them was $1,952,816.73, and the amount allowed was $1,409,072.10, of which $4,292.08 has been paid. These claims include the $900,000 said to have been loaned James C. Flood by James L. Flood, and the $897,000 loaned him by his wife.—[San Francisco Call.

Sure Death.

Aus der Ohm—The law respecting electrical executions is all right. There's no use in changing the law; all that should be changed is the method of administering the shock.

Van Volt—How would you have it done?

Aus der Ohm—Send the condemned man out to repair dead wires.—[Puck.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address, and make your questions plain.

2. Do not ask us where you can *buy* or *sell* anything, nor ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.

3. Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

4. Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

5. No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

The United States Bank.

S. H., Weston, Ill.: There have, in the history of this country, been two such banks, the first from 1791 to 1811, the second from 1816 to 1836. The incorporation of the first of these was a part of Hamilton's financial scheme, and it aroused great opposition. Jefferson, Madison and others that subsequently formed and became leaders of the Republican party, were foremost in the opposition, which was based on the lack of power on the part of Congress to charter any such institution. The attitude of public men on this measure was the first indication of the direction in which party lines would tend. Jefferson and the future Republicans demanded a strict construction of the constitution, and denied the grant of any such power to Congress in that instrument. Hamilton maintained that the right to charter a corporation was one of the inherent rights of a sovereign power, that the federal government was a sovereign power, and need not, therefore, have such authority specifically granted, and that the step was "within the sphere of the specified powers" of the government enumerated by the constitution. The bill incorporating the bank became law in 1791. The bank was to continue for twenty years, its capital was to be $10,000,000, of which $2,000,000 was to be subscribed by the government. In return the government was to receive a loan of $2,000,000, repayable in yearly installments of $200,000. Congress agreed to charter no other bank for twenty years. The bank was authorized to establish branches, and its notes were to be received in payments to the United States. Its efforts to obtain a renewal of its charter from the United States at the expiration of its existence in 1811 were unsuccessful, as were the efforts to prolong its life by a Pennsylvania state charter, and so it went out of existence. The head office of the bank was at Philadelphia.

In 1816 the second Bank of the United States was incorporated. Public sentiment had been inclined in favor of such a renewal by the financial difficulties attending the war of 1812. This time it was the Federalists that were opposed to it, and by in turn supporting and opposing each of two rival plans, they had compassed the defeat of both. The powers of the bank were much the same as those of the first. Its capital stock was $35,000,000, payable one-fifth in cash and four-fifths in government stock. It was to have the custody of public funds, and five of the 25 directors were to be appointed by the government. Mismanagement brought the bank into a precarious position, and the new bank president was obliged, as a matter of necessity, to largely curtail its loans. The stringency thus created awakened considerable feeling against the bank. The first intimation of any connection of the bank with politics was the demand of certain of President Jackson's political friends for the removal of the president of a New England branch, who was personally obnoxious to them. The president of the bank, Nicholas Biddle, refused, denying any connection of his institution with politics. President Jackson was opposed to the bank, and his messages to Congress in 1829, 1830 and 1831 expressed strong dislike of the institution. In 1832 a bill to re-charter passed both Houses, but was vetoed by the President, and failed to pass over the veto. The elections of that year produced a House, the majority of which supported the President. On the plea that the bank was not safe, the President now removed the government deposits and placed them with state banks, which were called banks of deposit, and nicknamed "Pet Banks." In this he was supported by the House, which decided against a renewal of the charter and ordered an investigation of the bank. Of this nothing came. The bank was chartered by the state of Pennsylvania, and was thereafter known as the Nicholas Biddle's United States bank. Only one more attempt to establish such a bank was made. This was in 1844, while Tyler was President. Two bills having that end in view passed Congress, but they were both vetoed.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

S. H., Weston, Ill.: Nathaniel Hawthorne was born in Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804, and died at Plymouth, N. H., May 19, 1864. His ancestors, who came from England, had settled at Salem in the early part of the seventeenth century. At the age of 14, on account of feeble health, Nathaniel Hawthorne was sent to live on a farm belonging to his family, in Raymond, on the borders of Sebago Lake, in Maine. Later he entered Bowdoin college, where he graduated in 1825 in the same class with Geo. B. Cheever and Henry W. Longfellow. Franklin Pierce, who was in the preceding class, was his intimate friend. After quitting college he resided many years in Salem, leading a solitary life of meditation and study, writing wild tales, most of which he burned, and some of which appeared in newspapers, magazines and annuals. In 1828 he published in Boston an anonymous romance called "Fanshawe," which he never acknowledged, and which has never been reprinted. In 1837 he collected from the annual called "The Token," and other periodicals, a number of his tales and sketches, and published them at Boston, under the title of "Twice-Told Tales." The book was noticed with high praise in the *North American Review*, by Mr. Longfellow, who pronounced it the work of a man of genius and of a true poet; but it attracted little attention from the general public.

In 1838, Mr. Bancroft, the historian, then collector of the port of Boston, appointed Mr. Hawthorne a weigher and ganger in the custom-house. In 1843 he married Miss Sophia Peabody, and took up his abode in the old manse at Concord. In 1846 he wrote a book of tales and sketches, entitled, "Mosses from an Old Manse." The same year he was appointed surveyor of the port of Salem, which position he held until 1849, when he went to live in Lenox, where, in 1851, he wrote "The House of Seven Gables," one of the most famous of his works. In 1853 he was appointed by President Pierce to one of the most lucrative offices in his gift, the consulate at Liverpool. Mr. Hawthorne held this office until 1857, when he resigned it, and for two years traveled with his family in France and Italy.

He returned to Concord in 1860, and lived there quietly until 1864, when his health failed, and in the spring of 1864 he set out on a journey through New Hampshire with ex-President Pierce. He reached a hotel in the town of Plymouth, where he stopped for the night, and was found dead in his bed in the morning. He was a man as peculiar in character as he was unique in genius. In him opposite qualities met and were happily and harmoniously blended, and this was true of him physically as well as intellectually. He was tall and strongly built, with broad shoulders, deep chest, a massive head, black hair and large dark eyes. Wherever he went he attracted attention by his imposing presence.

Gen. Garfield Quells a Mob.

W. L. B., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa: The morning after the assassination of President Lincoln, a large crowd gathered in front of the Stock Exchange, New York. A number of prominent men were in the room adjoining the balcony. Gen. Brisbin thus describes the scene, taking it up after the crowd had assembled: "By this time the wave of popular indignation had swelled to its crest. Two men lay bleeding on one of the side streets, the one dead, the other next to dying, one on the pavement, the other in the gutter. They had said but a moment before that Lincoln ought to have been shot, anyhow, long before. They were not allowed to say it again. Soon two long pieces of scantling stood out above the heads of the crowd, like the letter X, and a looped halter pendant from the junction, a dozen men following its slow motion through the masses, while 'vengeance' was the cry. On the right suddenly the shout rose, 'The *World*, the *World*, the office of the *World*!' and a movement of perhaps 8,000 or 10,000 turning their faces in the direction of that building, began to be executed.

"It was a critical moment. What might come no one could tell, did that crowd get in front of the office. Police or military would have availed little or been too late. A telegram had just been read from Washington, 'Seward is dying.' Just at that juncture a man stepped forward with a small flag in his hand, and beckoned to the crowd, 'Another telegram from Washington.' And then, in the awful stillness of the crisis, taking advantage of the hesitation of the crowd whose steps had been arrested for a moment, a right arm was lifted skyward and a voice, clear and steady, loud and distinct, spoke out:

"'Fellow citizens, clouds and darkness are around about Him! His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and judgment are the establishment of His throne! Fellow citizens, God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives!'

"The effect was tremendous. The crowd stood riveted to the ground with awe, gazing at the motionless orator, and thinking of God and the security of the government at that hour. As the boiling wave subsides and settles to the sea when some strong wind beats it down, so the tumult of the people sank and became still. All took it as a divine omen. It was a triumph of eloquence inspired by the moment, such as but falls to few men's lot, and that but once in a century. The genius of Webster, Choate, Everett, Seward, never reached it. What might have happened had the surging and maddened crowd been let loose, none can tell. The man for the crisis was on the spot, more potent than Napoleon's guns at Paris. I inquired what was his name. The answer came in a low whisper, "'It is General Garfield, of Ohio.'"

S. S. S.

A woman with a cancerous ulcer of years' standing and five inches in diameter has been entirely relieved by six bottles of Swift's Specific. I consider its effects wonderful, almost miraculous.
REV. J. H. CAMPBELL, Columbus, Ga.

Will Cure

A young man near this town had an eating cancer on his face, which had destroyed his nose and was eating towards his eyes. As a last resort I put him on Swift's Specific, and it has cured him entirely sound and well.
DR. M. F. CRUMLEY, Oglethorpe, Ga.

Skin Cancer

Treatise on Cancer mailed free.
Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Governors of the States.

B. S., Seinbville, O.: The following are the governors of all the different states and territories:

Alabama	Thos. Seay
Alaska	Lyman E. Knapp
Arizona	Louis Wolfley
Arkansas	James P. Eagle
California	R. W. Waterman
Colorado	Job A. Cooper
Connecticut	Morgan C. Bulkeley
Delaware	Benjamin L. Beggs
Florida	Frank P. Fleming
Georgia	John B. Gordon
Idaho	George E. Shoup
Illinois	Joseph W. Fifer
Indiana	Alvin P. Hovey
Iowa	Horace Boies
Kansas	Lyman V. Humphrey
Kentucky	Simon B. Buckner
Louisiana	Francis T. Nichols
Maine	Edwin C. Burleigh
Maryland	Elihu E. Jackson
Massachusetts	J. Q. A. Brackett
Michigan	Cyrus C. Luce
Minnesota	William R. Merriman
Mississippi	John M. Stone
Missouri	David R. Francis
Montana	Joseph K. Toole
Nebraska	John M. Thayer
Nevada	[Dead.]
New Hampshire	David H. Goodell
New Jersey	Leon Abbett
New Mexico	L. Bradford Prince
New York	David B. Hill
North Carolina	D. G. Fowle
North Dakota	John Miller
Ohio	James E. Campbell
Oregon	Sylvester Pennoyer
Pennsylvania	James A. Beaver
Rhode Island	John W. Davis
South Carolina	John P. Richardson
South Dakota	Arthur C. Mellette
Tennessee	Robert L. Taylor
Texas	Lawrence S. Ross
Utah	Arthur L. Thomas
Vermont	William P. Dillingham
Virginia	Philip W. MacKinney
Washington	Elisha P. Terry
West Virginia	John P. Fleming
Wisconsin	William D. Hoard
Wyoming	Francis E. Warren

Our Machinery Exports.

T. S. D., Kingsville, Mo.: The following is a total valuation of exports of iron and all manufactures thereof, from the United States, for the year ending Dec. 51, 1889:

	Value.
Pig iron	$ 227,048
Band, hoop and scroll iron	993
Bar iron	40,748
Car wheels	91,328
Castings	327,582
Cutlery	99,556
Firearms	608,541
Ingots, bars and rods of steel	25,844
Locks, hinges, and other builder's hardware	1,551,462
Machinery	6,672,094
Nails and spikes—	
Cut	3,126,729
Wire, wrought, horse-hoe, and all other, including tacks	136,600
Plates and sheets—	
Of iron	196,659
Of steel	3,905
Printing presses and parts of	180,514
Railroad bars or rails—	
Of iron	196,325
Of steel	231,677
Saws and tools	1,912,425
Scales and balances	330,526
Sewing machines and parts of	2,092,053
Steam engines and parts of—	
Fire engines	9,975
Locomotive engines	550,709
Stationery engines	165,384
Boilers and parts of engines	228,234
Stoves and ranges and parts of	257,717
Wire	528,359
All other manufactures of iron and steel	2,774,260
Total not including iron ore	$19,578,489

The "Hazzard Circular."

W. H. H., Powderly, Ky., has our thanks for the following copy of the "Hazzard circular," inquired for by L. P. D., of Codell, Kan., in the Bureau of Oct. 23. W. H. H. says this confidential circular was issued by Mr. Hazzard, and other bankers of London, in the summer of 1862, and was sent out to the bankers of the United States. The document is as follows:

"Slavery is likely to be abolished by the war power, and chattel slavery destroyed. This I, and my European friends are in favor of, for slavery is but the owning of labor, and carries with it the care for the laborer; while the European plan, led on by England, is capital control of labor, by controlling wages. This can be done by controlling the money.

"The great debt that capitalists will see to it is made out of the war, must be used as a measure to control the volume of money. To accomplish this, the bonds must be used as a banking basis.

"We are now waiting to get the secretary of the Treasury to make this recommendation to Congress.

"It will not do to allow the greenback, as it is called, to circulate as money any length of time, for we can not control that."

The Dead Sea.

F. W. McHudgin, Ky.: 1.—The Dead sea, also called the sea of Sodom, is a salt lake of Palestine between the mountains of Moab on the east and those of Hebron on the west. The locality is that of the ancient vale of Siddim, which Lot selected when he parted from Abraham, and which was then an attractive region, watered by the Jordan, and containing the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. Even at that early period the district was probably of a peculiar geological character, the vale being described as "full of slime-pits." The catastrophe which is said to have resulted in the destruction of these cities and in the formation of the sea is computed to have occurred about 1900 years before the Christian era. By earthquakes accompanying volcanic action, the valley appears to have sunk to a great depth, and the waters of the Jordan flowing in, produced this sea, which was made intensely salt by the saline strata exposed their action. 2.—We do not know whether "Uncle Sam in 1892" will be published in book form or not. You cannot get back numbers of THE BLADE from its commencement. 3.—Speaker Reed's rulings are embodied in the *Congressional Record* and are not published separately.

Postoffice Revenues.

J. M., Anson, Kan.: It is not the policy of the government to make any money out of the Postoffice department. As it grew self-supporting, postage has been made cheaper, arrangements have been made for more frequent service to small offices, etc. Since 1836 the revenues of the Postoffice department have exceeded the expenditures of the department during the years and in the amounts described in the tabulated statement given below:

	Revenues.	Expenditures.
1837	$ 4,945,668 21	$ 3,288,319 03
1848	4,555,211 10	4,326,850 27
1851	5,499,984 06	5,212,953 43
1865	14,556,158 70	13,694,728 28
1882	41,876,410 15	40,482,021 23
1883	45,508,692 61	43,282,944 43

We are indebted for these statistics to a comparative statement of postal revenues and expenditures prepared by the Hon. Frank Hatton during his incumbency as Postmaster General, at the time when the reduction of postage to two cents was made.

The Crane.

Mrs. H. H. B., River Falls, Wis.: The typical crane has the bill longer than the head, straight, sharp-pointed, compressed on the sides, and slightly curved at the tip: the wings are long, the tertials lengthened and pendant; tail short, toes rather short, the outer united at the base to the middle one, the lateral ones equal, hind toe short and elevated, claws short and strong. The American crane has the bill dusky and toward the middle yellow; the head small, neck very long, body rather slender; the bare parts on the top and sides of the head carmine, with small black hairs, feet black, plumage pure white, except the primaries and the coverts which are brownish black. The length to the end of the tail is 54 inches, and to the end of the claws 65; extent of wings, 92; bill 5¼; tarsus, about 11 inches. Young birds are of a bluish gray color, with the feathers tipped and margined with yellow brown.

Banking Queries.

M. T. E., Reandale, Kan.: 1.—A bank in trade and business is a place of deposit for money. Money is also lent by a bank on interest. Money, as a rule, is lent by a bank to those who have deposits there. 2.—A national bank is required, as long as it exists, to keep a deposit in the treasury of the United States of a certain amount to secure its bank notes. If a bank is dissolved, the national bank notes are called in and a specified time given for their redemption, after which the deposit of the bank in the United States treasury is added to the assets of the bank and returned to the same. 3.—Colorado was admitted August 1, 1876; North Dakota, November 3, 1889; South Dakota, November 3, 1889; Montana, November 8, 1889; Washington, November 11, 1889.

Hon. Wm. McKinley.

T. S. R., Toledo, O., and R. P., Buckner, Mo.: Hon. Wm. McKinley is of Scotch descent. We think he is Presbyterian; but a man's religious belief is a private matter, with which the public should have no concern. Mr. McKinley was born at Niles, O., Feb. 26, 1844; volunteered as a private in May, 1861, in the 23d Ohio, and was mustered out as captain and brevet major in September, 1865; was prosecuting attorney of Stark county, O., 1869-71; was elected to the 45th, 46th, 47th and 48th Congresses, receiving the certificate of election to the latter, but his opponent was given the seat by the Democratic House; was elected to the 49th, 50th and 51st Congresses.

The First Temperance Society.

W. C., State College, Pa.: We are unable to find where and when the first furnace for smelting ore was established in the United States. If anybody possessing the information will send it to us, we shall be glad to publish it.

C. E. B., Longwood, Wis.: 1.—"Teetotaller Dick," first published in THE BLADE, is now in book form, and you can get it by ordering through any bookseller. We do not sell it. 2.—The first modern temperance society was formed in 1789, by 200 farmers of Litchfield, Conn., who, to discourage the use of spirituous liquors, determined "not to use any distilled liquors in doing their farm work during the coming season."

Pension Questions.

M. J. L., Gordon, Tex.: "An Union soldier took French leave to see his parents. In December, 1864, whilst home, the President issued his proclamation for all deserters to return. He prolonged his absence from his command but returned within the time set by the President, joined his command and received an honorable discharge. Is he entitled to a pension under the disability act of June? Whilst in service he contracted disease which at times disables him."

Yes.

M. G. B., Ligonier, Pa.: Please explain something in regard to the numbers on pension claims. 1.—Suppose, for instance, a claim is numbered 300,000; does the claimant representing that number have to wait till the 299,999 ahead of him have been adjudicated? 2.—Suppose a soldier is now drawing a pension of $6 per month, and applies under the act of last June, what does he have to prove, and what action is it necessary for him to take in order to get his claim through? About how many claims have already been allowed under the act of last June?"

1.—No. 2.—That the disabilities claimed for exist. 3.—We do not know.

W. B. C., Cedarville, N. J.: The best thing for you to do is to get the evidence of another comrade.

A Little Catechism.

A. W. W., Yale Station, Va.: 1.—Oysters are found all along the Atlantic coast; none however, are caught in fresh water and therefore, of course, are not caught near Toledo. 2.—A cow has four stomachs, one of which receives the food when she first eats it. After she is through eating, she generally goes into the shade, lies down and chews her food by mouthfuls which come up again into her mouth from her first stomach. This comes in the form of a ball and is called a cow's cud. After chewing it, it goes into the second stomach and is there digested. 3.—The coal supply of the United States is not inexhaustible. 4.—There is apparently no immediate chance of Mr. Wanamaker's postal telegraph scheme being adopted.

Grand Juries in Wisconsin.

C. L., Menominee, Wis., has our thanks for the following: "In THE BLADE of October 23, H. H., of Corwith, Iowa, asks if the constitutionality of the abolishing of the grand jury system in Wisconsin, has been passed upon by the United States courts. The grand jury system has not been abolished in Wisconsin. Sec. 2548, Revised Statutes of Wisconsin, as amended by Chap. 141, laws of 1889, 'Grand juries shall be summoned to attend each term of the circuit court, unless the judge thereof shall make an order in writing and file it with the clerk at least fifteen days before the setting of said court, directing such jury not to be summoned.'"

Wyandotte Cave.

H. P., Toledo, O.: Wyandotte Cave is a remarkable natural curiosity in Crawford county, Indiana, four miles from Leavenworth. It is 22 miles in extent, with a maximum width of 300 feet and a height of 245 feet. The cave is dry and contains a few narrow passages; but for the most part the galleries are broad and high, and frequently expand into great rooms. It excels the Mammoth Cave in the number and variety of its stalagmites and stalactites, and also in some of its chambers one being 350 feet long 245 feet broad containing a hill 175 feet high. The two most extensive rooms are called "Mammoth Hall" and the "Senate Chamber."

Thanks for Courtesies.

D. R., Twin Bridges, Montana: 1.—We do not know what the address of Robert G. Ingersoll is. See Rule above; no addresses given. 2.—It is proper to thank any body for any courtesy they may extend to you. Writing in your autograph album is a courtesy. 3.—It is always customary for the bride and groom to thank any giver of a wedding present. The manner of thanking them might differ according to the circumstances of the wedding, but it is always proper to write a note acknowledging the present and thanking the giver.

Weight of Coal.

C. M. W., Reedsville, W. Va.: Eighty pounds of either anthracite or bituminous coal is reckoned a bushel, with a slight variation in weight of grades. The following is the cubic area of 2,000 pounds of hard coal:

	Cu. ft.
Stove	34.60
Chestnut	33.30
Egg	35.20
Grate	35.35

Of soft coal, 25 bushels are calculated to the ton of 2,000 pounds.

The Sub-Treasury Scheme.

R. G., Boomer, Wis.: During the session just passed, Senator Stanford, of California, introduced a resolution in the Senate calling for the appointment of a committee to look into the possibility of the United States establishing warehouses all over the country wherein farmers could deposit cotton, grain, and other farm products, issuing warehouse receipts therefor. The resolution was referred to some committee but never reported back to the Senate.

Brief Answers.

M. M. Mc., Bryan, O.: We do not know the home address of Mrs. Leland Stanford.

W. H. J., Zaleski, O.: Deer is both singular and plural; so "four deer" is correct.

P. S., Lathrop, Mo.: When the base ball averages are made up, we shall publish them.

W. R. H.: The United States never had a dictator or any other officer not provided for by the constitution.

C. M. L., Correll, Ill.: We do not recall the greatest number of people present in one day at the Paris Exposition.

H. M., Edon, O.: We do not know anything about the religion of Dan Ryan. It is a personal matter, and not of public interest.

C. W. S., jr., Fillmore, Iowa: The McKinley tariff bill does not remove the special revenue tax of $25, which is paid by all retail druggists.

G. W. P., Napoleon, O.: Write to the chairman of the congressional committee at Washington for a copy of the old and new tariff bills.

M. S.: The state government of Indiana was Republican in 1869. We do not know how many defaulting state treasurers there have been in that state.

Mrs. A. S., Harvard, Neb.: You will find the number of Union soldiers killed during the civil war in the Bureau of October 31. See "Union Soldiers Killed."

Subscriber, Ann Arbor, Mich.: The tin mines of the United States are owned by Americans and also the plants preparing for the manufacture of tin plates.

F. H. D., Hope, Ind.: We do not know what the surname of Queen Victoria is. It has been stated to be Wettin, but we do not know whether it is correct or not.

J. H. R., East Richmond, O.: The matter of saying grace at the table is entirely a personal one, nor is there any formula or etiquette concerning the way it should be said.

Mrs. J. C. S.: For information concerning any money left you in Holland or Germany by grandparents, we would advise you to apply to some lawyer; state facts to him, and follow his advice.

S. H. R., Toledo, O.: 1.—Uncancelled postage stamps of former issues are good for postage, but will not be redeemed by the postoffice department. 2.—Mutilated stamps are not redeemable.

H. D., Redfield, S. D.: The Gettysburg national park is managed by a board of directors, who appoint a superintendent. The Chattanooga and Chickamauga field will be managed in the same way.

F. M. N., Mathewson, Kans.: 1.—The duty on castor oil in the old and new tariff laws is the same—80c per gallon. 2.—The duty on castor beans is also the same in the old and new tariff laws—50c per bushel.

M. P. V., McCandless, Pa.: 1.—Renewals count, in getting a club for THE BLADE, the same as new subscriptions. 2.—We are unable to give the author of the quotation about "Pouring oil on the troubled waters."

A. C., Marengo, O.: Ohio was admitted to the union November 29, 1802; Florida March 3, 1845; California September 9, 1850. Georgia was one of the thirteen original states and ratified the constitution January 2, 1788.

N. B., Ossian: The length of both the Umbria and Etruria is 501 feet. Etruria is pronounced Et-ru-re-ah, accent on second. Umbria, Um-bre-ah, accent on first. Guiteau is pronounced Git-toe, accent on second.

Volunteer, Ottawa, Kan.: In a few weeks THE BLADE will publish an account of a personal visit to the Ohio Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, at Sandusky, which will give you an idea of how they live at the homes.

W. B. P., Rochester, N. Y.: THE BLADE has not got for sale Mr. and Mrs. Spoopendyke, nor any other books, save those mentioned in our advertisement on fifth page of weekly. Get a bookseller to order it for you.

S. M. T., Georgetown, Ky.: Write to the chairman of your Republican State committee, or the chairman of the Republican Congressional committee, at Washington, for documents on Republicanism, and they will be sent to you.

W. B., Houston, Tex.: 1.—We are unable to go into the state laws of Kansas twenty or thirty years back, and therefore can not answer your question. 2.—A postmaster has no right to refuse to give any man his mail, if properly identified.

S. H. T., Beansville, Kan.: When liquors are placed in bonded warehouses, certificates are issued to the distillers. These cannot be used as currency, but are sometimes used as collateral security at banks, on which security money is borrowed.

J. S. H., Walton, Kan.: We are sorry to say we have no idea how you can obtain the formula for making the smokeball, referred to in "Science Causerie" in THE BLADE of Oct. 23. We presume it to be a secret with the British government.

L. P., Dobbersville, N. C.: Many men have been tried for counterfeiting United States money. It would be impossible to publish the names of all those who have been convicted of the crime. They may be sentenced to as much as twenty years in the penitentiary.

A. M. H., New Portage: 1.—A man must be in the United States five years before he can become a citizen, and must declare his intention two years before being naturalized, which gives him the privilege of voting. 2.—A man must live in the state of Ohio one year, and in a precinct 30 days before he can vote.

C. E. L., Bouckville, N. Y.: There is no tariff on musical instruments in general, each instrument having a rate of its own. The McKinley bill, however, advances the duty on different musical instruments, as a rule, about 25 per cent, and dealers will raise the prices of imported ones accordingly, but not on those made here.

C. B. M., Helmesville, Neb.: There is nothing in the United States statutes which prohibits the importation of hogs with hog cholera into different states. Most states, however, have laws against the practice. We would advise you to ask some Nebraska lawyer about it.

F. E. W., Laurens, Iowa: 1.—There is alcohol in beer. 2.—Opinions of theologians vary greatly as to the nature of the unpardonable sin. 3.—Whether the Catholics are gaining in power or not, and what the result would be if they held possession of the government is a question of theory entirely, and one which we are unable to answer.

G. R., Bristol, Mich.: 1.—There are 329 Representatives in the 51st Congress and will be two additional when the Idaho and Wyoming members are elected. 2.—There are forty-four states. 3.—The slaves were freed by President Lincoln's Emancipation proclamation, save in the states and parts of states excepted in that instrument.

C. J. P., Moss Lake, Mich.: 1.—Cleveland received a majority of the popular vote in both 1884 and 1888. 2.—The object of the tariff is to make importers pay such a duty on their goods as will prevent them from underselling the same goods of American manufacture which we can not make as cheaply as the goods can be made in Europe.

E. C., Ceres, Ia.: The Latin for "United we stand, divided we fall," is *Junctum consistimus, disjunctum disperemus*. For "God watch between me and thee" is, *Inter me et te deus costudint*. 2.—What should be said when you receive an engagement ring is a question that will differ according to circumstances. It is always proper, however, to express your thanks.

T. R., Trinity, Texas: Gen. Edward Braddock set out soon after his arrival in America on an expedition against Fort Duquesne (now Pittsburg). Although unacquainted with Indian warfare, he disregarded the suggestions of his aide-de-camp, Col. Washington, fell into an ambush of French and Indians near that fort July 9, 1755, was defeated and mortally wounded, and died after a hasty retreat of 40 miles.

O. C. A., Topeka, Kans.: So far as we are able to ascertain, the circulation of currency in the United States never was $2,000,000,000. The circulation is at present $1,730,598,074. It stands to reason that the circulation was never greater than it is now. If, however, your opponent makes such an assertion, the burden of proof lies on him, and we should like to have the proof of his statement.

G. L. H., St. Joseph, Mo.: A board of trade is an organization of commission merchants, brokers and dealers, who are interested in grain, produce or any other products. Its object is to facilitate business and supply a place where its members can trade in the above named merchandise. It is of great benefit to the merchants who first handle the produce, etc., and greatly facilitates their business.

A DOCTOR'S CONFESSION.

He Doesn't Take Much Medicine, and Advises the Reporter Not To.

"Humbug? Of course it is. The so-called science of medicine is a humbug, and has been from the time of Hippocrates to the present. Why, the biggest crank in the Indian tribes is the medicine man."

"Very frank was the admission, especially so when it came from one of the biggest young physicians of the city, one whose practice is among the thousands, though he has been graduated but a few years," says the Buffalo *Courier*. "Very cozy was his office, too, with its cheerful grate fire, its Queen Anne furniture, and its many lounges and easy-chairs. He stirred the fire lazily, lighted a fresh cigar, and went on."

"Take the prescriptions laid down in the books and what do you find? Poisons mainly, and nauseating stuffs that would make a healthy man an invalid. Why in the world science should go to poisons for its remedies I cannot tell, nor can I find any one who can."

"How does a doctor know the effect of his medicine?" he asked. "He calls, prescribes, and goes away. The only way to judge would be to stand over the bed and watch the patient. This cannot be done. So, really, I don't know how he is to tell what good or hurt he does. Sometime ago, you remember, the Boston *Globe* sent out a reporter with a stated set of symptoms. He went to eleven prominent physicians and brought back eleven different prescriptions. This just shows how much science there is in medicine."

There are local diseases of various characters for which nature provides positive remedies. They may not be included in the regular physician's list, perhaps, because of their simplicity, but the evidence of their curative power is beyond dispute. Kidney disease is cured by Warner's Safe Cure, a strictly herbal remedy. Thousands of persons, every year, write as does H. J. Gardiner, of Pontiac, R. I., August 7, 1890:

"A few years ago I suffered more than probably ever will be known outside of myself, with kidney and liver complaint. It is the old story—I visited doctor after doctor, but to no avail. I was at Newport, and Dr. Blackman recommended Warner's Safe Cure. I commenced the use of it, and found relief immediately. Altogether I took three bottles, and I truthfully state that it cured me."

ENGLAND'S CARE OF IRELAND.

Shadowing Clergymen as if They Were Criminals.

Prejudiced Americans, inclined to doubt the verbal testimony of the Irish people in regard to British misrule and oppression, must be convinced by the important and infallible evidence of the camera. The two pictures reproduced here, says the New York *Sun*, were caught by a clever young Irishman in Tipperary and were brought here by Mr. Thomas Patrick Gill, who arrived a few days ago. These pictures, and others of the same kind, are to be used to help stir the hearts of Irish Americans and Americans who sympathize with Ireland in her struggle for her rights.

The tall, dignified gentleman walking across the street is the Rev. David Humphreys, a Catholic clergyman of Tipperary. The stolid-looking young fellows in uniform are Mr. Balfour's conscientious military cops.

They are supposed to be "shadowing" the patriotic priest. They have escorted the priest every time he has left his residence, and from place to place, one by his side and the other behind him. It was the most natural thing in the world for the cops to find out nothing—and lots of it—by pursuing this truly British, eminently stupid method of espionage. But there was another object besides the getting of evidence that the police had, and that, some of the Nationalists say, was to provoke the clergyman and then arrest him.

Boston's Present Literary Pace.

New York Tribune.

The Browning craze has almost died out in Boston. In fact, poetry is no longer the fad in that city. What goes now is intense, vivid and pulsating prose, revealing glimpses of tragedy and passion, without, however, any suggestion of uncleanness or eroticism.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

The Sunday School.

Jesus Condemned.

LESSON VII., SUNDAY, NOV. 16, 1890.

GOLDEN TEXT:—For the transgression of my people was he stricken.—Isa, 53:8.

LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 23: 13-25.)

13. And Pilate, when he had called together the chief priests and the rulers and the people,

14. Said unto them, Ye have brought this man unto me as one that perverteth the people; and, behold, I, having examined him before you, have found no fault in this man touching those things whereof ye accuse him:

15. No, nor yet Herod: for I sent you to him; and, lo, nothing worthy of death is done unto him.

16. I will therefore chastise him, and release him.

17. (For of necessity he must release one unto them at the feast.)

18. And they cried out all at once, saying, Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas:

19. (Who for a certain sedition made in the city, and for murder, was cast into prison.)

20. Pilate, therefore, willing to release Jesus, spake again to them.

21. But they cried, saying, crucify him, crucify him.

22. And he said unto them the third time, Why, what evil hath he done? I have found no cause of death in him: I will therefore chastise him, and let him go.

23. And they were instant with loud voices, requiring that he might be crucified: and the voices of them and of the chief priests prevailed.

24. And Pilate gave sentence that it should be as they required.

25. And he released unto them him that for sedition and murder was cast into prison, whom they had desired; but he delivered Jesus to their will.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Pilate said, I, having examined him, found no fault in this man: no, nor yet Herod: I will therefore chastise him, and release him (vs. 13-16). Here is a good illustration of the spirit of vicious compromise in matters of principle. A man charged with crime is on trial before a court. After hearing all the evidence and the arguments in the case, the jury take it in hand. Six men think he is innocent; six deem him guilty. In order to consider one another's views, the proposition is made and accepted, to agree on a verdict that shall leave a stain on the prisoner's good name without admitting that he is proved guilty. A similar method of agreeing on a compromise that leaves the main question at issue undecided, is pursued in many a personal judgment concerning the conduct or the character of another. This is Pilate-like. It was Pilate's duty to convict or acquit Jesus, to say that he was guilty or innocent, whoever might think differently. It is a juryman's duty to stand out forever against his eleven fellows, if he deems them wrong in their decision. It is your and my duty to be at variance with all the world, rather than consent to any such compromise as would indicate our doubt of the truth, as God gives us to see the truth.

They cried out, Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas (v. 18). It was from no love of Barabbas, but rather from hatred of Jesus, that the Jewish rulers and their followers cried out for the release of the robber and murderer. And this same spirit is the cause of many a popular cry in behalf of a political demagogue, of a false religion, or of a new ethical theory, to-day. In our dislike of the one side we are ready to go to the other, regardless of the merits of that side or of the consequences of suporting it. Those who are opposed to Christianity are ready to welcome any form of religion or non-religion that stands over against it. To-day, as in the days of Pilate, the choice is between Jesus on the one hand and whoever or whatever seems most available for the overthrow of Jesus. Anyone but Christ! anything but Christianity! is the cry of the human heart when it is unwilling to submit to Christ wholly.

Why, what evil hath this man done? (v. 22.) That is the question that comes home to-day to every one who would reject Jesus, as the choice has to be made between him and his opponents. For nineteen centuries Jesus has been on trial before the world, and his record is now open in the sight of those who are to decide for themselves whether he shall be accepted or rejected on his merits. What evil hath he done? What is there in his record that would make it safe or desirable to put an end if it were possible, to his work and influence? What gain would there be, to the world or to ourselves, in his overthrow, and in the substitution of that which would follow in his place? Pilate is dead, but his question rings in the ears of those who at this moment have to decide whether or not to accept the Son of man or his opponents, "Why, what evil hath this man done?"

And Pilate gave sentence that what they asked for should be done (v. 24.) Popular sentiment was wrong, and Pilate yielded to it. And in that course Pilate was wrong. The voice of the people is not the voice of God, although a great many have thought it must be accepted as if it were. Right is right and wrong is wrong, whether the public opinion is on the one side or on the other. Yet Pilate was not the last man in an important public position to shape his action in a critical moment by the views of the majority, rather than by his own convictions of duty. It is not one political party alone that will frame its platform concerning a mooted question in such a way as to meet the supposed wishes of its voters generally—be they right or wrong. Nor is it only in one political party that public officials will be found ready to take sides for or against civil service reform, protection or free trade, an increase of pensions, fresh legislation concerning the Indian, the African, or the Chinese, according to the clamorous demands of the party populace. In politics, in religion, in business matters, in society, he who has power is constantly tempted to give sentence that what the populace asks for shall be done. And that is only another way of saying that we are so much like Pontius Pilate in this thing.—[H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

For scrofula,
Salt rheum, etc.,
Take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

USING CATS AS CLOCKS.

An Ingenious Expedient of the Chinese—Abbe Huc's Story.

Every one knows that cats can see in the dark, but the reason they can do so is because of the peculiar construction of their eyes. You may have noticed that in a moderate light the pupil or black part in pussy's eye is small and oval shape, while in a full glare of light it becomes narrow. Now, in the dark, it expands to a circle and nearly fills the surface of the eyeball. This peculiarity of the cat's eyes is turned to account in a curious manner by the Chinese. The Abbe Huc relates that when he was traveling in China he asked his attendant what time it was. The man went over to a cat that was quietly basking in the sun, and, examining its eyes, told the Abbe that it was about two hours after noon, and on being questioned how he knew that, he explained that the pupils of a cat's eyes were largest in the morning and that they gradually grew smaller as the light increased, till they reached their minimum at noon; that then they began to widen again, till at night they once more became large. The good Abbe was filled with admiration for the ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is rather a loose one and could only be trusted in very clear and serene weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a storm would sadly derange your four-footed clock and put it all wrong.

Modest Detroit.

New York Sun.

New Bedford is virtuous, and Norwich is virtuous, but for a really virtuous community Detroit takes first prize. Not content with draping the statues in their museum, the Detroiters are now waging war against a wooden leg in stockings, which is displayed by a wooden leg factory. We hope there will be a heavy fall of snow in Detroit soon, to cover the blushes of her citizens thrown into confusion by the sight of the bare ground.

Literature of the Day.

Young Man—Let me have ten quires of the best supercalendered foolscap, three bottles of the best writing fluid, a dozen blotters, a couple of gold pens, three pen-wipers, a steel eraser, an ink rubber and a box of brass paper fasteners.

Clerk—All right, sir. Going to write a book?

Y. M.—Yes.

Clerk—May I inquire upon what subject?

Y. M.—Oh, I haven't thought of that yet. I want to write a book, so I thought I'd buy the necessary stationery, which is the most important part of the undertaking.—[American Stationer.

It is stated that nearly 328,000 tons of unsold ice are stored in the houses along the Kennebec river, Maine.

Convincing Evidence

That Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures Rheumatism and kindred complaints is abundant. This medicine eradicates from the blood all trace of the disease, and so invigorates the system that a perfect restoration to health is inevitable.

"In Oakland, La., 22 years ago, I had been sick a year and a half with sciatic rheumatism. The extreme pains that I suffered wasted my flesh to the bone, and my strength and vitality were well nigh exhausted. My skin was yellow and rough, showing a bad state of the blood, and it is more than likely that blood poison existed, as I have taken large quantities of mercury. After the sciatica was in a measure under control, I was put under treatment to cleanse the blood and give me strength. This was continued several weeks, but to no purpose. My physician then suggested the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it is to this medicine I owe my restoration to health. From actual experience in the use of various blood-purifiers, I am confident that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has no equal."—J. W. Pickle, Farmerville, La.

"I have known Mr. J. W. Pickle for many years, and consider him a truthful man."—R. B. Dawkins, Mayor of Farmerville, La.

Be sure, in making your purchase, that the druggist gives you

Ayer's Sarsaparilla — FOR — Rheumatism.

"During the past year my joints, which had become stiff and sore, caused me great pain, especially at the close of a day's work. At times my fingers were so lame I was unable to hold a needle, while the pain at night prevented my sleeping. I suffered also from nervous chills and a want of appetite. I tried outward applications and took remedies prescribed by my doctor; but all to no purpose. A short time ago my son-in-law, Wm. Woods, of Hollis, N. H., was cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla of an inflammatory disease of the eyes, and seeing him so much benefited, I thought I would try this medicine for my own trouble. The result is a complete cure of the pains, stiffness, and swelling from which I suffered so much. The Sarsaparilla has had a good effect on my appetite and nerves, so that I have better strength and no more chills."—Eliza Halvorson, Nashua, N. H.

"After being many years afflicted with rheumatism, I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla with great success."—J. B. Bridge, Boston, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.
Price $1. Six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

SPENSER'S THIRD CENTURY.

'Tis Now Three Hundred Years Since the Faerie Queen Was Written.

The third centenary of the publication of Spenser's "Faerie Queen," and also of Sir Philip Sidney's "Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia," though it may not be made the occasion for public recognition is well worth bearing in mind, especially by Londoners. Spenser forms one of the triumvirate of metropolitan authors, says the Pall Mall *Gazette*, Chaucer and Milton being the other two, while Sidney was born in Kent, only a few miles away. Both the famous works to which reference is made were originally published in 1590 at London, though the Arcadia was written at Wilton House, near Salisbury, the same place chosen by the pastoral players for the recent performance of As You Like It. Some few months ago Messrs. Sotheby disposed of a copy of The Faerie Queen, the first edition of Cantos 1—12, 1590, 4to, for £15, while at the Crawford sale a perfect copy of The Arcadia realized no less than £93. This is the only occasion for several years on which a perfect, or, indeed, any copy of the original has found its way into the open market.

Like Louis Quatorze.

A curious scene was witnessed in a well-known restaurant near the Halles at an early hour on Thursday morning. A gentleman, who said his name was Adalbert, and is reported to belong to a good family, invited two men whom he met on the street to supper. They supped in a most luxurious manner, consuming several bottles of champagne. At last Aldebert knocked on the table with his stick and shouted: "Bring the bill! Quick! I am like Louis XIV, I don't like to be kept waiting."

The proprietor brought the reckoning, which amounted to £8, and the representative of Louis XIV tossed it to his companions, remarking: "Pay that if you like! As for me, I have only 1s. 8d. in my pocket, and I intend to keep it there!" "But," expostulated his companions, "it was you who invited us to supper!" "Very likely," was the reply; "I invited you to supper, and you have supped; now I invite you to pay, therefore pay! That's my character."

The result of the altercation was that all three were taken before M. Lejeune, Inspector of Police, who soon found out that the gentleman calling himself Adalbert was in reality a lunatic, and had already been in St. Anne's asylum for mental vagaries of a similar kind. He was sent to the infirmary of the central police station for further inquiry into the state of his mind. The other men were liberated on promising to pay the landlord when they had money enough.—[London Telegraph.

A Frequent Striker.

Gazzam—Snodgrass is on a strike again.
Maddox—Is he?
Gazzam—Yes; he struck me for $10 this morning.—[Racket.

AGENTS WANTED.

$75 PER MONTH SALARY and expenses paid, any active man or woman to sell a line of Silver Plated Ware, Watches and Jewelry by sample only; can live at home. We furnish Team Free. Full particulars and sample case *Free*. We mean just what we say, and do exactly as we agree. Address at once, Standard Silverware Co., Boston, Mass.

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Guaranteeing 50,000 Circulation. For 10c (silver) your name will be inserted and copy mailed you accompanied by positive proof that your name is sent to 50 000 Publishers, Advertisers, Mfrs., and others, and from these you will receive hundreds, probably thousands, of valuable Samples, Papers, Books, Magazines, etc., ALL FREE. Always address AMERICAN DIRECTORY CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

Get in it! We want every energetic agent to try selling PEERLESS Stove Pipe Shelves. Plastic Stove Lining. The best and most complete Stove Lining that all can sell. Secure territory at once. Try it for a month and you will be in it with us. Address, F. D. MORRIS & CO., Cincinnati, O.

FREE 1000 WATCHES! To agents who will introduce our Watches and Jewelry we will give a Watch Free. Send your address and 2-cent stamp and be convinced. WM. WILLIAMS, 121 Halsted Street, Chicago, Ill.

WANTED! A LADY In each town, to address envelopes, mail circulars, manage correspondence. Good wages. Sylvan Toilet Co., Port Huron, Mich.

$250 Every Month. Agents wanted to represent SATIN-LINED CASKET OF SILVERWARE and Catalogue Free. National Silver Co., 15 Nassau Street, New York.

AGENTS make 50 per cent. profit, on my Corsets, Belts, Brushes, Curlers and novelties. Samples free. Write now. Dr. Bridgman, 373 Broadway, N. Y.

DR. TALMAGE'S Great new book, embracing the Life of Christ and Journey through Palestine, is ready. AGENTS WANTED. Outsells everything! Exclusive Territory. Act quick. Historical Publishing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples, worth $2.15, free. Lines not under horses' feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

SCOTT'S EMULSION DOES CURE CONSUMPTION In Its First Stages. Be sure you get the genuine.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. 25 CTS.

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PATENTS.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

WIDE AWAKE CHOIRS.

CHORUS SOCIETIES and all MUSICAL ASSOCIATIONS will do well to send for lists and catalogues of our Chorus, Anthem or Glee Books, Church Music Books, Singing Class Books, Oratorios, Cantatas, Quartets, Chorals, Octavo Pieces, &c., &c.

JEHOVAH'S PRAISE. ($1, or $9 doz). Emerson. Is a large, first-class Church Music Book, full of the best Metrical Tunes, Anthems and Singing Class Elements and Music.

Emerson's Easy Anthems. (80 cts., $7.20 doz). Gabriel's New and Selected Anthems, ($1, $9 per doz). Emerson's New Responses, (60 cts., or $6 doz.) Dow's Responses and Sentences, (80 cts., or $7.20 per doz). Santoral, $1, (or $9 doz). Palmer and Trowbridge, are new and thoroughly good books.

Carl Zerrahan's Atlas. ($1, or $9 per doz). Emerson's Concert Selections. ($1, $9 doz). Are excellent for conventions.

For the Children's Christmas—
Caught Napping. (30 cts., $3 per doz). Lewis.
Mary's Stocking. (20 cts., or $1.80 doz.) Shogren.
Jingle Bells. (30 cts., $3 per doz). Lewis.
King Winter. (30 cts., $3 per doz).
Xmas at the Kerchiefs. (20 cts., $1.80 doz). Lewis.
Christmas Gift. (15 cts., $1.80 per doz). Rosabel.
Kingdom of Mother Goose. (25 cts., $2.28 doz.)

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YOUTHFUL INDISCRETION (self-abuse or excess) results in complaints such as LOSS OF MEMORY, SPOTS BEFORE THE EYES, DEFECTIVE SMELL, HEARING AND TASTE, NERVOUSNESS, WEAK BACK, CONSTIPATION, NIGHT EMISSIONS, LOSS OF SEXUAL POWER, ETC., ETC.

ALL MEN, YOUNG AND OLD, suffering from these afflictions, lead a life of misery.

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WILL YOU BE ONE MORE numbered with these thousands of unfortunates? Or will you accept

A CURE

and be your own physician? Medicine alone never did and never will cure the diseases resulting from self-abuse. If you will have a Remedy that is Perfection, as well as Cheap, and so Simple you can doctor yourself, send your address with stamp for reply, and I will mail you a description of an INSTRUMENT WORN AT NIGHT, and this NEVER FAILING REMEDY. DR. JAS. WILSON, Box 156, CLEVELAND, O. MENTION THIS PAPER.

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To prevent fraud see that each package has a red strip across the face of label, with the signature of TARRANT & CO., N. Y., upon it. Price $1. Sold by all druggists.

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Enslaving thousands. Habitués, your chains broken and a perfect cure effected quickly and painlessly. No Lost Sleep, Pain, Nervousness or Exposure, by Dr. KANE'S New Method. Dr. Kane was for years head of the great DeQuincey Hospital. Cure guaranteed or money refunded. Book with testimony of 200 doctors Free. Dr. H. KANE, 174 Fulton St., N. Y.

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MANHOOD restored, sufferers from youthful errors, wasting weakness, early decay, etc. I will mail you full information FREE of a wonderful remedy. A simple and certain means of self-cure. Address, Dr. F. B. CLARKE, East Haddam, Conn.

FREE CURE For Weak Men. Vigor restored; parts enlarged. I have found a certain self cure which I will gladly send FREE to any fellow sufferer. It cured me after all else had failed. Address S. T. HAMILTON, BOX 48, ALBION, MICH.

WEAK MEN INSTANT RELIEF! Cure in 15 days; never returns. A simple means of self-cure mailed free to sufferers from youthful errors, early decay, lost manhood, etc. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 3290, N. Y. City.

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DYSPEPSIA Positive cure. Sample package Free by mail. N. L. DAY, 8 West 13th St., N. Y. City.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

FREE TRIAL In Nerve Debility, Lost Vitality, Weakness and decay, sent free for 12c postage. Address Dr. Ward Office 117 N. 8th st. St. Louis, Mo.

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IF ANY LADY can get a valuable secret that cost me $5.00, and a rubber shield for 30 cents. Mrs. V. M. App. Co., 115 N. 8th st., St. Louis, Mo.

BOTTLED Electricity cures Catarrh, Colds, etc. Ad., N. B. LITTLE & Co., Chicago, Ill.

LADY Agents $10 a day SURE; new rubber undergarment. Mrs. N. B. LITTLE, Chicago, Ill.

Science Causerie.

Prof. Koch's Cure for Consumption.

The medical world is excited over the experiments of Prof Koch, of Berlin, in the cure of consumption. A Berlin cable of October 31 says that Koch is making experiments in the Charity hospital on eight light cases of consumption. The patients have signed papers declaring that they will undergo the treatment of their own free will without holding Prof. Koch responsible, if the results should unfortunately prove fatal. The professor has one assistant, who is bound by oath not to breathe to any one the slightest information of anything he sees or hears.

The method appears to be similar to vaccination. The lymph having killed the bacillus acts as a medium to re-establish the patient's health by its inherent healing powers, and also fortifies him against the invasions of the bacillus. The lymph is obtained by a long and extremely difficult process, at great cost. The great difference between the lymph used for small-pox and that used for consumption is that Prof. Koch inoculates only persons who are already stricken by phthisis.

It is not expected that long standing cases of lung consumption can be cured by the invention, as in such cases other parasites besides the tuberculosis bacillus eat their way into the lungs, while Prof. Koch's lymph only kills the bacillus proper, but kills it immediately and stops the progress of consumption without question.

Prof. Koch refuses to answer any questions as they interfere with the progress of his experiments. The doctors who have seen the effect of the lymph declare that the new invention is superior to the discovery of cholroform or the antiseptic treatment found out by Sir Joseph Lister.

The celebrated Prof. Leyden is the only person in Koch's confidence, and he has the very greatest hope of the discovery. He says: "Prof. Koch would have remained silent if his success were not assured."

Prof. Koch will announced his invention by means of an illustrated lecture before the medical society sometime within the next six weeks. The statement that the lymph conta[illegible] metallic substances has been combate[illegible]

Timber Supply Versus Railroad Consumption.

The question of the consumption of timber by the railroads has been for some time under investigation by the forestry division of the department of agriculture. Circulars have been sent out to all the important railways for information on points connected with the subject, and from the replies to these it is found that the round total of timber ties in use on railroads in the United States is nearly 510,000,000, and 80,000,000 are annually required for renewals. Including bridge and trestle work, the annual consumption of timber on railways is computed at 500,000,000 cubic feet, requiring the cutting of the best timber from over 1,000,000 acres of forest land per annum.

To meet this demand, under our present wasteful management of timber land, the area to be preserved for this purpose would probably exceed 50,000,000, or more than 10 per cent of our present forest area. As railway managers prefer "hewn" ties, and "one to be cut from small trees," the timber consumed by railroads, or 20 per cent of the total consumption, is taken from the young growth. Then, 60 per cent of all ties are oak, the most valuable of all our timber.

Reliable investigation shows that in the Kentucky forests, when 40 per cent of the natural growth is white oak, the new growth oak is only 5 per cent after the land has once been cut over for ties. The consumption of pine from the forests of Wisconsin and Michigan is also enormous. While Canada is being looked to for future supplies, it is shown that that country, too, is becoming alarmed at the rate at which her forests are disappearing. Furthermore, it is estimated that in California alone in 1889 $25,000,000 worth of timber was destroyed by fire, the greed of speculators and the efforts of the herdsmen to secure pasturage for flocks.

Artificial Rainfall.

Important investigations are now being made by the department of agriculture on the subject of the artificial production of rainfall. With regard to this subject Colonel Caspar, of the signal service, says: "No doubt there is plenty of moisture in the atmosphere at all times, if it could be gathered in the right place and be made to fall upon the earth. Man has accomplished as difficult things as that in the realms of science. It is not contemplated to produce growth of forest in the arid regions. The success of that method is still disputed. It is proposed to find out whether rainfall cannot be produced by electricity, dynamite explosions or other mechanical agencies.

"Taking the cue from the fact that heavy cannonading on a battlefield, or on a fourth of July celebration, is followed by copious rains, the experimenters will work accordingly. The process of burning powder to produce rain has hitherto been too expensive to warrant its general use, but possibly cheaper explosives will be found. It has been proposed, among other things, to attach twenty-five pounds of dynamite to a toy balloon and then send a flock of such balloons into the air with lighted fuses attached. In some way or other there is no doubt the arid portions of the country will soon be brought under splendid cultivation. They comprise some of the most fertile spots on the earth."

Improvements in Telegraphy.

A telegraph system is now being brought forward in which greatly improved results are obtained by devices and arrangements of extreme simplicity, both electrically and mechanically. In this system very high speed is attainable, as it involves the transmission of the Morse code of signals by means of perforations on a strip of paper, which can be received either by chemical decomposition or ink writers. The weak point in systems of this class has heretofore been the difficulty of securing accurate perforating, while maintaining the desired speed. The perforations, too, have been somewhat complicated, owing to the necessity of transmitting "double" or alternating currents, which were deemed essential to rapid transmission. In the new system the full effect which is designed to be produced at the receiving end is attained indirectly by single current transmission, which enables the perforators to be worked as easily and rapidly as typewriters. The record obtained is remarkably clean and sharp, and has been produced in a perfectly readable form at a speed of 3,000 words a minute over a low wire resistance circuit of 351 miles between New York city and Washington.

Annihilation of Smoke.

An English electrical paper, in view of the large number of central stations which are now being erected, wishes to impress upon station designers the necessity of organizing proper smoke annihilating arrangements in connection with their stations. It shows, that in addition to the device so well known, of washing the issuing smoke into a dirty froth by the impact of dashing water, a German blast furnace maker has now discovered a method by which the smoke and soot are deposited by water spray in a chamber. From the resultant froth the ammonia and sulphur can be condensed and recovered and made to yield a handsome profit. It is further surmised that "it is really not too much to prophecy that future electric light companies can emulate the gas companies' example in the matter of by-products, and can have better burning fuel, absence of the smoke nuisance and valuable products in chemicals, which shall even recoup them for the actual cost of fuel."

The "Therapeutic" Smoking Pipe.

An improved form of smoking pipe has been introduced, in England, to the notice of the medical profession, primarily to provide a means of combating the smoker's habit, and to do away with the injurious elements in it, to which its baneful effects are due, by abstracting the noxious constituents of tobacco smoke, whilst leaving the aromatic principles unaffected. It is hoped by this means to make it available for daily use by delicate or invalid smokers, to whom total prohibition would often be little short of punishment. Secondly, it is suggested that the pipe may be made useful as a means of utilizing the habit of smoking as an adjunct to treatment by inhalation of volatile medicaments, so that the vapor of the remedy employed may be directed to the affected surfaces. Another possible use of the pipe is that of an insufflator, for which its construction specially fits its.

MONEY can be earned at our NEW line of work, rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. We start you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is an entirely new lead, and brings wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are earning from $25 to $50 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment and teach you FREE. No space to explain here. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Depth of Lakes.

By far the deepest lake known in the world is Lake Baikal, in Siberia, which is every way comparable to the great Canadian lakes as regards size; for, while its area is over 9,000 square miles, making it about equal to Erie in superficial extent, its enormous depth of between 4,000 and 4,500 feet makes the volume of its waters almost equal to that of Lake Superior. Although its surface is 1,350 feet above the sea level, its bottom is nearly 3,000 feet below it. The Caspian Lake, or sea, as it is usually called, has a depth in its southern basin of over 3,000 feet. Lake Maggiore is 3,000 feet deep. Lake Como nearly 2,000 feet deep, and Lego-di-Garda, another Italian lake, has a depth in certain places of 1,900 feet. Lake Constance is over 1,000 feet deep, and Huron and Michigan reach depths of 900 and 1,000 feet.

Advantages of Vegetable Diet.

The *Popular Science Monthly* alludes to the belief of some that as man in the savage state has, for the most part, been largely, if not wholly, carnivorous, he will, with the progress of civilization, become entirely vegetarian, or use only the products of animals, as eggs and milk, with vegetable food. A vegetable diet has been found very successful in treating kidney troubles and indigestion. In point of economy it is an enormous saving, not only in actual cost to the consumer, but also in land; as of the two equal portions of ground, one raising a cereal and the other beef or mutton, the part devoted to the cereal will support ten times as many men as the beef or mutton portion.

Effects of Smoking on the Voice.

Sir Morell McKenzie is authority for the statement that most of the leading actors suffer from a relaxed condition of the upper throat, brought on, he believes, entirely by smoking; but actresses are rarely affected that way. He has noticed the same thing in public speakers and clergymen. He says that for a delicate throat the usual smoke-laden atmosphere of a common railway smoking car is even worse than the actual use of tobacco. He stigmatizes the cigarette as the most harmful form in which tobacco can be taken.

"NOT AS I WILL."

Blindfolded and alone I stand
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid
By some great law unseen and still
Unfathomed purpose to fulfill,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait;
Loss seems too bitter; gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
The joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless law are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will," the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat;
"Not as I will," the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all his love fulfill—
"Not as we will."

—[Helen Hunt Jackson.

HEREDITY OF CRIME.

Curious Phases and the Direful Results of Inherited Disease.

Doubtless crime is often committed from the mere love of it.

The identity of "Jack the Ripper" remains undiscovered, so we do not know what impelled him to the commission of his atrocious crimes. Little doubt he was insane, his actions controlled by an abnormal condition of the mind; it is plain none of the ordinary reasons for crime prevailed in his case. He was, perhaps, a victim of some hereditary taint, which drove him to acts against which his will revolted, and from which, in his rational moments, his soul recoiled in horror.

A French novelist of realism makes the hero of a late novel of such a character. He was a locomotive engineer, a thoroughly competent and reliable man; but if he chanced to behold the white throat of a woman, a wild phrenzy seized him; he could not control a desire to plunge a knife into it.

He was aware of his infirmity, fought it with stubborn will, denied himself the society of women, and for years controlled himself. At last he meets his fate; finds pleasure in her society, with no return of his old longing for blood, until he flatters himself he is safe. But one night she meets him with gleaming throat bare; the uncontrollable impulse seizes him; he cannot resist; as she throws her loving arms about him, he thrusts the knife into her neck, and—she falls, a victim to the madness of tainted blood.

Fortunately for the victims of ordinary forms of inherited disease they may protect themselves before it obtains dominance in the system. Inherited Kidney disease is especially dangerous, but may be successfully resisted. "In 1883, I was so near death's door with an inherited and complicated case of Bright's disease," writes James H. Dove, 217 Baldwin street, Alpena, Mich., August 11th, 1890, "which had baffled all remedies and medical assistance obtainable, that I was given up by friends and physicians as beyond all recovery. In this extremity I was induced to try Warner's Safe Cure, which very soon gave me relief, and led me to persevere in its use, until I again became able to attend to my business. My case is well-known in this community, and I feel fully warranted in recommending Warner's Safe Cure in cases of Kidney disease, knowing full well that I would long since have been in my grave, had it not been for the use of this remedy."

Men and women inherit genius, talent, all mental and physical qualities; and it is now well established that all phases of physical as well as mental disease are transmissible.

The World's Deepest Lake.

The deepest lake in the world is Lake Baikal in Siberia. Its area of over 9,000 square miles makes it about equal to Lake Erie in superficial extent; its enormous depth of between 4,000 and 4,500 feet makes the volume of water almost equal to that of Lake Superior. Although its surface is 1,350 feet above the level of the sea its bottom averages over 3,000 below the same level. America has a lake which, although its waters are not so deep as those of the Siberian wonder, also bears an unique distinction. It is located in the Yosemite valley and is called Mirror lake. On account of the height and sheer descent of the surrounding mountains the sun does not rise upon it until 11:30 o'clock in the morning and sets 73 minutes later.

Mixing the Websters Up.

Laker (member of the Chicago literary society)—Daniel Webster was noted for his diction.

Livewayte (another member)—Yes, sir; and also for his dictionary.—[Judge.

Preferable to Being Killed.

Goslin—Which would you advise me to learn to play, the cornet or the trombone?

Dollo—If you want to die, what's the matter with a dose of strychine?—[Racket.

How I Made Money.

DEAR SIR:—I saw a letter in your valuable paper last week from Mrs. Leach, in which she gives her experience with Mrs. Walker's Face Bleach. I had a very bad face, the freckles were very thick and disfigured me. I sent $3 and obtained the Face Bleach and Skin tonic, and I cleaned my face off of the freckles and by applying a little of the Skin Tonic every night, I have not had a sign of freckles since, though I have been out on the water and in the sun a great deal this summer. I recommended it to my friends, and made one week $19.50, in another $17.50, and have made lots of money all summer. Mrs. Walker's Face Bleach and Skin Tonic is so well known that it is easy to sell. I got a prize of $100 from Mrs. Walker for selling the largest amount of Face Bleach in the last six months. Any reader of your valuable paper can obtain an agency by writing to Mrs. Marion Walker, Louisville, Ky. It is a very easy way to make a nice little income, because every lady likes to see her face nice and clean. I wonder who got the third prize.—MAY C. HOOPER, Willimantic, Conn.

MY TYPEWRITER.

Whene'er I see her pretty face,
Low o'er the key-board bending,
And watch her winning, girlish grace
To this old office lending
A brighter gleam of sun and light,
I can't think, I declare,
That she's the girl with whom I fight
About my work, and swear.

And as I watch her fingers pink
Fast flying o'er the keys,
Half tenderly I sit and think
Of what my fancy sees.

And at the end of every day,
When she, with whom I've battled,
Has gone, to her machine I say:
"No wonder you get rattled!"

—[James G. Burnett, in Puck.

FATHER MATHEW'S CARD.

The Memento Given to Everyone Who Signed the Pledge.

The revival of the Father Mathew temperance movement here and in Ireland and the honor paid to his memory throws a special interest over anything connected with that apostle of temperance, hence I feel that I am but voicing the desires of many of your readers in asking you to publish an illustration of the card issued to everyone who took the pledge from him. I am satisfied that thousands will be highly pleased to renew the memory of Father Mathew's remarkable movement as they will when they see a fac simile of his temperance card. This one I send you was issued to my mother on the occasion of Father Mathew's visit to Boston in 1849. My mother was a temperate woman all her life, and did not need the influence of a pledge, but knowing the vast influence of such a pledge on the futures of the youths of this country she felt like setting an example for her family, particularly of my brother Mortimer and I, who were then very young children, so when Father Mathew came to Boston, she proposed that we children and herself should become enrolled in the temperance army. I have a distinct recollection of Father Mathew's looks on the occasion. I think it was in the basement of St. Patrick's church, North Hampton street, that we called on him. He was standing on a slightly raised pedestal, which brought him a couple of feet over the heads of his audience. The people came in pairs, dozens, and sometimes in hundreds, knelt down and repeated the pledge after him; then at side tables his clerks issued the medals and cards.

Father Mathew was a rather small man, not more than 5 feet 5, or thereabouts. On the occasion referred to he was dressed in black dress-coat, knee breeches, black stockings, low buckle shoes. I should judge he weighed about 150 pounds. His face was truly benevolent, and as each party approached it beamed with evident satisfaction at the progress of his work. I saw him again in 1851 at Albany, N. Y., when my family were coming to Chicago. He celebrated mass at the cathedral in that city at which we attended. He looked much worn, tired, and was evidently breaking down from the arduous task that he had gone through, for, a short time after, on his return to his native land, he died.

I have preserved this card through all the vicissitudes of life, and prize it very much both for the occasion it is a memento of and because it is an evidence of a mother's wisdom in giving a good example that I hope was not given in vain.—[John F. Scanlan, in the Chicago Inter-Ocean, Oct. 16, 1890.

THE SKY IN NOVEMBER.

In the astronomical record of the month of November this year the only event of especial popular interest will be the meteoric display which will take place on the 12th, 13th and 14th. A zone of "shooting stars" or meteors, with an orbit extending outward beyond that of the planet Uranus, crosses the earth's path at the point which the earth reaches each year just before the middle of November. When the earth dashes through this zone the meteors are attracted toward the earth by the force of gravitation, igniting when they enter our atmosphere because of the resistance it offers to their flight, and the tiny specks of light thus caused render the meteors' presence visible to us. The meteor stream is so broad that the earth will be three or four days in sweeping through it, and during all this time the bombardment of our globe, figuratively speaking, by these minute bodies will be under way. On the 12th or 13th the middle of the stream will be reached, and on those days, from about midnight until the morning twilight, the display will be seen under the most favorable circumstances. The meteors emanate from a part of the firmament occupied by the constellation of Leo, or the lion, and for this reason they are called Leonids. Those who look for a "shower," however, will be disappointed. The November meteoric showers occur only about three times in a century, being 33 or 34 years apart. The latest took place in 1867, and another may be looked for about 1900, or ten years hence.

One of the three eclipses with which 1890 is favored, will occur in November—on the 26th. It will be a partial eclipse of the moon, but will not be visible in the United States.

The three conspicuous planets—Venus, Mars and Jupiter—which have been seen in the southerly section of the firmament just after sunset for months past, are still in view, and their relative positions in an east and west line are unchanged. Venus, which is the farther to the westward, will be in her brightest aspect in the closing days of October and the opening days of November. She is rapidly nearing the sun, however, setting earlier and earlier each evening. In the latter part of November she will be too near the sun to be visible, and on December 3, when she sinks below the horizon with the solar orb, she vacates her place in the evening sky, and takes up the role of morning star.

Mars is about directly south at sunset in the beginning of November. He has lost much of the luster which he displayed a few months ago, but he is still an interesting object for the average stargazer. He is moving eastward among the constellations, and will be in conjunction with Jupiter on the evening of the 13th. When at their nearest, which will be about two hours after sunset on that day, these planets will be only about a degree apart, Mars being the farther toward the south.

From this time onward to the end of the year, with Venus's glories beginning to wane, Jupiter will reign without a rival among the planets. He is higher above the horison than Mars, and farther east in the beginning of November. At that time he will be visible until until a few minutes after 10 o'clock, or until about five hours and a quarter after sunset.

Mercury will be an evening star after November 16, but will not be favorably situated for observation until the beginning of December. Saturn and Uranus are morning stars, Saturn, at the beginning of November, rising about an hour and three-quarters after midnight, and Uranus five hours and a half. On November 29 Mercury, in his movement eastward, and away from the sun, will pass within a sixth of a degree—an angular distance equal to about a third of the apparent diameter of a full moon—of Venus, Mercury being to the north.

The interesting conjunctions of November between moon and planets will occur on the 14th and 17th. In the earlier event Venus will figure. At that time the moon will be about two days old. The conjunction will take place near noon of the 14th, and when moon and planet come into view in the evening both will be seen in the southwest, with the moon the higher and the farther toward the east.

In the conjunction on the 17th Jupiter and Mars will figure. Both planets will be close together at the time. Mars will have passed Jupiter four days earlier, moving eastward, but they will still be so near each other that while the moon passes by the giant planet at 6 o'clock in the evening, she will overtake the planet of war four hours later. In each case the planet will be south of the earth's satellite, Jupiter, to the extent of 3⅓° and Mars 2¾°. Nine days later, when the moon reaches her full stage, rising in the east at sunset, she will pass into the cone of shadow which the earth projects into space, but the obscuration will not be visible in this country.

By the beginning of November the Pleiades will be high enough above the easterly horizon to be in plain view about 7 o'clock in the evening. Apart from the circumpolar star groups and Orion, the Pleiades is among the most interesting and familiar of all the constellations. No one who has ever noticed this collection of six small stars set together in a space which, to the eye, is much smaller than that filled by the full moon, and knew the name of the group, will ever forget its appearance.

The great Bear, or Dipper, is now directly under the Pole Star about sunset, with the Lady in Her Chair overhead and on the opposite side of that orb. Four or five hours later the Dipper will be seen well above the horizon in the northeast, with the other constellation moving downward in the northwest.

The first magnitude stars which will be in view at 7 o'clock in the night in the opening days of November will be situated thus: Arcturus close to the horizon in the west, Vega about half way between the westerly horizon and the zenith, Altair southwest of the zenith, Fomalhaut in the south, Aldebaran east of the Pleiades, and Capella in the northwest. Soon afterward Betelguese and Rigel, of the constellation of Orion, will wheel upward into view, to be followed before midnight by Sirius, the most striking and magnificent of all the "fixed stars."

Partridges Struck by Lightning.

A singular story is told by a head gamekeeper in Prussian Silesia. A few weeks ago one of his under keepers found in the tract of shooting country under his charge a covey of partridges, two old birds and fifteen young ones, all lying dead. They were huddled up close together within the space of a square yard, but were too decomposed to show any reliable signs of the cause of their death. Poison was at first suspected, as the spot was close to some peasants' allotment, but a careful examination of the ground revealed the fact that the birds had been struck by lightning. The flash had struck a little mound a short distance away, and then coursed along the ground, and the grass surrounding the spot where the partridges lay had a burnt and yellow appearance.

Salvation in Berlin.

The Salvation Army in Berlin has found a new and unique recruit in the Baroness Margarethe von Lilienkrentz. She is beautiful and only 30 years old. She is the daughter of a Swedish knight, and the widow of a Swedish captain. Before her conversion to the principles of the Army she led a gay life in St. Petersburg, Stockholm and Berlin society. The Salvation Army has not, however, as the conversion of the baroness might indicate, had a very easy task trying to "reach the sinners of the Babylon on the Spree." They have been in numerous rows in Berlin. In a restaurant in the Rheinsberg strasse ten days ago six warriors, who were attempting to convert the workingmen drinking there, got completely "done up" by the crowd, who objected to be disturbed at their beer.

Man vs. Horse.

A curious wager, with fatal results, was recently decided at Siepring, in Bavaria. A notoriously strong man, named Freytag, bet that a horse could not move him from the door of his house. The horse was brought and Freytag put his hands and feet against the door-posts, while Stern, the man with whom the bet had been made, fixed a rope around Freytag's neck. At the first pull the rope broke. A new rope having been brought, Stern plied his whip with all his might, when Freytag gave a scream and, letting go, was dragged along for some yards. His neck was broken.

Timber 4,000 Years Old.

Probably the oldest timber in the world which has been subjected to the use of man is found in the ancient temple of Egypt, in connection with stonework, which is known to be at least 4,000 years old. This was the only wood used in the construction of the temple, and is in the form of ties, holding the end of one stone to another. When two blocks were laid in place, an excavation about an inch deep was made in each block, in which one of these wooden ties, shaped like an hour-glass, was driven. It is, therefore, very difficult to force a stone from its position. These ancient ties are made of tamarisk or Shittim wood, the same as that from which the ark was constructed.

Down Like a Stick.

There is a curious illustration of the ups and downs of life in a workhouse near London, where one of the inmates was the original proprietor of a noted cattle food, which from first to last must have brought in millions of money. The poor fellow commenced his downward course with a law suit which cost $250,000, and since then he has drifted into absolute poverty.

Latest Discoveries of Science.

One of the most valuable and interesting Series of Papers ever published will be contributed to *The Youth's Companion* by Prof. Norman Lockyer, of South Kensington Museum; Sir Richard S. Ball, Astronomer Royal of Ireland; Prof. E. S. Holden, of Lick Observatory; Prof. C. A. Young, of Princeton University; Prof. Shaler, of Harvard; and Camille Flammarion, the famous French astronomer.

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WHAT PEOPLE SAY
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THE BEST
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Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine in the American Medical College, author of "Electricity in Medicine and Surgery," etc., etc.

A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

AVONDALE, ILL., Oct. 17, 1890.

DR. A. OWEN:

DEAR SIR: About nine months ago I purchased one of the Owen Electric Belts. I was suffering with KIDNEY TROUBLE of many years standing, which I contracted in the army. I was at times totally incapacitated for work. I tried many doctors and medicines, but they did not help me. I experienced great relief at once when I wore the belt, and I now feel like a new man. It has certainly given me a new lease of life, and I heartily recommend it to all persons similarly afflicted, as the best remedy that I know of. I am 77 years old. Yours truly, JOHN HANSEL.

CURED OF BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

WATSON, CHIPPEWA CO., MINN., Jan. 22, 1890.

The Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Co.:

GENTS: Your No. 2 Belt was received six weeks ago. It is now a great pleasure to inform you that it has performed a miraculous cure. My wife had for years suffered with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, and she also had been troubled with Fits. She had been doctored for years by many different physicians, and had taken endless prescriptions of medicine without avail. Now after wearing your belt six weeks, she says she is entirely cured and feels strong and well. Your Electric Body Belt has done it all. God bless you, and lead many to use your wonderful Electric Belt. Many, many thanks.

Your Faithful Friend and Well Wisher,
S. ANDERSON.

Read the Evidence!

Oh! The Torture of
RHEUMATISM!

Dr. Owen:

DEAR SIR: I feel that I ought for the sake of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with rheumatism, to add my testimony and experience to the efficacy of your Electric Belts in permanently curing both inflammatory and muscular rheumatism. In the spring of 1889 I was attacked with inflammatory rheumatism so acute that physicians to whom I applied for prescriptions considered my case incurable, their prescriptions only changing inflammatory into muscular rheumatism, which precipitated me into such a condition that I was unable to turn in bed or stand on my feet.

At this time, after trying almost everything recommended, I saw your advertisement in a Chicago paper concerning your Belts, and sent for your No. 1, which, to my great delight and the wonder of others, transformed me into a new man. It from the first gave immediate relief, and I am entirely cured. I am exposed to all kinds of weather, and when I feel any symptoms of cold I put on the Belt, which immediately expels it. With sincere gratitude to you, I will ever remain your sincere friend.

Yours truly,
W. A. CRAMER,
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FOR THE LADIES ALONE.

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Mrs. Fanny Kemble's "Last Records" are about to be published.

A "Peanut Party" is one of the latest entertainments invented in Canada.

At the New York Ladies' club special teachers are hired to instruct whist parties.

The daughter of Bjornsen Bjornson gives promise of becoming a famous singer.

Queen Victoria intend to place a statue of the Emperor in the grounds of Balmoral.

The late Mrs. Booth wrote an autobiography which will be published in book form within the next two months.

There is a tremendous activity in the toy division of the Patent Office, especially in automatic toys that can talk and walk.

The synagogue to be built in the grounds of Craig-y-Nos Castle is to be modeled in miniature on the lines of that in Berlin.

Miss Xavier, a great student of Spanish, who was formerly a lecturer in Wellesley College, is now secretary of the French and Spanish consulate.

Mrs. S. V. White, of Brooklyn, N. Y., the wife of ex-Congressman S. V. White, has presented the Monticello Seminary, of Godfrey, Ill., with $5,000 to endow a scholarship, to be named in honor of her husband. Mrs. White is a graduate of the seminary. In the early days of their married life Mr. and Mrs. White lived in St. Louis.

Publishers' Column.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY

We have published five different portraits which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

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These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices.

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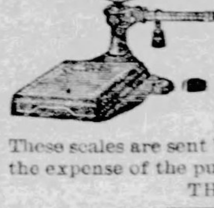

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TOLEDO, OHIO.

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Rural New Yorker	2 00	3 50
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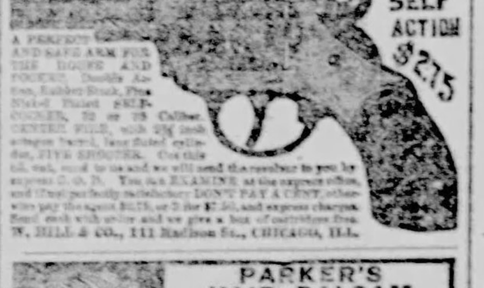

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Special Offer. We will send the New American Stem Winder and Stem Setter, with a beautiful gold plated chain and charm, all packed in an elegant satin lined case, on receipt of only $1.00 bill, money order, postage stamps or postal note, provided the person receiving it will faithfully promise to send us as many orders from their locality as possible. Our New Catalogue of Watches, representing one of the largest lines to be found in any Catalogue will be sent with each order. We want one good agent in every town to take the agency for the sale of our reliable watches, which we illustrate in Our Catalogue at prices from $2.00 upward. We send them to all parts of the United States by mail and express. SEND $1.00 AT ONCE and we will forward the New American by mail, post-paid. Your order will be filled the day we receive it. We will refund the money of any dissatisfied customer. Send $1.00 by registered letter, post office money order, express money order or bank draft, payable to our order.

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1,000 Lovely decorated (56 piece) Tea Sets given absolutely free to introduce Our Country Home to new subscribers. Each set contains 56 pieces of richly decorated ware. Each piece is richly decorated in colors, in tasteful leaf and flower patterns. The shape are modern and artistic. Our Country Home stands to-day as one of the leading and most popular farm and home papers in America. Every one is delighted with it. Positively the entire lot (1,000) to be given away. We send Our Country Home six months to 1,000 persons who will answer this advertisement and send us the address of 14 newspaper readers from different families. Send 25 cents silver or stamps, to help pay cost of advertising, and remember we send every club raiser, or for a list of 14 subscribers, a Lovely Tea Set, just what every home will appreciate. We are bound to distance all competition and make Our Country Home known in every quarter of the globe. If you want a nice Tea Set send 25 cents and names of 14 newspaper readers and receive Our Country Home six months. Address Our Country Home, Box 3379, N. Y.

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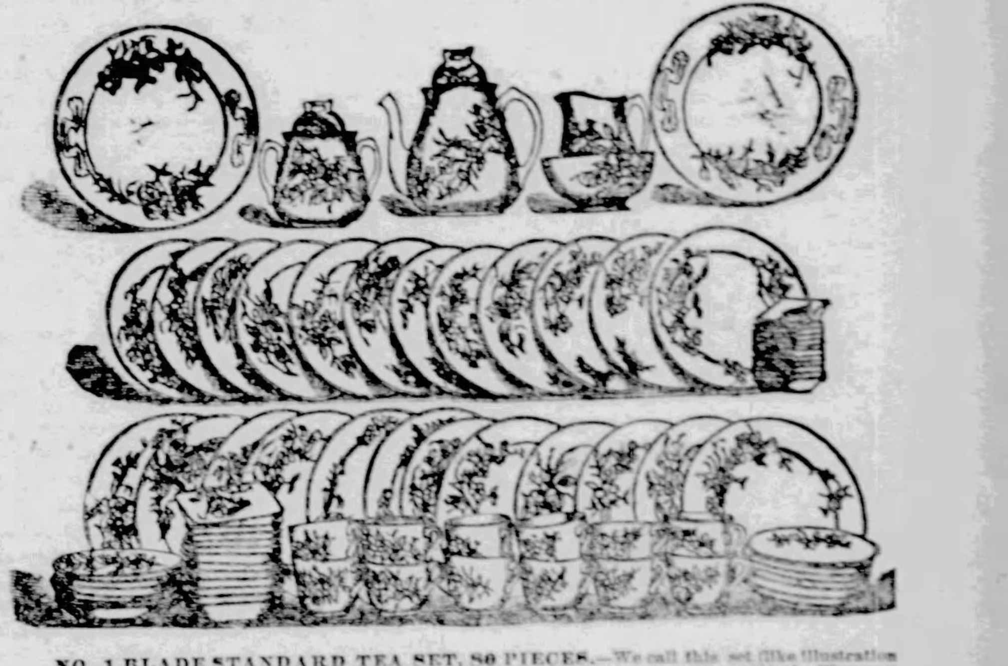

NO. 1 BLADE STANDARD TEA SET, 80 PIECES.—We call this set (like illustration above) Standard, because it is the same Tea Set we offered last year in connection with the WEEKLY BLADE. We sent out more than ONE THOUSAND SETS, and in every case the recipient received more than he expected. This year we expect to send out at the reduced prices over FIVE THOUSAND SETS. This set consists of 80 pieces, as follows: 12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 tea cups, 12 saucers, 12 fruit dishes, 12 individual butter dishes, 2 round cake plates, 1 tea pot, 1 cover, 1 sugar bowl, 1 cover, 1 cream pitcher and 1 bowl.

THE NO. 1 BLADE STANDARD TEA SET, 80 PIECES, AND THE WEEKLY BLADE, ONE YEAR, ONLY $7.00; OR WE WILL PRESENT ONE OF THESE SETS TO ANY PERSON SENDING US A CLUB OF 11 SUBSCRIBERS AND $11, THE CLUB OF 11 NAMES TO BE SENT ALL AT ONE TIME.

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THE NO. 3 BLADE DINNER SET, 108 PIECES, AND THE WEEKLY BLADE, ONE YEAR, ONLY $14.00. OR WE WILL PRESENT ONE OF THESE SETS TO ANY PERSON SENDING US A CLUB OF 20 SUBSCRIBERS AND $20.00, THE CLUB OF 20 NAMES ALL TO BE SENT AT ONE TIME.

NO. 4—BLADE CHINA SORTS, 28 PIECES, consisting of 12 soup plates, 1 eight-inch dish, 1 twelve-inch dish, 2 eight-inch bakers, 1 sauce boat, 2 pickle dishes, 1 covered dish (2 pieces), 2 casseroles, 1 comport, 1 covered butter dish (3 pieces), and 1 jug. We offer this No. 4 assortment to the thousand or more subscribers who last year bought our 80-piece Tea Set and now wish to make a complete dinner set (the style and pattern will match). We also offer it to those who may hereafter purchase a No. 1 Standard Blade Tea Set, or to any who may wish the assortment.

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HOME TALKS.

THE COMING WINTER.

Form Reading Circles in Every Neighborhood—Some Suggestions as to the Way—A Season's Work and Pleasure.

WHEN the crimson and gold of the autumn have faded away; when the last leaves upon the trees are fluttering earthward; when even the most daring of the flowers have hidden out of the chilling, nipping airs; when old Boreas begins to assert his supremacy loudly, and families with their friends gather around the glowing fire with a feeling of heartsome pleasure and comfort at their surroundings, there comes the question of how the long evenings are to be passed; what use shall be made of the hours from which out-of-door pleasures must, for the most part, be excluded. The young, who have not yet lost their zest for gaiety, quickly answer the question. With music and dancing, with merry-makings of all kinds, the time will flee away on wings of wind. Society-lovers will look to receptions, dinners, tea and coffee drinkings, with the omniverous card-playing, for the winter's pleasures, and think the season a successful one if their names shall appear in the list of guests at all the fashionable gatherings. The home-lover will count over the pretty things she wants to make for friends or for home adornment, the books she will read, and perhaps the study she desires to do, and no fear comes to her of hours hanging heavily.

Unfortunately in most of these arrangements, the one thought is of pleasure. There seems to be no question as to whether there may not be some value to the hours beside that of having "a good time." Sometimes it almost seems by the mad whirl that people feel as Burns expresses it:

"What is title? What is treasure?
What is reputation's care?
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter how or where!"

Yet there are many who, after the winter has passed, will look back with a feeling of weariness and regret, that they have done so much and gained so little.

Now is just the time to make plans that shall leave no chance for any regret in the spring for purposeless winter hours passed. If there is any desire to mingle improvement with pleasure, it is an easy thing to do, but it is necessary to go about it methodically, because a hap-hazard way of cultivating the mind is like a hap-hazard way of building a house—it does not answer its purpose.

An earnest young woman living in a somewhat thickly settled country neighborhood wrote to me not long ago, asking what she and her friends could do when they met together to enjoy themselves, besides dancing, or playing the "kissing" games that were the only other resort upon such occasions. "I am tired of these things," she said; "and I think, too, such familiarities, even in fun, are neither delicate nor proper." She is right. They *are* neither delicate nor proper.

This young woman can do a good thing, not only for herself but for her friends, by going to work now, the sooner the better, and organizing a reading circle, to meet once a week at the different houses. Talk over the matter with those who will be the most likely to be interested, call a preliminary meeting, and then make the arrangements. The first thing after organizing will be to determine upon what course of reading you will follow for the winter. It is better to lay down a programme, and then strictly adhere to it for the season. Of course the taste or wish of the majority should rule, but the majority must have a leader to make suggestions.

The president should appoint a reader for each evening, who should prepare herself to read clearly, distinctly and understandingly. I say "herself," but the reader may be a lady or gentleman.

It is better not to read too long in one evening. An hour or an hour and a half at most is long enough, because some time should be left for talking over what has been read. You can give the closing as much of a social character as you like, but I would strongly advise you to rigidly exclude any "refreshment" feature from the meeting, other than the brain food. Let the stomachs rest for that evening.

I have individualized this advice, in answering the letter spoken of, but it will apply everywhere as well as to the one neighborhood. Reading circles or literary societies conducted as they should be are a most efficient means for mental improvement, besides being social pleasures. Other gaieties need not be excluded from the winter's enjoyments, but they will be leavened with this intellectual fare, and spring will not bring such a sense of utter satiety, and of wasted time and opportunity.

I know that one of the first thoughts will be that you do not know what to read, or if you settle upon some course, what are the best books for the purpose. That is often no small difficulty, I grant you. Books differ in excellence as much as people. Two authors may write upon the same subject, the one entertain and instruct, and at the same time be accurate and reliable, while the other is superficial and not to be depended upon. Then, too, there are such quantities of books in these days upon all subjects, that it is hard to choose even where all are equally good.

To assist those who need help out of such perplexities, courses of reading will be given in THE HOUSEHOLD, with the titles of the books to read. The selection will be made with care, and with reference to general features, that can be modified to suit special cases.

Some difficulty may arise about procuring the books which will be called for by such a course. Where there is a public library this will not stand in the way, for if not already upon the shelves, where any number of people unite in a desire for a work, it can usually be procured. The greatest trouble will be where there is no library, and this trouble will have to be met in some other way. Suggestions will be made with regard to this matter also. In fact any questions in regard to organizing and conducting these circles will be gladly answered.

Do not let the fall go by without planning to do some definite work in the way of self-improvement. Should the gentlemen of your social circle seem to be averse to anything of this kind, let the women, married and unmarried, form their "circles," meeting in the afternoon. I know a society here in Toledo made up of a dozen earnest, thoughtful women, who have met once a week every winter for years to read together, and they have derived from the practice a large amount of both profit and pleasure.

Intellectual growth is often made by mere accretion, so if one has time for no more reading and study than is put into these few hours, it is wonderful what may be gained. The busy housewife has something to think over, during the hours of absorption in necessary home duties, and her task will be all the easier.

One such reading society will do a world of good in any neighborhood. It will diminish frivolity, and often give a worthy purpose to lives, which might otherwise fail from lack of direction.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

The editor of the HOUSEHOLD has been earnestly requested to give her opinion in regard to secret societies. She will do this later, when she has space and opportunity.

Winter Flowers.

There is one comfort in planting bulbs and that is the almost certainty that they will grow, and the blossom buds are already formed so that in a very little while they have gathered strength enough to push up the flowers.

The earliest to bloom in the house are the Duc Van Thol tulips. You can put from four to six in a four or five-inch pot and there is plenty of room. Fill the pots loosely with a soil like that you would use for hyacinths. Press the bulbs in, setting them down even with the surface, then cover them over with a light layer of earth. Water them lightly, and set them away in a cool, dark place, where they will not quickly dry out. In about six weeks the roots will be well formed, and then the pots can be brought out and exposed to the light, but it is well not to give them a heat much over 50 degrees. These plants, like hyacinths, can be brought out gradually, so as to extend their blooms for a considerable time.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

HAIRPIN HOLDER.—Last week a way to make these articles was given, and now here is another: Procure two sections of card-board about four inches in diameter, and in the center of each cut a hole one inch in diameter. Place together and with a large needle threaded with double zephyr worsted, fill the small hole compactly by passing the worsted through the hole and over the card-board in successive, closely drawn layers. The work must be done carefully and evenly. Two shades of the same color may be used, or two pretty contrasting colors. When you can no longer pass your needle through the center, cut the worsted carefully along the outer edge of the card-board, and then pass a ribbon through the hole. Pass a strong linen thread between the two pieces of card-board and tie tightly. Then clip the card-board away, and you have a good-sized ball. Clip until perfectly even, and then steam over boiling water. Tie the ends of ribbon together and hang near your bureau. These balls would be nice for the little folks to make for Christmas presents, or for the approaching church fairs and charity bazaars.

Many ways of making articles for these purposes are given in "Fancy Work and House Decoration" (No. 3), which you can get by sending 25 cents to Miss Emily S Bouton, Toledo, O. Five for $1.

PHOTOGRAPH HOLDERS.—Get a board about three-fourths of an inch thick, six inches long by four inches wide. Cover this with plush, letting it run over the edges to the back and then face it with something to make a good finish. Get two new clothes pins, gild them and tack them about two inches apart lengthwise on the board with the heads down. Gild over the ends of the tacks. Tie a small satin bow on each pin and edge the board with a heavy card making a loop at the top to hang the holder by.

AN APRON.—Bess, brilliantine makes a very pretty and appropriate apron for an aged lady. Paint or embroider daisies in one corner above the hem, which should be about four inches deep. A pocket shirred with narrow black ribbon the ends of which may be drawn out at one side and tied in small bows, and a belt, which may be made of ribbon or the material, complete the apron. An occasional sponging keeps it fresh and new-looking.—MEG.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr treble; sh c, short crochet.

SPIDER PATTERNS—Suitable for shawls, clouds, bedspreads, tidies, etc. (I.) Cast on any number of stitches that can be divided by six. Add edge stitches on each side. 1st row—o—s 1—n (by knitting 2 together) and throw over the slipped stich—o—k 3; 2d row—plain; 3d row—o—n—o—n—k 2; 4th row—plain; 5th row—o—k 3—o—s 1—n and throw the slipped stich over; 6th row—plain; Repeat from first row. (II.) Cast on six stiches for each pattern. 1st row—plain; 2d row—p; 3d row—o—k 3 tog—o—k 2 tog—o—k 1; 4th row—p; 5th row—o—n—o—k 1—o—k 3 tog; 6th row—p. Repeat from 3d row for required length. (III.) Cast on any number of stitches divisible by three. 1st row—plain; 2d row—p; 3d row—plain; 4th row—k 1—n—o; 5th row—plain; 6th row—p; 7th row—plain; 8th row—k 1—o—n. Repeat.

CROTCHED EDGING.—This edging is worked in rows backwards and forwards on a foundation of 12 ch; going forwards work 3 ch—6 d c in the 12.—9 ch—4 ch—1 s c—in the 5 ch—5 ch—1 s c in the 1 ch—turn; * 3 ch—5 d c round the 5 ch—4 ch—1 s c round the 4 ch—5 ch—1 s c in the second d c from the end, turn; 3 ch—6 d c round the 5 ch—4 ch—1 s c round the 4 ch—5 ch 1 s c in the 2 d c 5 ch—1 s c in the last of the 3 ch—turn; 3 ch—5 d c round the first 5 ch—6 d c round the second of the 5 ch—3 ch—1 s c round the 4 ch—5 ch—1 s c in the second d c from the end, turn; 3 ch—6 d c round the 5 ch—4 ch—1 s c round the 3 ch—5 ch—1 s c in the 5 d c—turn and repeat from star. The foot is of 2 rows: 1st row:—Repeat constantly 1 s c round the 3 ch—and 4 ch; 2d row—s c.

Picot braid is crocheted on to the upper part of the edging as follows: 1st row—* 1 s c in a picot—2 ch—1 s c in the third following picot but one—7 ch—pass over 3 picots and repeat from star; 2d row—* 1 s c round the 2 ch—12 s c round the 7 ch—which are interrupted in the middle by a picot of 4 ch—Repeat from star; 3d row—1 d c in the separate s c—1 ch—4 d c each separated by 2 ch—in the picot—1 ch—and repeat from star; 4th row—* 1 s c round the ch—after the d c—round the first and third scallop of 2 ch—1 s c—1 ch—2 d c—1 ch and 1 s c round the middle scallop—1 s c—1 ch—3 d c—1 ch—and 1 s c—then 1 s c round the ch before the d c and repeat from star. The foot of the edging consists of a row of cross treble and a row of open double.

Correspondence.

A MASCULINE VIEW OF SECRET SOCIETIES.—To my mind the question simply resolves itself into the old query: "Are secret societies beneficial to society?" But as you wish me to discuss it from a married lady's standpoint, leaving this old question out of the issue, I will endeavor to do my best, but must put in this one protest, that if secret societies are beneficial, then the married men are most interested, and in duty bound to give their aid and support, not only financially, but personally, since without their presence it is very doubtful if they would be benefited to any considerable degree by the societies in question. What opinion can a married woman have of her husband if she is not willing that he should keep the secrets of his order inviolate? Ask a single man if he would be willing to marry such a woman, and he will invariably answer, No! If a woman cannot trust her husband to this extent it is best she should never marry; for however you may disbelieve it, no married woman ever yet learned all of her husband's secrets, and it is best they should not, since the majority would still believe there were other and worse secrets which remained untold. "Where ignorance is bliss," etc. The old adage is truer in family matters than anywhere else. I am inclined to think that this whole question arises from undue curiosity, combined with not a little jealousy.

The impression that many women have, that these societies would be quite as beneficial without secrecy, is very false, and a little reflection will convince any sensible person of the fact. Secret societies are beneficial in proportion to their power and influence. But take away the secrets of Masonry and Odd Fellowship and how long would they last, and what would become of that power which averts wars and bloodshed, civilizes barbarous nations and protects its members the world over? Think you that this secret influence is not worth preserving? Again, if there were no secrecy in the order the majority of business men would refuse to join them altogether; and the financial support which is essential to success would fail then entirely. Business men avoid open benevolent societies, because they know that there they would be the target of all charity collectors, and would be annoyed by constant requests to subscribe to all sorts of ridiculous funds until their patience became exhausted. In addition to this, there is no exclusiveness in open societies, and this would deter many from joining who would otherwise prove the best members.

While I admit that it is not right for a husband to spend the majority of his evenings away from home except in cases of necessity, yet the wife who is not willing to trust him out of her sight one or two evenings in a week is one that I would never be willing to live with under any circumstances. Let me ask these jealous ones: How much of your past history have you confided to your husband? And is there no skeleton in your closet? A marriage in which there is no confidence between husband and wife is a marriage in name only, and neither has a right to expect what neither is willing to give. Away with the old saying that God hath joined them together, for such work is better fitted for Satan. Love begets confidence, and without confidence, love can not long exist. If your husband is an honorable man, you should not hurt his feelings by showing that you doubt his honor. If he is dishonorable, any complaint will only make matters worse. Show your husband that you trust him, and he will be ashamed to betray your confidence, if there be any shame in his nature. But never be foolish enough to suppose that he will betray the secrets of his order to satisfy your curiosity. I might write a great deal on this subject, but believe these lines will express my opinion as plainly as a volume, and therefore desist.—YOUR BROTHER.

SECRET SOCIETIES.—So the lady lost confidence in her husband, and came to the conclusion he did not love her any more, because he knew something he didn't tell her. Pity about that! I wonder if she made a practice of telling him all she knew? If she did, one of them certainly deserved a "through ticket" to a more peaceful clime. I think she is more fortunate than she deserves to be. If her husband should be taken ill, it would be bad indeed; but she would then learn the value of the order he has joined. Whether there be absolute need or not—the amount of cash paid each week to meet expenses would be found useful, and the help in nursing, etc., would be invaluable.

Only those who have had sickness and sorrow, death and misfortune, can fully appreciate what it is to have—or not to have—timely aid. Don't quarrel with the bridge that carries you over.

And what is to be gained by women discussing and fussing over what they can no more control than the winds and tides. If evils spring up among good deeds, like weeds in a flower bed, fight the weeds, not the flowers or soil. There is no more clannishness in these secret societies than in the churches, and while deeds of kindness are practically optional in the latter, they are imperative in the former.

Suppose a poor widow with little ones is found, suffering from cold and hunger. On the one hand the question is: "Is she a member of our church? Will she be grateful for what we do for her, or is she proud enough to take it as a right?" On the other, "Was her husband a member of our order? Was he in good and regular standing in his own lodge?" In either case, if the answer is in the affirmative, the help is given, but its continuance is better assured with the latter. Should the needy one fail to prove connections, good and sound with either institutions—well, there is still a large part of the charitable world outside both, and even death is sometimes kind.

But the word "Lodge" is a very elastic term in the vocabulary of some men, and is supposed to include saloon, billiard room, and many other places. Well, what then! Just this: If you have reason to think your husband is deceiving you, and you love him well enough to put up with it, do so without calling on the world to witness your self sacrifice. If you can't do that, then cure him or leave him. There are too many good men in the world to waste your time living with a bad one. How can you cure him? Learn to use his own weapons. Join societies of your own, and attend to them. But don't neglect the duty you promised to do when you married him. Keep yourself and your house so no reproach can fall on you. Make both specially bright and attractive on the evenings he usually goes to "lodge," have an unusually good meal on the table and at its close, get his overcoat and hat ready for him, and as you kiss him good-bye tell him he needn't hurry about coming home, you are going out with such and such persons and expect to have a good time, or you are to have company at home, and mean to have a better one. And always do just as you say you are going to do. Keep this treatment up as long as seems needful, and if, in the end, he does not find sufficient attraction at home to spend an evening there occasionally, you will have learned to do without him. The sunshine of happiness will shine in at any window left open. The less time spent in trying to reform the world, the less there is to regret of wasted means for real living.—RUTH.

CLAIM HOLDING.—I want to say a few words in the same line with "Claim-holder." If you come West, take a claim and have money enough to get out papers on the land, build a small house, have five acres broken at $2 per acre, have crop put in and cultivated; you are in a fair way to get along on a claim, provided you can live without eating, or have the means of procuring eatables. Here in Holt county, Neb., girls can get work, but the difficulty lies in being away from the claim at night.

Those who have enough to live the required time without work, can take up books at home and acquire a good education. That is what I have done. I studied from six to ten hours per day for one year, then taught a country school six months, then returned to my books. You can often get schools close at home. I hold a good second grade certificate, and the coming winter shall take up the higher branches.

If some lone claim-holder, who does not know how to spend the winter, should see this, I hope he or she will try my plan. If you have not studied for several years you will find it at first difficult, but will soon be greatly interested. By all means study civil government of the United States, and also of your own state.—A FEMALE BACHELOR.

Inquiries.

"Magnolia" is requested to write again, by numerous correspondents, and to tell where this paradise of cheap homes is to be found. The editor must give warning, however, that no extravagant booming of any part of the country will be allowed. Only plain facts must be given.

Will some reader of THE BLADE kindly inform me how worms may be avoided, or destroyed, in order that they may not injure the ripening grapes? My entire crop was destroyed this year.—A. L. T., Trenton, N. J.

Will some of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me a pretty way to make a fascinator for the head?—"MUGGINS.

Will some one send descriptions of entertainments, and how to conduct them, for the purpose of raising funds to build a new church?—MISS ADA E. JOHNSTON, Illinois.

Why do you not have a Flag Festival with a Lucy Hayes Drill? If well carried out it makes a very pretty entertainment, and teaches young people temperance and patriotism at the same time. You can get descriptions at small expense by writing to Mary B. Ingham, 203 Franklin avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. Or you might write to the Entertainment Bureau, Council Bluffs, Iowa, for one of their catalogues, which may help you out of your difficulty. The editor hopes that members of the HOUSEHOLD who know of anything good for this purpose will give a description for the benefit of all.—ED.

Will some one give directions to make a nice, bright and inexpensive picture throw; what colors to use.—E. J. B., Kansas.

Will someone tell me how to make a dress after the old New England style, and how to wear the hair? It is to be worn at a New England supper and by a girl of 16.—CLARA.

Answers to Inquiries.

Mrs. L. L. C., Cedar Rapids: If the woodwork of the furniture which you speak of is good, you can make a very nice set out of it. Get a good furniture polish at some furniture store, and rub off the woodwork. Probably that is all it will need. Buy some strong canvas and nail upon the seats of the chairs. Then lay some thicknesses of wadding, or, pieces of an old quilt will do, just enough to round it up a little. Over this put a cambric cover. Then you are ready for the outside, which may be of any pretty material that you have selected at the upholster's. It is not necessary to cover your chairs all alike. Sets such as you mention are not as fashionable now as formerly. Those who have them, scatter the chairs in different rooms and put other odd ones in the parlor, or drawing-room. [We have no parlors in these days. They are either reception rooms or drawing rooms.]

Take the haircloth cover off of your sofa. With a little ingenuity you can cover that with the same material which you have used for your rocker and two or three of your chairs. Or you can cover that with something entirely different if you like, only be sure to have the colors harmonize with each other and the carpet and wall decorations.—ED.

"Gussie" asks the best way to wash woolen blankets: Dissolve 2 tablespoonfuls of borax in hot water, and add the solution to a tub half full of very hot water; put in the blankets and let them remain one hour, stirring them with hands often but never with washboard; squeeze them out of this suds, prepare another water of the same temperature containing but 1 tablespoonful of borax, and enough fine white soap to make a nice suds, repeat the process of cleaning as at first. Afterward rinse through 2 clean waters, the last blued slightly. Be sure and have all the waters of the same temperature, else your flannels will shrink. Use soft water if convenient.—MRS. M. E. B.

"Mrs. S. E. Clark:"—Put your calla bulbs in a box with dry sand on the bottom in a dark part of the cellar. Put no cover on as it excludes the air.

I take my oleanders out of their tubs when it is cold enough to bring them in, and set them on the cellar bottom, on the earth. If the cellar is damp they will need watering but once or twice during the winter. In the spring I fill my tubs with new earth; chop off all the little fine roots; set them in their tubs again; put them in the conservatory until it is warm enough to put them on the veranda. I wash them thoroughly before the blossoms come as water makes them rot, but keep the earth very moist; they are loaded with blossoms all summer.—MRS. M. E. B.

If "Magnolia" will write to the editor of the HOUSEHOLD and give address, she will tell her where she can obtain back numbers of BLADES desired, by paying expense of sending them.

Mrs. L:—If your carpet is a good one and the colors very little faded, you can improve the looks of it by thoroughly wiping it, after sweeping, with ammonia water, a tablespoonful to a quart basin of water. If the carpet is so faded that the colors can hardly be distinguished nothing will be equal to re-dying. Clean the carpet thoroughly, tack down; meanwhile have on your stove your dye water of the several colors you wish to use, say red, yellow and brown. It is best not to trust to Diamond or Peerless dyes as they fade, but compound a dye that you are sure will keep its color, then commence and carefully paint each stripe with a small brush, being careful not to allow the dye to spread only on the stripe it is intended to color. I spent half a day on an old rag carpet, and when I had finished some of my friends thought I had a new carpet. I learned something from the experiment, and that was, use light colors, as anything very dark, especially black, shows dirt much quicker than light colors.—IDA HAWTHORNE.

Recipes.

GRAPE CATSUP.—Boil and strain through a colander 5 lbs. grapes, add 2½ lbs. sugar, 1 pt. vinegar, 1 tablespoonful each of ground cinnamon, cloves, alspice, peper, ½ tablespoonful salt. Boil again until a little thick; be very careful about its burning; bottle and seal while hot. This you will find very good if directions are closely followed.

I have a number of household recipes and remedies, if they would be acceptable.—SARAH JANE.

Send them along.—ED.

ITALIAN CREAM.—Dissolve one ounce of gelatine in half a pint of water. Pour one quart of rich cream on one-half pound powdered sugar Let it stand half an hour and whisk until very light. Pour in the gelatine and beat until it begins to stiffen. Pour some ice-cold water into the moulds. Shake it around and empty the moulds and fill immediately with the cream, seasoned with lemon or vanilla. Eat with rich cream seasoned and whipped very light.

BELL FRITTERS.—Put a pint of water in a stewpan over the fire. When it boils, stir in rapidly, one pint of flour, making a very stiff paste. Take it off and when sufficiently cool, add three well-beaten eggs with a little salt. Have boiling lard ready, and drop in the fritters with a spoon and if the lard is *just* boiling, they will puff up like balls. Serve with lemon sauce.

HOW TO MAKE PICKLE LILLY OF GREEN TOMATOES.—Answer to request.—Take about three gallons of green tomatoes, slice and salt them well; let stand over night, then wring them out of the liquid and add about gallon of coarse sliced cabbage, 1 quart of sliced horseradish, ½ cup of whole cloves, half dozen sticks of cinnamon, and a handful of red or green peppers; pour over this about a gallon of strong vinegar and let come to a boil; makes an elegant pickle and will be ready for use in a few days.

FRENCH CREAM CAKE.—Mix 2 cupfuls of sugar, ½ cupful of butter, 1 cupful sweet milk, 3 eggs, 3 cupfuls flour, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Bake in cake tins. Jelly part: Take 1 pint sweet milk, let come to a boil, mix 2 tablespoonfuls cornstarch or flour, ½ cupful butter, 1 cupful sugar, whites of 2 eggs, stir all in the milk; let come to a boil; let partly cool then spread; makes a very delicious cake. Flavor apple jelly with strawberry extract.—E. J. B., Kansas.

SHALL SHE EARN MONEY?

MARRIED WOMAN'S RIGHT TO DO SO

A Discussion by the Members of the Household—They Believe it is Proper Providing no Duties Are Neglected.

I am not a wife, but being mistress of a household, permit me to discuss from that standpoint the question, "Should a wife assist in supporting the family?" Of course, it is supposable that a man marries, expecting in a certain sense to support her, and a hard enough time some of them have too, though a good wife who does well what generally falls to the lot of most married people, plays a very, very important part in both the getting and keeping of a living, yet for which she gets no praise because she brings in no money.

But to the question. Are there not instances where the wife should be honored instead of frowned upon for aiding the husband if she can? If he has poor health and she good, is it not more honorable for her to do what she can, rather than depend upon charity or some rich relative if so fortunate as to have one? I know of some who have large families and neglect their household duties, children's clothes, etc., for the sake of helping to earn something, which I consider a great miscalculation for the clothes, which by a little care could be made to do double duty, must be replaced with new ones, the cost of which will more than balance what she has earned or saved by neglecting them; but I speak of those who can help without neglecting that which is really necessary and essential. Hired help is very scarce, so there is nearly always sewing to be had, or there are neighbors, especially if living in the country, who would be very grateful for a few days' work now and then, and if on a farm there is much they can do to save hired help.

Now, do not misunderstand me. I hold that where it is a hand to hand fight for daily bread, the weaker side should be helped by the stronger, whether it be man or woman. I should think very little of a man who, with reasonably good health, would force his wife out into unnecessary service, even if she had time and was able, but if in straightened circumstances I honor the wife who comes to the front, and of her own accord helps to fight life's battles. Having poor health, I keep a girl part of the year, but when without I am proud to say that my brothers are not afraid to take a turn at the washtub, not because they enjoy it more than other men, but because they have some compassion and humanity. Then when I have a girl, I feel more than willing to do the little I can to help them, though it be not in a woman's sphere. I can drive the cows to and from pasture, which is often over half a mile from home, and I have to pass several houses besides, but instead of feeling unwomanly, I only think of the many steps I am saving some other tired mortal. I run errands, pull weeds, pick berries, which if we do not have at home, I pick on shares to obtain what we want for family use, and though I tan to a nut brown, it does not dissuade me from my purpose.

I know of many noble, whole-souled women who work to help support families, but space will only admit of the mention of one who was educated for a music teacher, and whose taste and talent for it is very great, but circumstances prevent her following the vocation which has been the one cherished hope of her life, yet she is not ashamed to soil her hands picking up potatoes, or doing whatever duty demands. Many a day of hard druging work has she done for me, which strength would not permit me to do, and instead of looking down upon her, I consider her my superior in every respect. Such labor is very distasteful to her, because calculated for a finer quality, but she so bravely bears the cross that only her most intimate friends know how her fetters chafe her, and I look upon those with utter contempt who consider her beneath them, because of her toil-hardened hands. That man or woman who unselfishly devotes themselves to the making of others happy, giving up their own pursuits and pleasures for the sake of others who are weaker and less fortunate then themselves, gain the highest sphere it is possible for mankind to attain.—MARY.

In response to what has been published about women taking men's places in life-work, I wish to give my views. If a woman has the ability, the common sense, the stick-to-itiveness, to do the work of man, let her have the place. Many a young girl has to support as large a family as some young men. Why should she work harder, longer hours, and for less pay, than her brother laborer, just because she has the misfortune (?) to be a woman, if work be done just as satisfactory, let the pay be the same.

And if a married woman can fill the position, let her have the place. It is true, a married lady is supposed to have a supporter, but so have many and many of our single girls, who can be well taken care of by their parents.

There is an unwritten law, that woman must, at some time or other, be chosen as a companion by one of the other sex, and then, her life will be complete. A question: Can an uncompleted life produce as perfect work as a complete one? Can one whose mind turns to pleasure, to beaux and soulless jollities, perform the duties as thoroughly as another whose mind is at rest?

I heard of an employer who said he would let his single employes go, and only hire married ones. He could get better work from them. As to that question of allowing married women in the school room, let those who have taught school when single, and also married, have the discussion. We will have good schools, good teachers, good work, good men, good citizens, good women and a good nation when we will have good, motherly, patient teachers, and do away with the silly, giddy young girls who take the place of mothers so often, and who need spending money, and, having an education, earn it in the schoolroom.

When they put thoroughly in-earnest married lady teachers in the schoolroom, and especially in the primary rooms, then we will see the success that we ought to see in the school-room. I advocate woman working wherever she can fill the bill. May she ever keep her independent modesty, which betokens the true lady, is the wish of an old teacher, who taught school before and after marriage, and I can say, from experience, I never had a better school nor better work, and I never enjoyed teaching better than I have since that event.—B. M. M.

—"The proof the pudding is in the eating of it." How slow we are to believe in what we have not tried. How many times have you read in this paper of Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria, and instead of testing it, gone to the drug store by mere force of habit for your quinine to simply patch up a truce with disease! The Antidote will cure you. Sold by druggists.

Judges Appointed by Lincoln.

The death of Justice Miller leaves Justice Field the sole survivor of President Lincoln's appointees to the Supreme bench.

It is a noteworthy fact that Mr. Lincoln filled more vacancies on that bench than any other President. He appointed three justices in 1862—Swayne, Davis and Miller—and one—Field—early in 1863. In 1864 he made his fifth appointment, that of Solomon P. Chase to succeed Roger B. Taney as chief justice. All of these were chosen from the West—Swayne and Chase from Ohio, Davis from Illinois, Miller from Iowa, and Field from California.

Justice Miller served 28 years and Justice Field is now in his 27th year of service. This term covers what is perhaps the most important constitutional epoch in our history—the exposition of the three post war amendments, and in that exposition no judge has taken so prominent a part as they have.

There is no comfort, night or day,
When teeth are suffering from decay,
And oh, the pain that we shall feel,
When bitter hours at last reveal,
That all our woe came grim and gaunt
From our neglect of SOZODONT.

An Awful Discovery.

Dentist—"I see what the matter is. The nerve of this tooth is exposed."

Boston Girl—"Horrors! Turn your eyes away sir."—[Good News.

—BEECHAM'S PILLS cure Billious and Nervous ills.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

ATKINSON, HOLT CO., NEB.
Alice Stewart. Johnie Stewart.
Will Wixson.

BIG SPRINGS, MICH.
Orpha Higley. Alda Hillard.
Celia Emmons. Ealva Harris.
Myrtle Davenport. Elliott Harris.
Ray Irish.

WILSONVILLE, NEB.
William B. Kithcart. Nellie C. Pearson.
William C. Kithcart. Levi B. Pearson.
Fritz J. Wickstrom. Nettie F. Short.
Brooks J. Whitney. Millie J. Short.
Charlie E. Thompson. Myrta T. Short.
Ivy M. Flemming. John D. Short.
Jessie E. Thompson. George A. Short.
Phebe A. Pearson. Albert H. Young.

Names this week, 26. Total, 29,942.

The above embraces all names received up to November 5.

THE LITTLE MAID'S AMEN.

A rustle of robes as the anthem
Soared gently away on the air—
The Sabbath morn's service was over,
And briskly I stepped down the stair;
When close to a half-lighted corner,
Where the tall pulpit stairway came down,
Asleep crouched a tender, wee maiden,
With hair like a shadowy crown.

Quite puzzled was I by the vision,
But gently to wake her I spoke,
When, at the first word, the damsel
With one little gasp straight awoke,
"What brought you here, fair little angel?"
She answered with voice like a bell;
"I tum, tos I've dot a sick mamma,
And I want 'oo to please pray her well?"

"Who told you?" began I; she stopped me;
"Don't nobody told me at all;
And papa can't see tos he's cryin',
And 'sides, sir, I isn't so small;
I'se been here before with my mamma,
We tummed when you ringed the big bell;
And ev'ry time I'se heard you prayin'
For lots o' sick folks to dit well."

Together we knelt on the stairway,
As humbly I asked the great power,
To give back her health to the mother,
And banish bereavement's dark hour.
I finished the simple petition,
And paused for a moment—and then,
A sweet little voice at my elbow
Lisped softly a gentle "Amen!"

Hand in hand we turned our steps homeward,
The little maid's tongue knew no rest;
She prattled, and mimicked and caroled—
The shadow was gone from her breast:
And lo!—when we reached the fair dwelling—
The nest of my golden-haired waif—
We found that the dearly loved mother
Was past the dread crisis—and safe.

They listened amazed at my story,
And wept o'er their darling's strange quest,
While the arms of the pale, loving mother
Drew the brave little head to her breast;
With eyes that were brimming and grateful
They thanked me again and again—
Yet I know in my heart that the blessing
Was won by that gentle "Amen."

—[Gospel Expositor.

For the Young Folks.

Hints for the Boys.

BOYS, if you can handle tools and have access to hammer and nails, saw, plane and auger, I want to tell you of several ways to make a nice stand for "mother" or "grandma." You can make a pretty square or oval stand suitable for center table as follows: Take a piece of inch-thick plank a foot wide and two feet long. With an inch auger bore four holes through the board, one near each corner. Slant the holes from side toward center of board, so that the legs, when inserted in the holes, will stand a little less than two feet apart at the bottom. Broomsticks do nicely for the legs, or hickory sapplings, well seasoned, will answer. The top should be made of thin boards, fastened with cleats on the under side near each end. A lath is just the thing for this. Eighteen inches wide by thirty inches long is a good size for square top, and a little more than that rounded at the corners makes a good oval size. The top is to be fastened firmly to the plank in which the legs are fastened, and the legs should be glued in place and painted or stained. Then, when sister or mother makes a pretty scarf for the square stand, or square cover for the oval top, I think you will all agree that it is quite pretty.

A smaller stand may be made by taking a solid block of pine 6x6 or 8x8 and twelve inches long. Close to one end of the block bore a hole into each side slanting again so the legs (broomsticks) will stand out from the block, but do not let them project beyond the top of the stand. This stand may have a round or square top. If round, a barrel cover will make the top and is to be nailed securely to the pine block. Then tell sister to make a cover of felt and to take a piece of the same felt and cover the block, slashing it to form a fringe three inches deep at the bottom. This will hide the block, also the joining of the legs to the block.

Many bedrooms are too small to contain the necessary furniture, but you often find in them room to fit a small washstand. Make as follows: Take four strips, each 30 inches long, one inch thick and two inches wide, and three shelves fourteen inches wide and as long as the space to be used will admit of. Eighteen inches does very well and sixteen or fourteen will do. The shelves are to be fastened at each end and center of the strips. Two strips at each end at the outer corners. Tack a curtain around the middle shelf long enough to extend to the floor, and you have a closet, while you can place the water pitcher on the middle shelf when the bowl is in use. Now, "boys," look around the house and see what you can make for holiday gifts for mother and the girls and, if Miss Bouton allows it, I may offer you some more suggestions soon.—DEB'S DAUGHTER.

For the Young Folks.

Fun for Little Fingers. (No. 3.)

BY MRS. J. D. COWLES.

A variety of amusements may be invented with the aid of a large card-board marked off into one-inch squares. Be sure that the squares are true, and mark them off with a distinct, but not heavy line of ink.

Now provide a set of blocks one inch square—or if you already have wooden blocks of a different size, make the squares on the card-board to correspond—and set the child to making figures with the blocks set carefully on the sqares. He may need patterns for the first few,—see illustrations 1, 2 and 3: but his ingenuity

No 1 No 2

will soon assert itself, and his own efforts should be watched and encouraged. When he has used the blocks for a time, substitute others; or the checkers and blocks may be used together, and make quite elaborate patterns.

A new interest may be awakened in the cardboard at another time, by providing with it a handful of wooden toothpicks, to be laid on and across the lines, forming quite as pretty patterns as the blocks, as in No. 4.

Still another method, and one which teaches drawing as well as pattern-making, is to divide one side of a slate into inch or half-inch squares, by scratching it or marking with a lead pencil. Then the designs may be drawn with a slate pencil, or various colored crayons will be sure to please.

As a rest from pattern making, suggest that the slate and card board be converted into a house and farm: then with a bag of buttons with which to

No 3 No 4

represent the members of the family, and the animals of the farm, let them drive the cows home from pasture, or bring back the flour from the mill.

When a large and attractive picture finds its way into the house, if it is printed on heavy paper or card board, cut it into irregular pieces—not too small—and give them to the little fingers to put together. Each picture thus cut should have its own envelope to hold the pieces, or it will certainly fail to prove a lasting pleasure.

No 5

Maps cut along the boundaries of the various states or counties are a fine source of instruction combined with amusement, but are rather advanced for the smaller workers. A set of these, however, may prove convenient when the work set out for the little fingers proves too tempting for those of larger growth.

A Tale of Tommy.

Tommy is only three years old. He is to a great extent a reputable and well-conducted citizen, his chief moral weakness being (as with many older and wiser people) a passion for the forbidden. Never mind what, only let some particular course of action or manner of speech become vetoed by the powers above him, and Tommy rests not day or night till he has performed that action or spoken that speech.

The other night he was being prepared for his little cot, and while his mother was buttoning his small night-shirt, his father passed through the nursery into an adjoining room. He laid his hat down on a chair, saying to his wife, "Don't let that youngster sit in my hat, Mary."

That was enough; as the words struck Tommy's ear, an expression of alert attention, mingled with dawning determination, crept into his round eyes. "Want to sit down in papa's hat," he presently announced, calmly.

"No, Tommy," his mother said; "you heard what papa said. If you touch that hat I shall whip you well."

Tommy spoke not; Napoleonic determination does not waste words, it acts. But the moment he was released from his mother's hands he march across the room, and firmly sat down in the hat. Then Tommy's mother fulfilled her part of the contract, and he was placed in his cot a prayerless, supperless, sobbing little outcast.

When his father returned, the case was explained to him, with the concluding words, "Tommy is a naughty boy, so he doesn't want to say prayers to-night."

Instantly the sobs lessened in volume, while the sufferer gave his attention to this statement of the case. He didn't want to say prayers, didn't he? That was all they knew about it. Presently a fresh burst of grief from the cot mingled with the information, "Tommy wants to say prayers."

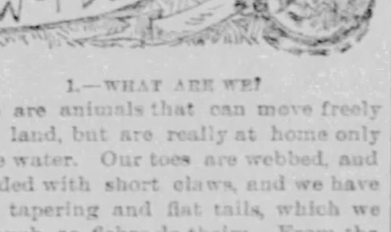
Now Tommy's mother believes devoutly in the efficacy of prayer, and although she had schooled herself to adamantine firmness as to the supper part of the punishment, she was waiting around the nursery, and folding all the tiny clothes many times over to give Tommy's hardened soul a chance to reach this very point in its evolution. She went to the cot and lifted him out; he knelt upon her lap, and folded his fat little hands. He was still heaving with the sobs of grief and astonishment at finding that whipping "hurts," and to give him time to recover, his mother reasoned with him on the enormity of his crime.

"Does Tommy want to ask God to forgive him, and make him a good boy?" she asked, when at length he grew calmer.

"Ess," he gulped.

"Then say your prayers like a nice little boy," she advised.

Then he attacked the throne of grace with another gulp, and the following form of petition: "Please, God, make Tommy a good boy; and bless papa and mamma, and don't let him sit in papa's hat, and let a piece of bread and milk come to Tommy in the night, for Jesus' sake. Amen." A mixture of devotion and diplomacy that reached one hearer at least with great directness, so that whether he was made a good boy or not I do not know, but I am quite sure that "a piece of bread and milk" came to him in the night.—[L. L'ESTRANGE, in Harper's Young People.



1.—WHAT ARE WE?

We are animals that can move freely upon land, but are really at home only in the water. Our toes are webbed, and provided with short claws, and we have long, tapering and flat tails, which we use much as fishes do theirs. From the head to the tip of the tail we are about three feet and a half long. Our fur is a soft brown color, growing lighter on the under side of the throat and the breast, consisting of long, coarse, shining hairs, with a short under fur of fine texture. We swim about in families and perform great pranks, rolling and diving, wrestling and cuddling, kissing and biting, all in the gayest fashion. We make our nests in hollows, in the banks of the rivers, where we live, but do not build very complicated houses. We can be domesticated if caught young and fed upon bread and milk, and can be made to fetch and carry like a dog.

2.—RIDDLE.

Walk along the road on a summer's day,
And you'll surely see me always in your way;
In cellars or in garrets, you'll find me I'll be bound;
In halls, palaces or castles, I am to be found;
Also in the wretched houses of the poorest of the poor.
On the arid desert or on the lonely moor;
In the old ruined abbey, or up the old castle stair,
Go where you like, I am sure to be there:
Now I've given you all the chances that I can:
Please, dear reader, guess what I am!

L. M. DENNY.

3.—A FRACTIONAL PUZZLE.

One-third of war, a fifth of peace;
Two-sixths of Athens, but none of Greece;
An eighth of Superior, a fifth of Huron;
An eighth of Garfield, but none of Van-Buren;
Nothing of Whigs, but two-sixths of Tories;
A fifth of novel, but naught of stories.
Now place these fractions all in a row,
They will name an industrious American hero.

4.—WORD PYRAMID.

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Read down beginning at top:—1. A consonant. 2. A verb. 3. Looks for. 4. A wicker basket. 5. A small silver coin.

Read down beginning at left:—1. A consonant. 2. A term in printing. 3. A verb. 4. Pursuit. 5. A sweetish secretion from many trees. 6. To incite. 7. To behold. 8. A term in music. 9. A consonant.

Indiana. E. E. BRILES.

5.—ENIGMA.

In tree, not in log;
In choke, not in clog;
In low, not in high;
In storm, not in sky;
In shawl, not in veil;
In harvest, not in flail;
In last, not in first;
In best, not in worst;
In day, not in week;
In mountain, not in peak;
In star, not in night;
In compose, not in write;
In shining, not in bright.
Whole is the name of a well-known inventor.

JACK.

Downs, Kan.

6.—CONUNDRUMS.

1.—Why is a newspaper office like a bakery?
2.—What is the greatest surgical operation on record ever attempted?

7.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 9, 5, 12, 2, is an animal.
My 4, 10, 6, 3, 14, is a boy's name.
My 14, 7, 16, 8, 2, 11, is a wicked person.
My 4, 15, 9, 3, is a boy's name.
My whole is the name of a chief magistrate.

MISS LIZZIE ADAMS.

8.—CHARADE.

My first I hope you are; my second I see you are; my whole I know you are.

9.—REBUS.

Half of a room underground; a vowel; and a grain with the final letter omitted.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles.

1. The common opossum of the United States.

2.
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          C
        C O N
      T I M E S
    S T R E A M S
  H E A L T H F U L
C O M E T F I N D E R
  S P A N I A R D S
    S P A N G L E
      H I D E S
        L E D
          R
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3.—(1) True Relation of Virginia. (2) St. Patrick.

4. Answers to hidden states: 1. Bath, Maine. 2. Xenia, Ohio. 3. Carson, Nevada. 4. Ogden, Utah. 5. Hidalgo, Texas. 6. Mobile, Alabama. 7. Alton, Iowa.

5. Water-bury-watch.

6.
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D R A P E R
R A P I N E
A P P E A R
P I E R C E
E N A C T S
R E R E S T
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7. Nothing.
8. (The) breath.
9. Upon the left elbow.

The Christmas prize-books will be given for the best guessing of the puzzles in the issues for November 6, 13, 20 and December 4. The prize for the boys is a beautifully bound edition of "A Boy's Town," by W. D. Howells. That for the girls is a most unique autograph volume, entitled "Gold Nails To Hang Memories On," by Elizabeth A. Allen. The result will be announced December 18. Be prompt in sending in your answers. Those written with lead pencil will not be counted. Number the answers to correspond with the numbers of the questions.

Personal Liberty vs. Physical Slavery.

We are all free American citizens, enjoying our personal liberty; but most of us are in physical slavery, suffering from scrofula, salt rheum or some other form of impure blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great blood purifier which dissolves the bonds of disease, gives health and perfect physical liberty.

OUR GIRLS IN FRANCE.

A Theory That American Women Are Best When Married There.

The young American girl in France, even though she should reside there a long time, still remains a peculiar being disturbing the men and a source of uneasiness to the women, writes Mme. Adam in the *North American Review*. Once married she immediately lays aside her eccentricities. There are no young American married women—that is to say, nothing in the manner of an American who has become madame distinguishes her from another madame.

The young French girls find liberty in marriage; the young American loses it. Our daughters detatch themselves from a family in marrying; the Americans enter one. They are suddenly surrounded by a circle, by proprieties, by worldly customs, by social duties, by the exigencies of conjugal fidelity, by the duty of defending a reputation which has become common property—all serious things which transform their character, their manner of being, and gradually model them after the likeness of their surroundings. Two or three years after her marriage the American in France is a woman of the world, and if she could lose her accent nothing would distinguish her from her new circle.

Doubtless formerly she commanded and was obeyed; but how far she was from occupying the position which she occupies in France! True, she did not yield to respect; but in return she did not inspire it. She had more personal initiatives, but she did not govern others; she tormented her mother and perhaps led her, but the men of her family did not deferentially ask her counsels. Her husband in America would seek her advice for nothing. She might be a favored companion in conjugal life; she would not be, as in France, the wife, the friend who shares all the projects of the husband, is associated in all his acts and makes of conjugal life the noble life in common.

And her children—how they are much more her own; how she rules their education; how much longer they belong to her! It is when married in France that she is best assimilated to her surroundings, and it is then that with us she is most unhappy. However, Franco-American marriages are rare, because the French families are uneasy and afraid of them. In England the young American girls come in much larger numbers, not because they are drawn thither by any affinity of race, for there is often less analogy of character between two sisters than between two strangers, but because English girls, having more liberty than French, a first resistance is already overcome; the marriageable men do not perform such an eccentric act in introducing into their families as a fiancee a young miss accustomed to independence.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

He Did Not Wait.

A young Missourian, accompanied by a woman, found that his seats in a French theater had been taken by a famous duelist and bully of the cuirassiers. "I am sorry to disturb you, monsieur," he said. The reply of the captain, translated, would be: "What are you going to do about it?" "Nothing now," quietly replied the son of the states; "I have a lady with me, but when you leave the theater to-night I shall shoot you through the head." While the American was returning to the hotel with the young woman the cavalryman left the theater and took the express train for Munich.—[St. Louis Globe.

Have You Catarrh?

There is one remedy you can try without danger of humbug. Send to H. G. Colman, Chemist, Kalamazoo, Mich., for trial package of his catarrh cure. His only mode of advertising is by giving it away. Postage 2 cents. Judge for yourself. Mention this paper.

Enshrined in Crystal.

Downton—"Why did you have such an ugly-looking cur as that stuffed and placed under a glass case?"

Upton (with emotion)—That dog saved my life."

Downton—"Well! well! How?"

Upton—"When we got back from our wedding tour, my wife baked a cake for me and the dog ate it."—[N. Y. Weekly.

Throat Diseases commence with a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give immediate relief. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cents.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Scales On Horse.

J. W. E., Brown county, Kansas: The scaly patches on your horse are the result of the bites of mange insects, and you have spread the disease by using the currycomb without cleaning it before each time of using. First clean the harness of the horse with carbolic acid and water, well stirred, 1 part of the acid to 10 parts of water; also wash the currycomb with this, and do not use the comb until the horse is cured. Wash the blankets and clean the stall thoroughly. Rub all of the parts of the horse on which the scabs or red spots appear with sweet oil or unsalted lard, and after they have been well soaked, wash off with soap and water. When the parts are nearly dry rub all the parts that give evidence of the disease with oil of tar, 1 oz.; lac sulphur, 1½ ozs.; whale oil, 2 ozs; mix. Rub a little of the above in once a day for a week, and then repeat if the disease exhibits itself anywhere on the animal. After the application has been made for a week's time, wash off with castile soap and warm water. After the above treatment, give the horse saltpetre, 2 ozs.; copperas, 2 ozs., ginger, 1 oz.; fenugreek, 2 ozs.; anise, ½ oz.; gentian, 1 oz. Mix and divide into 8 powders. Give one every day. The greatest vigilance is necessary to exterminate the mangy insect, and when you you are about the animal be careful not to get any of the exudations from the animal on your clothing or hands.

Liver Complaint in Fowls.

Z. T. P., Iowa: The complaint from which your hens are suffering is one that, when not hereditary, is caused by giving too much rich food, to foul soil, or bad water. It is a custom with some people to feed too freely with pepper stirred in soft feed, and when high class poultry are kept, there is too much disposition by many to neglect coarse food. Lassitude results; the comb and wattles become discolored, and the fowls mope about and die. When active inflammation of the liver sets in there is no cure. It may be that the disease is hereditary in your fowls. If so, your best plan will be to get a new stock of fowls. If the trouble has been brought on by any of the causes named above, give each fowl a teaspoonful of castor oil. After this has operated, put your fowls on coarse food, free from red pepper, and give no corn, as this is heating, and in a weak fowl will aggravate the disease. Clover hay cut fine and soaked in water is an excellent thing, when grass can not be had in sufficient quantity. The house must be kept scrupulously clean. In cold weather, after your fowls have recovered, corn will answer well as food once a day. See to it that none but fresh water is given to your fowls. Remarkable as it may seem, the writer has had pure-bred fowls for several years, and has never had disease among them, excepting one case of roup, on discovery of which the fowl was destroyed, and a case of appoplexy, from which the fowl recovered. When the latter trouble manifested itself the entire flock were put on low diet. Our method of feeding is very simple. Oats frequently, corn once and sometimes twice a day in the winter time, if the weather is very cold; but if the hens do not come to time on eggs, the corn is cut off, as it indicates that he fowls are getting too fat to lay. Soft feed (not sloppy) three or four times a week in which is put chopped onions, cabbage, celery, potatoes, or other vegetables that are on hand. A little fresh meat, scraps from the table, of bread, buckwheat cakes, bits of apple—in fact almost everything we eat ourselves is dumped into the soft feed, the mass of which is bran. You see bran is a food on which fowls do not get so aristocratic as to despise coarse food. It keeps them about right for the next meal, and they do not get too lazy. The secret of keeping fowls is not to overfeed; give a variety, but nothing that is not strictly fresh. Our fowls are healthy and lively, because they get common fare, are fed at regular hours, have a comfortable house, the door of which is never closed only on the most extremely cold days in winter, and the house is kept as clean as possible. Perches not more than eight inches high; movable so they may be set aside and the place cleaned up every day. Coop or house about twenty feet long, eight feet wide, two-thirds set apart for play ground; fresh straw on it once every two weeks. Perches placed crosswise of the house; single board 4 inches wide, with block nailed at each end and in the center as braces. They may be picked up with one hand and set aside while the place is cleaned under where the fowls perch. Scatter a very little road dust under the perches, so that the droppings are easily removed. The house is double-lined with boards, and the interstices packed with old newspapers. The yard is 40 feet long and 30 feet wide, with a slight incline, so that it is always dry excepting when there is snow. At night, during the cold months, the door of the house is closed. There is nothing very fanciful about our way of keeping fowls. It is very homely, and as the "proof of the pudding is in the eating of it," it must be a very good way to keep fowls or we should be troubled with diseased ones. Our stock came from breeders of reputation, and the stock was without hereditary disease of any kind. Our plan is, if a fowl gets roup, to kill it at once. We do not think a fowl that has had a pronounced case of roup is fit to breed from, as personal observation of many fowls that have had this disease shows that they are affected one way or another, if they do reach the condition of so-called recovery. If roup is detected at once a permanent cure may be had, but when the case is allowed to run, and it gets a firm hold, the best way is to kill the bird. So with diarrhœa. Remove the fowl from the rest of the flock, and if the case is a severe one, kill the fowl and bury it deeply in the ground. Eradicate disease at once, and you will succeed with poultry.

Cow Leaks Milk.

Mrs. L. C., Iowa: You may prevent the leaking of the milk by getting rubber bands at a drug store, say ½ inch wide, and fitting them over the teats that leak.

Garget in Cow.

G. F., Iowa: Give your cow ¾ lb of Epsom salts in 1 qt. of warm water; after this operates, put 1 oz. of saltpeter once a day for five days in her drinking water. Foment the udder with warm water and after wiping dry rub a little of this over the affected parts and gently knead the udder: Glycerine, 4 oz.; iodide of potassium, 1 dr. Dissolve this in just sufficient water to make a solution.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Growing Clover.

It is a settled fact that by growing and plowing under a crop of clover the soil is not only made richer, but renovated. Of course, it is possible to grow clover continuous for so long a time as to make the land "clover-sick," but when it is in this condition it will grow good crops of almost anything else.

Not only is the stem and foliage valuable to enrich the soil but the roots also add to the fertility. But it is not only by plowing under that clover can be used as a fertilizer. Fed out to good, thrifty stock under favorable conditions, it will add considerable to the value of the manure heap. The amount of plant food in the manure largely depends upon the manner in which stock is fed, as well as upon the material used for the purpose. There is no advantage in increasing the manure heap at the expense of the quality. Clover makes a valuable fertilizer in almost any way that it can be applied to the soil, and for this reason more or less should be grown on the farm. It is only in exceptional cases that it will pay to sell rather than to feed out to the stock.

By plowing under a good growth of growing clover, a soil that is hard and cloddy becomes loose and mellow. Not only a chemical, but a mechanical effect is produced that benefits the soil.

Generally it can be used to the best advantage in rotation with other crops. Plow under after a good growth has been secured, sow to wheat or plant to corn, get back to oats, and then to clover again. The first growth can, in very many cases, be cut and made into hay, and the second crop be plowed under. So that both as a green manure and by feeding to stock clover can be made to add to fertility.—[Cor. Prairie Farmer.

Waste Land for Fruit and Forests.

Prof. Maynard calls attention to the fact that apple trees remarkable for their thrift and vigor or often found on land so rough and stony that it cannot be cultivated. The fruit produced upon such land is noted for its high color and rich flavor, and for long-keeping qualities. There are thousands of acres of this kind of land, and much of it is almost worthless for any other purpose than forestry and the production of large fruits, and if properly cared for it would in a few years give a large income for the investment. In planting such land particular care must be given to the preparation of the soil directly around the tree, and to saving the material often found growing upon it, such as sedges, brush, etc., or obtained elsewhere to be used for mulch, to prevent the escape of the moisture that is rapidly carried away by the leaves or grasses and other plants. The advantages claimed for the turf system are, that the trees mature their wood much earlier in the autumn, and consequently are less liable to injury from cold; the roots are protected from injury from the extremes of heat and cold by the grass roots; the trees begin bearing much earlier, and bear more regularly; the fruit is of better quality and keeps longer; the cost of land and cultivation is much less, while a satisfactory growth may be obtained by the use of a small amount of fertilizer applied to the surface.—[Popular Gardening.

Bacteria in Milk.

The second annual report of the Storrs School Experiment station gives an extended paper on Bacteria in Milk by Prof. H. W. Conn, from which we gather the following interesting facts, mostly known previously to scientists:

Bacteria are extremely minute, not more than 1-3000ths of an inch in length, and multiply with wonderful rapidity; they abound in air, water, soil, in animal and vegetable substances, and in living plants and animals. Cold hinders their development. Heated long as high as boiling water they are killed, and a higher heat kills the spores. They multiply rapidly in milk and cream exposed to the air, causing milk to sour and curdle. They gather and multiply on the sides and joints of milk vessels in the minute portions of the milk which it is difficult to wash perfectly.

Hence the importance of keeping milk, so far as possible, free from them by the greatest cleanliness and of cooling milk immediately after milking to prevent souring.

But bacteria also do good, and aid in the "ripening" of cream, and hence the advantage of keeping cream favorable to the growth of bacteria. As cold retards, and heat, up to a certain point, favors their growth, the reason for keeping milk cold and cream warm is easily understood.

There are a number of species of bacteria, and in shape they show three chief varieties, which are compared to a lead pencil, a ball and a cork-screw. They are so simple that the most powerful microscopes show them like simple dots and rods, and point out no internal structure. From their method of growth they are classed as plants and not as animals. As they are not over a three-thousandth of an inch in length, the space of a cubic inch would contain twenty-seven thousand million individuals and more. A single bacterium will give rise to millions in the course of a few days. All fermentation, as the raising of bread, fermenting of beer, putrefaction and decay, as rotting of potatoes and decay of wood, are produced by them, and they are of immense value as well as injury.

Prof Conn has experimented very thoroughly for a year and a half on these points, and furnished many interesting statements, which we omit for want of space.

A Profitable Product.

Eggs are the most marketable product that the farm yields. They are ready for the market the minute they are laid, and the sooner they are gotten to market the better. Nothing else that the farm produces comes in as handy as a good supply of eggs. They require no cultivation, no hoeing, pruning or churning, but are in a salable condition as soon as laid. With plenty of eggs on the farm there is a host of good things in the kitchen, and money in the family purse. Gathering eggs is like picking up cents. They are as good as cash, and can quickly be turned into dollars and cents.—[Indiana Farmer.

Poultry House on Wheels.

The chief cause of disease among restrained fowls in hot weather is close confinement. Even if allowed an earth floor it soon becomes contaminated, and in its corruption emits death-dealing gases. Most "movable poultry-houses" are prettier in theory than available in practice. If built to move they are seldom moved, because too heavy and unhandy. They are frequently built too high, increasing their weight unnecessarily. My model is about perfect. Having an old wagon, no longer worth sheltering, I dismantled it and had one axle spliced by a blacksmith, making it 10 ft. long. The best wheels were placed on this and a light house built over them. The highest part just allows the wheels to revolve, and the roof slopes rapidly to the eaves on either side.

The ridge is directly over the axle and the eaves only eighteen inches high and six feet from it. This makes a house 10x12 and the wheels are protected from the weather. When completed it rests on the weels. It must now be raised two or three inches and supported on a frame which rests on the axle at each side near the wheel. It will not quite balance. Under the end which rubs place a flat runner. This arrangement can be moved easily and fowls kept always on fresh grass or plowed ground. The same plan would make a prime movable yard that could be much larger because lighter, but would have the disadvantage of not sheltering the wheels.—[N. Y. Tribune.

FOR BRAIN FAG

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. W. H. Fisher, Le Sueur, Minn., says: *"I find it very serviceable in nervous debility, sexual weakness, brain fag, excessive use of tobacco, as a drink in fevers, and in some urinary troubles. It is a grand good remedy in all cases where I have used it."*

SUB-MARINE TELEPHONING.

To Talk Between Paris and London Over Cables Under the Channel.

At the Newcastle meeting last year I gave reasons and experiments which led to the conclusion that telephoning between London and Paris was practical. New and distinct overland lines of four copper wires are now being erected by the respective governments from each capital to the coast, and a new cable, the joint property of the two governments, will be laid during this year between the Kent coast and San Gatte to connect these two lines. There will be two metallic circuits between the two capitals. The k r, that is the product of the capacity, k, and the resistance, r, of each circuit, upon which the clearness of the articulation depends, will be 5,900, indicating that speech should be excellent.

A somewhat smaller circuit has been established since October last between Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, under my advice. The cables across the La Plata are each 28 miles long, for there are two separate single wire cables, and the total distance between the two cities is 180 miles. Subscribers who have metallic circuits in each city have no difficulty whatever in speaking to each other from their respective offices, although the k r is as high as 10,400.

The cable across the Channel will be four wire cables.—[H. W. Friece, Electrical Engineer.

Makes the Dirt Fly

—Pearline. It does it about as easily as a horse can hoist his heels. It does it with perfect safety to everything that may be washed or cleaned. It is needed in the laundry, the kitchen, the parlor, and the bath. Pearline does what soap leaves undone; when you know what it does, you will know what to do.

Beware of imitations which are being peddled from door to door. First quality goods do not require such desperate methods to sell them. PEARLINE sells on its merits, and is manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

Talmage's Sermon.

DR. TALMAGE AT BETHLEHEM.

The Three Great Pools of Solomon—The Visit to the Scene of Christ's Birth in Drear December.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 2.—Dr. Talmage preached the sixth sermon on his tour in Palestine to-day on the gardens and public works of Israel's magnificent King, and the text, Ecclesiastes ii., 4-6: "I made me great works, I builded me houses, I planted me vineyards, I made me gardens and orchards, and planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits; I made me pools of water to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees." Dr. Talmage said:

A spring morning and before breakfast at Jerusalem: A king with robes snowy white in chariot decked with gold, drawn by eight horses, high mettled, and housings as brilliant as if scolloped out of that very sunrise, and like the winds for speed, followed by a regiment of archers on horseback with hand on gilded bow, and arrows with steel points flashing in the sun, clad from head to foot in Tyrian purple, and black hair sprinkled with golddust, all dashing down the road, the horses at full run, the reins loose on their necks, and the crack of whips and the halloo of the reckless calvacade putting in miles at defiance. Who is it, and what is it? King Solomon taking an outing before breakfast from Jerusalem to his gardens, and parks, and orchards, and reservoirs, six miles down the road toward Hebron.

What a contrast between that and myself on that very road one morning last December, going afoot, for our plain vehicle turned back for photographic apparatus forgotten, we on the way to find what is called Solomon's pools, the ancient water works of Jerusalem, and the gardens of a king nearly 3,000 years ago.

We cross the aqueduct again and again, and here we are at the three great reservoirs, not ruins of reservoirs, but the reservoirs themselves, that Solomon built three milleniums ago for the purpose of catching the mountain streams, and passing them to Jerusalem to slake the thirst of the city, and also to irrigate the most glorious range of gardens that ever bloomed with all colors, or breathed with all redolence, for Solomon was the greatest horticulturist, the greatest botanist, the greatest ornithologist, the greatest capitalist, and the greatest scientist of his century.

Wonderful specimens of masonry are these three reservoirs. The white cement fastening the blocks of stone together is now just as when the trowels 3,000 years ago smoothed the layers. The highest reservoir, 380 feet by 229; the second, 423 feet by 160, and the lowest reservoir, 589 feet by 169, and deep enough to float an ocean steamer.

On that December morning we saw the waters rolling down from reservoir to reservoir, and can well understand how in this neighborhood the imperial gardens were one great blossom, and the orchard one great basket of fruit, and that Solomon in his palace, writing the "Song of Songs," and Ecclesiastes, may have been drawing illustrations from what he had seen that very morning in the royal gardens when he alluded to melons, and mandrakes, and apricots, and grapes, and pomegranates, and figs, and spikenard, and cinnamon, and calamus, and camphire, and "apple trees among the trees of the wood," and the almond tree as flourishing; and to myrrh and frankincense, and represented Christ as "gone down into his gardens, and the bed of spices to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies," and to "eyes like fish-pools," and to the voice of the turtle-dove as heard in the land.

I think it was when Solomon was showing the Queen of Sheba through these gardens that the Bible says of her: "There remained no more spirit in her." She gave it up.

But all this splendor did not make Solomon happy. One day, after getting back from his morning ride and before the horses had yet been cooled off and rubbed down by the royal equerry, Solomon wrote the memorable words, following my text, like a dirge played after a grand march, "Behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun." In other words, "It don't pay!"

Although these Solomonic gardens are in ruins, there are now growing there flowers that are to be found nowhere else in the holy land. How do I account for that? Solomon sent out his ships and robbed the gardens of the whole earth for flowers and planted these exotics here and these particular flowers are direct descendants of the foreign plants he imported. Mr. Meshullam, a Christian Israelite, on the very site of these royal gardens, has in our day, by putting in his own spade, demonstrated that the ground is only waiting for the right call to yield just as much luxuriance and splendor 1,800 years after Christ as it yielded Solomon 1,000 years before Christ. So all Palestine is waiting to become the richest scene of horticulture, arboriculture and agriculture.

Recent travelers in the Holy Land speak of the rocky and stony surface of nearly all Palestine as an impassable barrier to the future cultivation of the soil. But if they had examined minutely the rocks and stones of the Holy Land they would find that they are being skeletonized, and are being melted into the soil and being for the most part limestone, they are doing for that land what the American and English farmer does when at a great expense and fatigue he draws his wagon-load of lime and scatters it on the fields for their enrichment.

The storms, the winters, the great midsummer heats of Palestine, by crumbling up and dissoving the rocks, are gradually preparing Palestine and Syria to yield a product like unto the luxuriant Westchester farms of New York, and Lancaster county farms of Pennsylvania, and Somerset county farms of New Jersey, and the other magnificent farm fields of Minnesota and Wisconsin, and the opulent orchards of Maryland and California. Let the Turk be driven out and the American or Englishman or Scotchman go in, and Mohammedanism withdraw its idolatries, and pure Christianity build its altars, and the irritation of which Solomon's pools was only a suggestion will make that land from Dan to Beersheba as fertile and aromatic and resplendent as on the morning when the king rode out to his pleasure grounds in chariots so swift, and followed by mounted riders so brilliant that it was for speed like a hurricane followed by a cyclone.

As I look upon this great aqueduct of Palestine, a wondrous specimen of ancient masonry, about seven feet high, two feet wide, sometimes tunneling the solid rock and then rolling its waters through stoneware pipes, an aqueduct doing its work ten miles before it gets to those three reservoirs, and then gathering their wealth of refreshment and pouring it on to the mighty city of Jerusalem and filling the brazen sea of her temple, and the bath rooms of her palaces, and the great pools of Siloam, and Hezekiah and Bethesda, I find that our century has no monopoly of the world's wonders, and that the conceited age in which we live had better take in some of the sails of its pride when it remembers that it is hard work in later ages to get masonry that will last fifty years, to say nothing of the 3,000, and no modern machinery could lift blocks of stone like some of those standing high up in the walls of Baalbec, and that the art of printing claimed for the recent ages was practiced by the Chinese 1,400 years ago, and that our midnight lightning express rail train was foreseen by the prophet Nahum, when in the Bible he wrote: "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broadways, they shall seem like torches, they shall run like lightnings," and our electric telegraph was foreseen by Job, when in the Bible he wrote: "Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go and say unto thee, 'Here we are?'"

What is that talking by the lightnings but the electric telegraph! I do not know but that the electric forces, now being year by year more thoroughly harnessed, may have been employed in ages extinct. And that the lightnings all up and down the sky have been running around like lost hounds to find their former master.

Embalmment was a more thorough art 3,000 years ago than to-day. Dentistry, that we suppose one of the important arts discovered in recent centuries, is proved to be 4,000 years old by the filled teeth of the mummies in the museums at Cairo, Egypt, and artificial teeth on gold plates found by Belzoni in the tombs of departed nations. We have been taught that Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood so late as the seventeenth century. Oh, no! Solomon announces it in Ecclesiastes, where, first having shown that he understood the spinal cord, silver-colored as it is, and that it relaxes in old age, "the silver cord be loosed," goes on to compare the heart to a pitcher at a well, for the three canals of the heart do receive the blood like a pitcher, "or the pitcher be broken at the fountain." What is that but the circulation of the blood, found out 2,600 years before Harvey was born? After many centuries of exploration and calculation astronomy finds out that the world is round. Why, Isaiah knew it was round thousands of years before when in the Bible he said: "The Lord sitteth upon the circle of the earth." Scientists toiled on for centuries and found out refraction or that the rays of light when touching the earth were not straight but bent or curved. Why, Job knew that when ages before in the Bible he wrote of the light: "It is turned as clay to the seal."

These aqueducts of Solomon that I visit to-day, finding them in good condition 3,000 years after construction, make me think that the world may have forgotten more than it now knows. The great honor of our age is not machinery, for the ancients had some styles of it more wonderful; nor art, for the ancients had art more exquisite and durable; nor architecture, for Roman coliseum and Grecian acropolis surpass all modern architecture; nor cities, for some of the ancient cities were larger than ours in the sweep of their pomp.

But our attempts must be moral achievement and gospel victory. In that we have already surpassed them, and in that direction let the ages pass on: Let us brag less of worldly achievements, and thank God for moral opportunity. More good men and good women is what the world wants. Toward moral elevation and spiritual attainment let the chief struggle be. The source of all that I will show you before sundown of this day, on which we have visited the pools of Solomon and the gardens of the king.

We are on this December afternoon on the way to the cradle of Him who called himself greater than Solomon. We are coming upon the chief cradle of all the world; not lined with satin, but strewn with straw; not sheltered by a palace, but covered by a barn; not presided over by a princess, but hovered over by a peasant girl; yet a cradle the canopy of which is angelic wings and the lullaby of which is the first Christmas carol ever sung, and from which all the events of the past and all the events of the future have and must take date as being B. C. or A. D.—before Christ or after Christ. All eternity past occupied in getting ready for this cradle, and all eternity to come to be employed in celebrating its consequences.

I said to the tourist companies planning our Oriental journey. "Put us in Bethlehem in December, the place and the month of our Lord's birth," and we had our wish. I am the only man who has ever attempted to tell how Bethlehem looked at the season Jesus was born. Tourists and writers are there in February or March or April, when the valleys are an embroidered sheet of wild flowers, and anemones and ranunculus are flushed as though from attempting to climb the steeps, and the lark and bullfinch are flooding the air with bird orchestra. But I was there in December, a winter month, the barren beach between the two oceans of redolence. I was told I must not go there at that season, told so before I started, told so in Egypt; the books told me so; all traveler that I consulted about it told me so. But I was determined to see Bethlehem, the same month in which Jesus arrived, and nothing could dissuade me. Was I not right in wanting to know how the Holy Land looked when Jesus came to it?

He did not land amid flowers and songs. When the angels chanted on the famous birthnight all the fields of Palestine were silent. The glowing skies were answered by gray rocks. As Bethlehem stood against a bleak, wintry sky, I climbed up to it, as through a bleak, wintry sky Jesus descended upon it. His way down was from warmth to chill, from bloom to barrenness, from an everlasting June to a sterile December. If I were going to Palestine as a botanist, and to study the flora of the land, I would go in March; but I went as a minister of Christ, to study Jesus, and so I went in December. I wanted to see how the world's front door looked when the heavenly stranger entered it.

The town of Bethlehem, to my surprise, is in the shape of a horseshoe, the houses extending clear onto the prongs of the horseshoe, the whole scene more rough and rude than can be imagined. Verily, Christ did not choose a soft, genial place in which to be born. The gate through which our Lord entered this world was a gate of rock—a hard, cold gate—and the gate through which he departed was a swing-gate of sharpened spears. We enter a gloomy church built by Constantine over the place in which Jesus was born. Fifteen lamps burning day and night and from century to century light our way to the spot which all authorities, Christian and Jew and Mohammedan, agree upon as being the place of our Saviour's birth, and covered by a marble slab, marked by a silver star sent from Vienna, and the words: "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary."

But standing there I thought, thought this is the place of the nativity, how different the surroundings of the wintry night in which Jesus came! At that time it was a khan or a cattle pen. I visited one of these khans now standing and looking just as in Christ's time.

We rode in under the arched entrance and dismounted. We found the building of stone and around an open square without roof. The building is more than 2,000 years old. In the center are camels, horses and mules. Caravans halt here for the night or during a long storm. The open square is large enough to accommodate a whole herd of cattle, a flock of sheep or a caravan of camels. The neighboring Bedouins here find market for their hay, straw and meats. Off from this center there are twelve rooms for human habitation. The only light is from the door. I went into one of these rooms and found a woman cooking the evening meal. There were six cows in the same room. On a little elevation there was some straw where the people sat and slept when they wished to rest. It was in a house similar to that our Lord was born.

Standing here at Bethlehem, do you not see that the most honored thing in all the earth is the cradle? To what else did loosened star ever point? To what else did heaven lower balconies of light filled with chanting immortals? The way the cradle rocks, the world rocks. God bless the mothers all the world over! The cradles decide the destinies of nations. In 10,000 of them are, this moment, the hands that will yet give benediction of mercy or hurl bolts of doom, the feet that will mount the steeps toward God or descend the blasted way, the lips that will pray or blaspheme. Oh the cradle! It is more tremendous than the grave.

Where are most of the leaders of the twentieth century soon to dawn upon us? Are they upon thrones? No. In chariots? No. In pulpits? No. In forums? No. In senatorial halls? No. In counting houses? No. They are in the cradle. The most tremendous thing in the universe, and, next to God, is to be a mother. Lord Shaftsbury said: "Give me a generation of Christian mothers and I will change the whole phase of society in twelve months." Oh, the cradle! Forget not the one in which you were rocked. Though old and worn out, that cradle may be standing in attic or barn. Forget not the foot that swayed it, the lips that sang over it, the tears that dropped upon it, the faith in God that made way for it. The boy Walter Scott did well when he spent the first five-guinea piece he ever earned as a present to his mother.

Dishonor not the cradle, although it may, like the one my sermon celebrates, be a cradle in a barn, for I think it was a Christian cradle. That was a great cradle in which Martin Luther lay, for from it came forth the reformation of the sixteenth century. That was a great cradle in which Daniel O'Connell lay, for from it came forth an eloquence that will be inspiring while men have eyes to read or ears to hear. That was a great cradle in which Washington lay, for from it came forth the happy deliverance of a nation. That was a great cradle in which John Howard lay, for from it came forth a mercy that will not cease until the last dungeon gets the Bible, and light, and fresh air. Great cradles in which the John Wesleys, and the John Knoxes, and the John Masons lay, for from them came forth an all-conquering evangelization. But the greatest cradle in which child ever slept or woke, laughed or cried, was the cradle over which Mary bent, and to which the wise men brought frankincense, and upon which the heavens dropped song.

Had there been no manger, there had been no Cross. Had there been no Bethlehem, there had been no Golgotha. Had there been no Incarnation, there had been no Ascension. Had there been no start, there had been no close.

Standing in the chill khan of a Savior's humiliation, and seeing what He did for us, I ask what have we done for Him? "There is nothing I can do," says one.

A plain man passing a fortress saw a Russian soldier on guard in a terribly cold night and took his coat off and gave it to the soldier, saying, "I will soon be home and warm, and you will be out here all night." So the soldier wrapped himself in the borrowed coat. The plain man who loaned the coat to the soldier soon after was dying, and in his dream he saw Christ, and said to him: "You have got my coat on." "Yes," said Christ, "this is the one you lent me on that cold night by the fortress. I was naked, and ye clothed me." Something for Christ! By the memories of Bethlehem I adjure you.

> In the light of that star
> Lie the ages outwearied,
> That song from afar
> Has swept over the world.

ONE ENJOYS

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The Prodigal Son.

The teacher of a Sunday school class of colored children expounded to them the parable of the prodigal son. She described in as graphic a manner as she could the young man eating husks while the swine fed on corn. In the midst of her description one attentive boy held up his hand and said: "Missus, I think that white boy was a fool." "Why do you think so?" "'Case if I had been him I would 'a' stole one o' dem hogs an' had a good dinner."—[Christian Advocate.

Farewell to the Dog Days.

> The melancholy days are here,
> The twilight hours advance;
> The trees now shed their leaflets sere,
> And dogs their summer pants.
> —Binghamton Leader.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summare of all important events occurring within thy week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

TRADE AND CROPS.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

Condition of Business During the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co's weekly review of trade, dated New York, Nov. 1, says: The near approach of election caused a slackening in local trade, but foreign trade for the month will certainly prove much the largest ever known, and the great industries are all unusually active.

Boston notes increasing capacity by the largest woolen mills. Manufacturers are paying advanced prices for wool. Hides are lower, but leather very firm. Philadelphia reports wool firm and the trade healthy and promising; a greater trade than ever before in paper, stationery, printing and leather products. In Chicago receipts of grain fall far below last years, and hides and wool a third, but cured meats and dressed beef show an increase; the dry goods and clothing trades surpass last year's, and the shoe trade as well, though less active.

It may be said, moreover, that reports as to collections throughout the country are more satisfactory. There is scarcely a mention of complaint or tardiness.

The great industries are doing more, on the whole than any time in the past. While iron production is at the maximum, and the market at Philadelphia is very mixed, iron seems stronger and steel weaker; best foundry iron is unchanged at New York, at Philadelphia and at Pittsburg, but Bessemer iron is weak and at Pittsburg lower, with steel rails 50c lower. Disagreements in the association are reported, and the market at New York is demoralized, with sales at $29 at mill. In bar and plate iron, large orders are less frequent, but the mills are busy and small orders are active. October trade in coal was below expectations, but an advance of 10c in price has been ordered, and the output for November fixed at 3,350,000 tons.

Speculation has not been remarkably active in breadstuffs, though wheat is a half cent higher on sales of 23,000,000 bu., and corn has risen 1⅛c on sales of 97,000,000 bu., oats being ⅝c stronger. Oil has declined about 3½c on small trading. Sugar, both raw and refined is a shade lower, but the general average of prices because of the advance in breadstuffs potatoes and dairy products, is a fraction higher than a week ago. This accounts in part for the enormous volume of exchanges throughout the country, but there remains an apparent increase of over 6 per cent in the volume of business, exclusive of the difference in prices.

The exports from New York for four weeks have been $10,000,000 larger in value than last year, when October exports for the whole country were nearly $95,000,000, which indicates for the month much the largest movement on record. Imports in New York also show an increase over last year of $15,000,000, so that the aggregate for the month may reach $80,000,000.

The business failures during the last seven days number 218, as compared with 225 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 261.

Mr. H. Fly Again.

Farmers and grain growers of Missouri and Kansas report that the Hessian fly have made an attack upon early-sown winter wheat, and that the wheat sown during September is ruined by the insect.

GOOD NEWS FOR CATTLEMEN.

Pleuro-Pneumonia Stamped Out and Foreign Restrictions Soon to Be Entirely Removed.

Secretary Rusk, at Milwaukee, Wis., on October 29, in answer to a question, said: "We shall have all the restrictions removed by the English government from our cattle before long. Our veterinarians who are over on the other side inform me that they have not found the slightest trace of pleuro-pneumonia since they arrived in any cargo of cattle exported from this country. They say further that the English veterinarians tell them the last trace of the disease found was last March. I shall be able to issue a notice soon after I go back that the disease is stamped out in this country. The only traces of it remaining are in a herd down in Long Island, and we have that closely quarantined. I feel certain the restriction placed on our cattle will be removed very soon now. That will mean a difference of from $8 to $12 a head to our people. There will probably be a little talk when parliament opens, but it will not amount to much."

"How about the American hog?"

"Oh, he's all right; just before I left Washington I received a telegram from France saying that everything there looked favorable for a removal of the laws affecting our pork and beef."

"Have the experiments with the sugar beet resulted to your satisfaction?"

"Entirely, there is no manner of doubt now that the beet sugar industry is beyond the experimental stage. The Nebraska factory, when I left, was producing 12½ per cent of sugar, or about thirty tons a day. Our experiments made for the purpose of finding out the best section for this industry have proven that the beet needs a rather cold climate. They cannot be grown successfully in a climate that produces the sugar cane, but in colder climates they do well.

"Wisconsin is one of the best states for a successful prosecution of that industry, even better than Nebraska, I think. To get the best results, however, care has to be taken in growing the beet. By careful selection of seed the saccharine matter can be increased greatly. In France and Germany they brought it up from 8 and 15 per cent. Our experiments have been undertaken with their seed. It will be a great industry in time."

A WIDOW ON HER WEDDING DAY.

A Trying Situation for Congressman Butterworth's Daughter.

Mr. Haughwout Howe, who was married on Oct. 29 to Miss Mary Butterworth, daughter of the Cincinnati Congressman, died at 1 o'clock p. m., on October 30.

His young wife was with him at the time of his death and she is prostrated with grief. This was the day originally set for the marriage of the young couple and the fear that his illness would cause the postponement of the ceremony greatly worried Mr. Howe.

The doctor thought that if the marriage took place it would aid him to recover, and accordingly the ceremony was performed in Mr. Howe's chamber at the Metropolitan club, yesterday afternoon.

The marriage unfortunately did not have the effect the doctors expected and the young woman found herself a widow on the day on which she fondly hoped to be a happy bride.

BURIED ALIVE.

A Brother's Horrible Discovery at New Philadelphia, Ohio.

Fred H. Leider, of New Philadelphia, Ohio, who took an overdose of morphine October 25 and was supposed to have died, was buried October 27. His brother, who could not get to the funeral, came later and wanted to see his body. When the coffin was opened it was found that the supposed dead man had been in a stupor and had come to life in the casket. His face was scratched and the glass in the coffin broken, but life was then extinct.

REPUDIATES HIS OWN ACT.

Albert N. Bingham Says His Divorce Was Illegal.

Alice A. B. Allen died in Waltham, Mass., recently, leaving $5,000 and certain rights in her estate to Charles E. Allen, to whom she was married a year ago and with whom she lived until her death. Now appears Albert N. Bingham, to whom she was married in 1868, with a claim to half the estate, which is valued at $16,000. Bingham deserted her a year after their marriage, going to Vermont and getting a divorce.

He now claims that his divorce was illegal, both because he had obtained it without the knowledge of his wife and because the cause of the action had occurred in Massachusetts, another state than that in which the divorce was secured. The father of Mrs. Allen resides upon the estate over which the contest has arisen. The persons interested on the other side took a constable and several men and went to the house last Saturday and endeavored to eject him, but were unsuccessful. His petition for a temporary injunction has been granted.

BIRCHALL IS COOL.

He is Not Concerned About the Near Approach of His Day of Death.

The near approach of the fated 14th of November does not seem to have much outward effect on Birchall, in jail at Woodstock, Ont. He professes to feel less concern than many of the sentimentalists who are troubling themselves about his fate.

He plays leap frog in his cell with his guard and thinks it royal sport to send the guard sprawling on the floor when the occasion offers. Pitching coppers is another favorite amusement of his. The arrival of his spiritual advisor, however, is always the signal for his adopting an appearance of solemnity suitable to the occasion. People here are shocked at many of the stories current about Birchall's levity. The "Colonel" fiction is pretty well exploded.

HIS FALL WAS RAPID.

Was Worth a Hundred Thousand, Now Working in the Saloons.

Louis Wolf was arrested at Grand Rapids, Mich., October 30, as a common drunkard. He hails from Louisville, Ky., where two years ago he fell heir to $200,000. His downward course has been rapid and he is now a total wreck, working about the saloons of the city. His friends here say that he has $100,000 held in trust for him in Kentucky, which he cannot get, owing to his habits. He will be sent to an inebriate asylum.

MOBBED A PRIEST.

Stoned for Delivering an Address Against Catholics.

A former priest named Thomas E. Layder delivered a lecture at Amesbury, Mass., on the evening of Oct. 30, on "Romanism," and although repeatedly interrupted, he went through to the end. In the afternoon he spoke privately to ladies, explaining the sins of priests connected with nuns in the convents of America.

A large number of the finest ladies in the city were present, and highly praised the ex-priest for his talk. The Roman Catholic citizens of the city, however, are indignant, and last evening at 7 o'clock, when he was to pass from the hotel to the opera house, thousands of citizens of all nationalities and religions were crowded about the door of the hotel, and the sidewalk leading to the door of the opera house, a distance of about 300 yards, was one surging mass of excited humanity.

The entire police force, under City Marshal Goodwin, were on duty. The day police, in citizens' clothing, preceded the lecturer, and the night force, in uniform, closely followed him. Cries of "Turncoat!" "Liar!" and other obnoxious names were used as he passed through the main street of the city, but when he arrived in front of the post-office, the most public spot in the town, showers of rocks and other missiles were hurled at him. One large stone hit him just over the temple, knocking him insensible. It could not be learned who threw the stone. When he had so far recovered as to be able to speak, he rushed into the very midst of the crowd and offered a reward of $100 to the person who would point to him the man who threw a stone or any other missile. He was then taken to the opera-house, where an extra large crowd of citizens had already gathered, and was greeted with round upon round of applause, as, covered with blood he mounted the stage and delivered a bitter address against the Roman Catholic church. Further trouble will probably be averted.

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IT IS 62,480,540.

The Census Bureau Makes its First Report on the Population of the United States.

Superintendent Porter has issued his bulletin on the result of the census. The figures set forth in this bulletin may be somewhat altered by subsequent data, but it is not believed that they will be materially changed.

Ohio drops from the third place in the list of states, which she held in 1880, to the fourth, changing places with Illinois, which has outstripped her during the last ten years. The rate of increase in Ohio has fallen from 20 per cent, which the census of 1880 showed, to 15 per cent. This decline is attributed by Mr. Porter to the fact that in that state the agricultural industry, which is still the prominent one, has begun to decline, owing to the sharp competition of Western farmers; that the farming population has migrated Westward, and that the growth of manufactures is not yet sufficiently rapid to repair these losses. There has been a decline in the increase in the Northern Central states, and the same reasons apply. The bulletin says:

The population of the United States on June 1, 1890, as shown by the first count of the persons and families, exclusive of white persons in Indian Territory, Indians on reservations and Alaska, was 62,480,540. These figures may be slightly changed by later and more exact compilations, but such changes will not be material. In 1880 the population was 50,155,783. The absolute increase of the population in the ten years intervening was 12,324,757, and the percentage of increase was 24.57. In 1870 the population was stated at 38,558,371. According to these figures the absolute increase in the decade between 1870 and 1880 was 11,597,412, and the percentage of increase was 30.08.

Upon their face these figures show that the population has increased between 1880 and 1890 only 727,345 more than between 1870 and 1880, while the rate of increase has apparently diminished from 30.08 to 24.57 per cent.

If these figures were derived from correct data they would indeed be disappointing. Such a reduction in the rate of increase, in the face of the enormous immigration of the past ten years, would argue a great diminution in the fecundity of the population or a corresponding increase in its death rate. These figures are, however, easily explained when the character of the data used is understood. It is well known, the fact having been demonstrated by extensive and thorough investigation, that the census of 1870 was grossly deficient in the Southern states, so much so as not only to give an exaggerated rate of increase of the population between 1870 and 1880 in those states, but to affect very materially the rate of increase in the country at large.

These omissions were not the fault nor were they within the control of the census office. The census of 1870 was taken under a law which the superintendent, Gen. Francis A. Walker, characterized as "clumsy, antiquated and barbarous." The census office had no power over its enumerators save a barren protest, and its right was even questioned in some quarters. In referring to these omissions the superintendent of the tenth census said in his report in relation to the taking of the census in South Carolina: "It follows, as a conclusion of the highest authority, either that the census of 1870 was grossly defective in regard to the whole of the state or some considerable part thereof, or else that the census of 1880 was fraudulent."

Referring to the principal table of the bulletin, the census of 1870, is known or is presumed to have been deficient in nearly all the states of the South Atlantic and Southern central divisions, while in the North Atlantic, Northern Central, and Western divisions no evidence of incompleteness has been detected.

The population of these three last named divisions in 1870, 1880, and 1890, the absolute increase for the two decades, and the rate of increase, is set forth in the following table:

Year.	Pop.	Inc. in Pop.	per centage.
1870	26,270,351		
1880	33,639,215	7,368,864	28.1
1890	42,693,692	9,054,477	26.9

TABLE OF OUR GROWTH.

It will be seen that the absolute increase between 1880 and 1890 exceeded that between 1870 and 1880 by 1,685,603, and that the proportional increase was but 1.2 per cent less.

The following table shows the population of the several states as found by the census enumeration of the years 1890, 1880 and 1870:

States and Territories.	1890.	1880.	1870.
The United States	62,480,540	50,155,783	38,558,871
North Atlantic Div.	17,364,429	14,507,407	12,298,730
Pennsylvania	5,248,574	4,282,891	3,521,951
Maine	660,261	648,936	626,915
New Hampshire	375,827	346,991	318,300
Vermont	332,205	332,286	330,551
Massachusetts	2,233,407	1,783,085	1,457,351
Rhode Island	345,343	276,531	217,353
Connecticut	745,861	622,700	537,454
New York	5,981,934	5,082,871	4,382,759
New Jersey	1,441,017	1,131,116	906,096
S. Atlantic Div.	8,836,759	7,597,197	5,853,610
West Virginia	760,448	618,457	442,014
Delaware	167,871	146,608	125,015
Maryland	1,040,431	934,943	780,894
Dist. Columbia	229,796	177,624	131,700
Virginia	1,648,911	1,512,565	1,225,163
North Carolina	1,617,340	1,399,750	1,071,361
South Carolina	1,147,161	995,577	705,606
Georgia	1,834,366	1,542,180	1,184,109
Florida	390,435	269,493	187,748
North'n Cen. Div.	22,322,151	17,364,111	12,981,111
Ohio	3,666,719	3,198,062	2,665,260
Indiana	2,189,030	1,978,301	1,680,637
Illinois	3,818,536	3,077,871	2,539,891
Michigan	2,089,792	1,636,937	1,184,059
Wisconsin	1,683,697	1,315,497	1,054,670
Minnesota	1,300,017	780,773	439,706
Iowa	1,906,729	1,624,615	1,194,020
Missouri	2,677,080	2,168,380	1,721,295
North Dakota	182,425	36,909	14,181
South Dakota	327,848	98,268	
Nebraska	1,056,793	452,402	122,993
Kansas	1,423,485	996,096	364,399
South. Cent. Div.	10,948,253	8,919,371	6,434,410
Kentucky	1,855,436	1,648,690	1,321,011
Tennessee	1,763,723	1,542,359	1,258,520
Alabama	1,508,073	1,262,505	996,992
Mississippi	1,284,887	1,131,597	827,922
Louisiana	1,116,828	939,946	726,915
Texas	2,232,220	1,159,749	818,579
Indian Territory	....	....	....
Oklahoma	61,701	....	....
Arkansas	1,125,385	802,525	484,471
Western Division	3,008,948	1,767,697	990,510
Montana	131,769	39,159	20,159
Wyoming	60,589	20,789	9,118
Colorado	410,975	194,327	39,864
New Mexico	144,862	119,565	91,878
Arizona	59,691	40,440	9,658
Utah	206,498	143,963	86,786
Nevada	44,327	62,266	42,491
Idaho	84,229	32,610	14,999
Alaska	....	....	....
Washington	349,516	75,116	23,955
Oregon	312,490	174,768	90,923
California	1,204,002	864,694	560,247

Continuing, Mr. Porter says:

The general law governing the increase of population is, that when not disturbed by extraneous causes, such as wars, pestilences, immigration, emigration, etc., increase of population goes on at a continually diminishing rate. The operation of this law in this country has been interfered with in recent years by the late war, which, besides the destruction of a vast number of lives, decreased the birth-rate very materially during its progress. It was followed by an increased birth-rate, as is invariably the case under similar circumstances. The normal rate of increase has been, and is greatly interfered with also by immigration, and it is difficult to estimate the effect of this upon our rate of increase. Approximation to it may, however, be reached by the following process:

Between 1880 and 1890, 5,246,613 immigrants entered this country. Of these a part have returned to their homes or migrated elsewhere. A considerable proportion, probably one-eighth, have died. On the other hand, children have been born to them, and it is probable that the births have counterbalanced the deaths and the emigration, so that the net influence which immigration has exerted upon our population is approximately expressed by the number of immigrants. Subtracting this number from the numerical increase during the past decade there remains a trifle over 7,000,000 to represent the actual increase of the inhabitants of this country in 1880. The rate of natural increase is therefore not far from 14 per cent.

Similar calculations for the population in 1880 and the decade preceding would, of course, be valueless on account of the imperfections of the census of 1870.

The following table, showing the rates of increase during the last three decades in the South Atlantic and Southern central states, illustrates the imperfections of the census of 1870 in a somewhat startling manner:

	1860 to 1870.	Per cent of increase 1870 to 1880.	1880 to 1890.
Virginia (A)	4.4	23.5	9.0
North Carolina	7.9	30.6	15.5
South Carolina	0.3	41.1	15.2
Georgia	12.0	30.2	18.9
Alabama	3.4	26.6	19.4
Mississippi	4.6	36.7	13.5
Louisiana	2.7	29.3	18.8
Kentucky	14.3	24.8	12.5
Tennessee	13.4	22.5	14.4

(A)—Of Virginia and West Virginia together.

THE PROGRESSIVE STATES

Are Those Sailing Under the Republican Banner.

A comparison of states which went Republican in 1888, with states which went Democratic, shows the relative increase of population since 1880 to have been as follows: Republican states, increase 8,007,468; Democratic states, increase, 4,210,206.

The bill now pending in Congress provides for reapportionment on a basis of one representative for 180,000 population. Superintendent Porter, six weeks ago, furnished estimates of population. Before these estimates Mr. Dunnell drafted his bill. He provided for a House to be composed of 354 members.

But Superintendent Porter, as it turns out, overestimated the population by nearly two millions. If Congress decides to retain the Dunnell basis of 180,000, the House of Representatives elected in 1892 will consist of 344 instead of 454 members. Six states will each lose a member as compared with their present representation.

They are Indiana, Kentucky, New York, Ohio, South Carolina and Virginia. This is a result calculated to make New York Democrats feel worse than ever over their failure to get a recount. Besides losing a member, New York will have an unrepresented fraction of 41,934 in her new apportionment. If a recount would add 230,000, as claimed, it would mean two more congressmen to New York.

There is trouble for the Democracy in every phase of this new census. Take the unrepresented fractions. Twenty-three states will have excess or unrepresented fractions, if 180,000 is used as the basis of representation. Thirteen of them are Democratic states. The aggregate of these unrepresented fractions of Democratic states is over 600,000 people. On the other hand the ten Republican states, which have fractions less than a moiety of 180,000, show about 350,000 in the aggregate to go unrepresented. Democrats will be sure to have spasms over being euchered out of four Representatives by this basis of 180,000.

The unrepresented fractions or excess of population are shown in the following table:

States.	Excess population.	States.	Excess population.
Alabama	68,073	Montana	No excess
Arkansas	45,385	Nebraska	No excess
California	No excess	Nevada	No excess
Colorado	50,975	N. Hamps're	12,387
Connectic't	25,861	New Jersey	1,017
Delaware	No excess	New York	41,934
Florida	30,435	N. Carolina	No excess
Georgia	34,366	N. Dakota	No excess
Idaho	No excess	Ohio	66,719
Illinois	38,536	Oregon	No excess
Indiana	29,030	Pennsylv'ia	28,574
Iowa	No excess	Rhode Isl'd	No excess
Kansas	No excess	S. Carolina	67,161
Kentucky	55,436	S. Dakota	No excess
Louisiana	36,828	Tennessee	No excess
Maine	No excess	Texas	72,720
Maryland	No excess	Vermont	No excess
Massach'tts	72,407	Virginia	28,911
Michigan	No excess	Washing'n	No excess
Minnesota	40,017	W. Virginia	40,448
Mississippi	24,887	Wisconsin	63,697
Missouri	No excess	Wyoming	No excess

It will be observed that the state which makes the best gain is Nebraska. That state doubles her former representation. Of the fourteen states which gain one or more Congressmen ten are Republican. Here again is provocation for Democratic wrath. The only Democratic states given increased representation are Arkansas, Missouri, New Jersey and Texas, one each. California, Colorado, Illinois, Kansas, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Washington and Wisconsin get one new Congressman apiece; Minnesota obtains two new members, and Nebraska three.

An apportionment on the Dunnell basis of 180,000 gives an Electoral College of 432 votes. Under this the electoral vote necessary to elect will be 217. Classifying the states as they cast their electoral votes in 1888 the political statistician finds some interesting comparisons in the new census. If the states should vote in 1892 as they did in 1888 the result would be as follows:

Republican states' electoral vote of 1892: California 9, Colorado 4, Illinois 23, Indiana 14, Iowa 13, Kansas 10, Maine 6, Massachusetts 14, Michigan 14, Minnesota 9, Nebraska 8, Nevada 3, New Hampshire 4, New York 35, Ohio 22, Oregon 4, Pennsylvania 31, Rhode Island 4, Vermont 4, Wisconsin 12. Total 243.

Democratic states' electoral vote in 1892: Alabama 10, Arkansas 8, Connecticut 6, Delaware 3, Florida 4, Georgia 12, Kentucky 12, Louisiana 9, Maryland 8, Mississippi 9, Missouri 17, New Jersey 10, North Carolina 11, South Carolina 8, Tennessee 12, Texas 14, Virginia 11, West Virginia, 6. Total 169.

New states' electoral vote in 1892: Idaho 3, Montana 3, North Dakota 3, South Dakota 4, Washington 4, Wyoming 3. Total 20.

The Republicans would have 26 more than a majority without taking into account the new states. Now let the electoral vote of New York be transferred from the Republican to the Democratic column. The result is 204, which is 13 short of the necessary majority. New York is no longer pivotal to the Republicans. It can be spared without loss of the Presidency. To win, the Democrats must carry the Solid South, Connecticut, New Jersey, New York and Indiana. The margin then would be only one more than a majority.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

COAST DEFENSES NEEDED.

Gen. Miles Says the Demand for Them Is Urgent and Imperative.

General Miles says that the subject of coast defense is the most important military question now before the people, yet there appears to be less information upon it and less interest taken than in any other national question. He feels that Congress and the executive is powerless, unless prompted and sustained by intelligent public sentiment and therefore proceeds to state the truth about our unfortunate condition.

He speaks of the mistaken belief that in case of threatened hostilities ample time will always be given to prepare for war. History shows us the reverse. Only in exceptional cases has a declaration of war preceded hostilities.

At the rate of progress we are now making it would require from fifteen to twenty years to put our coasts in proper condition for defense, and in the meantime much of the wealth of the country is in jeopardy and at the mercy of any fourth-rate or fifth-rate naval power.

The recent practice maneuvers of the English navy demonstrated the fact that their powerful navy could not defend even the limited coast of that island, and it is useless to suppose that any navy we can construct can defend our extensive sea coast. Land batteries are far more economical than armored ships as means of defense.

In conclusion Gen. Miles recommends that sites for coast defenses be secured without delay; that a gun foundry be established on the Pacific coast, and that one-fourth of the appropriation required for coast defense be made every year for the next four years.

CHILI IS WITH US.

Patrick Egan Writes On the Commercial Feeling.

The department of State, on Oct. 30, received a dispatch from Patrick Egan, United States minister to Chili, as follows:

"I have the honor to inform you that in the course of an interview which I have had with the president of the republic, his excellency expressed the most cordial approval of the several propositions which emanated from the international American conference on the subjects of banking, uniform customs, customs regulations, an international bureau for dissemination of information concerning the American republic, uniform weights and measures, uniform sanitary regulations, an inter-continental railway and especially of the proposed adoption of a common silver coin for circulation in all of the American republics."

Steel Statistics.

The census bureau has issued a preliminary report on the production of steel in the United States during the year ended June 30, 1890, prepared by Dr. William M. Sweet, special agent, under the direction of Mr. Frank R. Williams, expert special agent of the division of manufactures.

The report shows that the total production of steel in the United States during the year ended June 30, 1890, was 4,466,926 tons, of 2,000 pounds, as compared with 1,145,711 tons produced during the year ended May 31, 1880, an increase of 3,321,215 tons or 290 per cent.

In ten years, from 1880 to 1890, the production of Bessemer steel ingots and direct castings has increased from 985,208 tons to 3,788,572 tons; open-hearth steel from 84,302 tons to 504,351 tons, and crucible steel from 76,201 tons to 85,536 tons. No Clapp-Griffiths or Robert-Bessemer steel was made in the census year 1880, as there were no works in existence in this country at that time. During the year ended June 30, 1890, the production of Clapp-Griffith's steel in the United States was 83,963 tons, and the production of Robert-Bessemer steel was 4,504 tons.

The United States now leads all other countries in the manufacture of Bessemer steel, the output during the year ended June 30, 1890, amounting to 2,036,654 tons, an increase of 1,295,179 tons over the production of the year ended May 31, 1880. In the manufacture of Basic steel this country has made a promising beginning, the production of this kind of steel during the year ended June 30, 1890, amounting to 62,173 tons.

Mrs. Harrison Accepts.

Mrs. Harrison has accepted the presidency of the Washington committee, which is earnestly at work endeavoring to secure funds for the endowment of the medical school of the Johns Hopkins University, in order that women may be admitted on equal terms with men. The trustees of the university have extended an invitation to the ladies of the local committees in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Washington to a lunch and inspection of the hospital. Mrs. Harrison was asked to name the date for this visit, and selected November 14.

PUBLIC DEBT STATEMENT.

A Decrease During the Month of Over Three Million Dollars.

The following is a recapitulation of the public debt for the month of October:

Interest-bearing debt:

Bonds at 4½ per cent	$ 63,979,850
Bonds at 4 per cent	568,203,850
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	99,690
Aggregate of interest-bearing debt, exclusive of U. S. bonds issued to Pacific railroads	$ 632,283,390
Debt on which interest has ceased since maturity	1,708,635

Debt bearing no interest:

Legal tender notes	$ 346,681,016
Old demand notes	56,032

National Bank Notes:

Redemption account, (Deposited in Treasury under act July 14, 1890)	54,796,857
Fractional currency, less $8,375,934 estimated as lost or destroyed	6,910,626
Aggregate of debt bearing no interest, including National Bank fund deposited in Treasury under act of July 14, 1890	$ 408,444,532

Certificates issued on deposits of gold and silver coin and legal tender notes:

Gold certificates	$ 174,656,669	
Silver certificates	310,649,374	
Currency certificates	6,930,000	
Treasury notes of 1890	13,949,000	
Aggregate of certificates offset by cash in the Treasury		$ 506,185,043
Aggregate of debt, including certificates and notes Oct. 31, 1890		$1,548,621,600
Decrease of bonded debt during the month		7,656,922

Cash in Treasury—reserved for the following purposes:

For redemption of U. S. notes, acts January 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	$ 100,000,000
For redemption of gold certificates issued	174,656,669
For redemption of silver certificates issued	310,649,374
For redemption of currency certificates issued	6,930,000
For redemption of treasury notes, act of July 14, 1890	13,949,000
For matured debt, accrued interest and interest due and unpaid	7,328,404
Total cash reserve for above purposes	$ 613,513,447

Available for other purposes:

Fractional silver, fractional currency and minor coin not full legal tender	$ 19,728,196
Net cash balance, including $54,297,975, National Bank fund deposited in the Treasury under act of July 14, 1890	48,074,836
Total	$ 681,316,480
Debt less cash in the Treasury Oct. 31, 1890	867,305,120
Debt less cash in the Treasury Sept. 30, 1890	870,973,132
Net decrease of debt during the month	$ 3,668,012

Bonds issued in aid of the construction of the several Pacific railroads and interest paid thereon by the United States and condition of Pacific railroad sinking fund, created by act of May 7, 1878:

Principal outstanding	$ 64,623,512
Interest accrued and not yet paid	1,292,470
Interest paid by the United States	86,363,968

Interest repaid by companies:

By transportation service	$ 22,994,749

By cash payments:

Five per cent net earnings	$ 1,103,619
Balance of interest paid by the United States	62,265,599

Sinking Fund:

Bonds	$ 12,982,950
Cash	358
Total	$12,983,308

Are Slow to Act.

The navy department is moving with great circumspection in the matter of adopting nickel steel armor for its vessels. The Annapolis tests appeared to be conclusive as to the merits of the particular nickel steel plate by comparison with the all-steel and compound plates, but the ordnance bureau has not yet been entirely convinced that it should proceed at once to adopt the alloyed plate as the standard.

The Man Seeks the Office.

News from Alaska says: The election for delegate in the United States Congress from Alaska has resulted in favor of Capt. Jas. Carroll, of the steamship Queen. Such a seat does not as yet exist, but the convention, recently held, passed resolutions asking Congress to accord to Alaska a seat in that body.

Financial Statistics.

A statement prepared at the Treasur department shows that during October there was a net increase of $924,908 in circulation, principally in gold coin, and a decrease of $10,176,527 in money and bullion in the treasury. The amount of the new treasury notes in circulation is $11,467,351.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE NEW W. C. T. U.

A Call Issued for the Meeting Next Month.

The following call for a national convention of the non-Partisan National Woman's Christian Temperance union has been made, dated Oct. 30, from Cleveland, O.

To the Non-partisan Temperance Women of the Nation:—A little over nine months ago the reasons for an uncompromised, unequivocal and untrammeled National organization of temperance women were given to the people at large, followed soon after by a rallying call, not only to the members of Non-partisan Women's Christian Temperance unions, and members of other unions opposed to the partisan alliance, "but to women outside of these organizations who are in sympathy with our principles and methods," to attend a mass convention in Cleveland, O., Jan 22, 23 and 24, 1890.

This convention was attended by women from all states and the District of Columbia, and its outcome was the organization of the Non-Partisan National W. C. T. U. In obedience to a provision of the constitution adopted at this convention, which stipulates that "this association shall meet annually in the month of November," we call upon the delegates from all auxiliary state unions chosen upon the basis of one for every 100 paying members, and delegates from unorganized states and territories on the basis of "one delegate for every 100 members or fraction over 50," to assemble in Allegheny City, Pa., to transact the business pertaining to the first regular meeting of the Non-Partisan National Woman's Christian Temperance union.

To this meeting we invite all women in earnest sympathy with us, even if they cannot constitutionally be members of the convention because lacking the required constituency.

Let all who believe with us that alliance with any party whatsoever tends to hinder, if not defeat, genuine temperance work, feel themselves specially invited to this first regular meeting. This discussion of vital questions will be helpful to all, dispel the mists that befog so many minds.

The reasons which led to this separate organization still exist, although this movement has led the parent society and many of its auxiliaries to repudiate partnership by official utterances and otherwise, the facts remain the same, and the necessity of a new rallying center for the non-partisan temperance women of the nation has been farther emphasized in the experiences of the year.

Our platform is broad enough for all. Neither denominational creeds nor party preferences are a test of membership or of loyalty in in the new organization; total abstinence from all intoxicating beverages, fealty to gospel temperance work, and the payment of dues is the simple basis on which we unite for the extinction of the deadly enemy against which we are arrayed.

The non-partisan policy has just received triumphant vindication in Iowa by a vote of 315 to 63 in favor of severing its auxiliaryship to the partisan National union. Pennsylvania held, October 22, one of the most notable conventions on record in that wide-awake state, bringing together representatives from more local unions than the old organization had at the end of the first six years of its existence. Maine has attained remarkable growth in six months, and the work gathers momentum "as the days are going by." Ohio has added nearly half to its former membership within the year.

These facts go to show that the non-partisan movement struck a responsive chord in this country which will continue to vibrate till a great army is enrolled under its standard to hasten the emancipation of America from bondage to drink. The principle, no partisanship in temperance work, but the fullest liberty of the organization for the exercise of individual political preferences and rights, commends itself to fair-minded men and women in the country at large. Come, therefore, one and all, not only delegates from organized states and unions at large, but any woman who believes in our platform and principles, come to the National convention of the Non-Partisan National W. C. T. U. at Allegheny City, Pa., November 19, 20 and 21, 1890. Delegates and visitors should send their names as soon as possible to Mrs. H. C. Campbell, 187 Sandusky street, Allegheny City, Pa.

The call is signed by Ellen J. Phinny, president, and F. Jenny Duty, vice president.

THE WOMAN'S TEMPLE.

The Corner Stone Placed in Position this Afternoon.

The corner stone of the Woman's Temple, at Chicago, which is being erected by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, was laid on November 1. The exercises were opened at the Second Regiment Armory by the singing of "America," by a trained chorus of 2,000 children. Mrs. E. J. Thompson, "Mother of the Crusade," assisted by the Rev. Florence Kollock, gave the crusade psalm. This was followed by an invocation by Rev. E. P. Goodwin, D.D.; responsive scriptural reading led by Bishop Fallows and the singing of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Addresses were then delivered by Hon. Thomas W. Palmer, Hon. Neal Dow, Rev. A. H. Delano and Miss Frances E. Willard. Mrs. Matilda Carse, who projected the enterprise and is carrying it forward, gave a brief resume of the plan and progress of the work. The audience then proceeded to the site of the temple on the corner of Monroe and La Salle streets.

After the children had sung the song "Saloons Must Go," written by Miss Willard for the occasion, Rev. Herrick Johnson made the dedicatory prayer. Then, with a delicately wrought silver trowel, Mrs. Carse laid the corner stone, while the great chorus of children sang "Rise, Temple Rise."

The building, when completed, is to be a superb structure in French Gothic style, costing $1,100,000. It will be thirteen stories high, and from the center of the Gothic turrets will spring a fleche of solid gold bronze seventy feet high, surmounted by the figure of a woman that stands with outstretched hands and upturned face as if in prayer. The finances of the undertaking are on a firm basis, as $600,000 of stock has been sold and the remaining amount will be raised by bonds.

CARRIED BY THE CAT.

A Whole Family Stricken Down by Diphtheria Brought by a Cat.

The family of Robert Paul, at Middleton, Wiscosin, has been afflicted by diphtheria which was brought into the house in a singular manner. About four weeks ago a stray cat came to their home, and one of the children handled and played with it. Although it was noticed at the time that it discharged at the nose and mouth, nothing was thought of it until soon after when the little boy came down with black diphtheria of the most malignant kind that the doctor said he had caught from the cat. The boy died, then a second took the disease and died. The father, mother and daughter were also stricken down and recovered.

Allen, the only remaining son and support of his parents, cared for them all through their terrible sickness, holding one of the boys when dying, and preparing them for their last resting place with his own hands. When the others were recovering, he was taken down and died.

WEDDED BESIDE A BIER.

A Father's Deathbed Request Faithfully Carried Out.

A weird wedding was solemnized at Williamspvrt, Pa., on the 16th, the circumstances of which have only just became known outside the families concerned. Professor Fleming, a young Pittsburg musician, was engaged to Miss Blanche Lynn, a wealthy resident of this city.

While in Philadelphia he received a telegram from Miss Lynn stating that her father was dangerously ill. Prof. Fleming hurried here and found Judge Lynn on his death bed. The dying man expressed an earnest desire that the wedding should take place before his death, but as that was now impossible he ejoined them to have the ceremony performed before his body was removed from the house. A few minutes later he expired. On the day of the funeral, in accordance with the father's last wishes, Miss Blanche and Prof. Fleming joined hands at the head of the coffin, where they could look upon the face of the dead, and were married.

MUST NOT DISCRIMINATE.

A Stock Shipping Firm Secures a Judgment Against the Rock Island.

The Iowa Supreme court has affirmed the decision of the Jasper District court giving Cooke & Wheeler, stock dealers of Newton, judgment against the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railroad for $2,750. The case is important to stock dealers generally.

The Rock Island was in the habit of giving certain favored shippers a secret rebate on freight paid on each car. Cooke & Wheeler proved the existence of this rebate system and the court held that it was an unjust discrimination and that the plaintiffs had been overcharged an amount on each car they shipped equal to the rebate given to other parties.

MARRIED THE COACHMAN.

Lizzie Phelps, With a Cool Hundred Thousand, Makes a Peculiar Choice.

On Oct. 30, Miss Lizzie Phelps, a society belle and heiress who lives near Binghamton, New York, was married to William Slattery, the family coachman. Miss Phelps is a niece of the late Judge Sherman D. Phelps, concerning whom and whose relatives there has been unlimited newspaper gossip.

The bride, who is one of three sisters, is about 27 years of age and is worth $100,000. The groom is illiterate, but of good appearance. He states that Capt. L. L. Omstead, of the Twentieth separate company, has threatened to shoot him if the marriage occurs.

TO THE SUPREME COURT.

The B. C. A. Case Goes Up for Immediate Hearing.

The parties to the injuction suit against Mayor Mosby, of Cincinnati, to prevent him from appointing the members of the newly-created board of City Affairs, have agreed to take the case at once to the Supreme court for a final settlement. The petition was therefore dismissed by the Superior court and it will be heard by the Supreme court as soon as possible. Meantime it is understood the mayor's appointees who have been selected will not present their bonds for approval nor attempt to execute their functions as officers.

To Bury Gen. Crook.

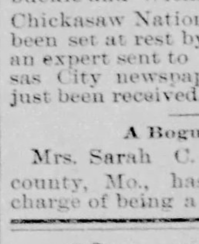
Webb Hayes, of Cleveland, son of ex-President Hayes, and Col. Corbin, of the army, will proceed to Oakland, Md., on November 10, for the purpose of accompanying the remains of the late Gen. Crook to Washington, D. C., were the remains will be interred.

Gold Up in the Mountains.

All doubts that there are rich deposits of precious metals and lead in the Arbuckle and Wichita mountains, in the Chickasaw Nation, Indian Territory, has been set at rest by the investigation of an expert sent to that region by a Kansas City newspaper, whose report has just been received.

A Bogus Pensioner.

Mrs. Sarah C. Saddler, of Stoddard county, Mo., has been arrested on a charge of being a bogus pensioner.



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THE IRISH LEADERS.

They Receive a Rousing Reception in New York.

William O'Brien, John Dillon, Timothy Harrington and T. D. Sullivan arrived at New York on Saturday morning by the steamer La Champagne. They were met down the bay by a large delegation of Irishmen on board the tug boat John E. Moore, which was chartered by the Irish societies of the city of New York.

Gen. O'Beirne, of the barge office, was in charge of the reception arrangements. The La Champagne was sighted early in the morning off Fire Island, and she arrived at quarantine shortly after 7 o'clock.

When La Champagne was sighted Mr. O'Brien was the first passenger to be distinguished. The reception committee cheered him and he waved his hat in response. Then Mr. Sullivan came forward to the railing of the vessel and all on board the tug cheered vociferously. The passengers all crowded to the port side of the La Champagne to see what the cheering was about, until the officers of the vessel had to order them back. Gen. O'Bierne went on board and he was followed by nearly everyone else until the tugboat was deserted.

The Irish representatives held a levee on board. They inquired for T. P. Gill, M. P., who is stopping at the Fifth Avenue hotel, and were told that he had arranged to meet them at the Hoffman house at 2 o'clock. Mr. O'Brien was accompanied by his wife, and Mr. Sullivan was accompanied by Mrs. Sullivan. All were in excellent health, and declared that they had enjoyed the ocean voyage.

When the steamer landed at her pier the distinguished Irishmen were driven to the Hoffman house, where they made arrangements with the committees to address meetings throughout the country, at which subscriptions will be taken up for the Irish National league.

TO BUILD A CITY.

The Armour Syndicate is Going to Flock by Itself.

The details of an immense deal in real estate by the great packing firms of Armour & Co., Swift & Co., and Morris & Co., were made public at Chicago on November 1. They have purchased 3,600 acres of land at the southern end of Lake Michigan, in Lake county, Indiana, and will remove their immense plants to that point, where they will establish a vast manufacturing center.

The business of these three firms alone amounts to about $150,000,000 per annum, and it is estimated that others in the same and similar lines of business who will be drawn there will, within the next five years, gather at that point a population of 150,000 souls.

The Calumet river runs through the heart of the tract and will furnish vast dockage facilities in direct connection with Lake Michigan, which is one of the special advantages sought by the projectors of the enterprise, while, at the same time, the railroad facilities are perfect.

The new town will have its own water supply, at greatly reduced rates, and the plant will be relieved of a heavy burden of city taxation. In addition to these advantages, it is said that natural gas will be brought into the new town, whose use as fuel will further cheapen the cost of operating the great plants.

COLLISION AT SEA.

Both Vessels Sink in a Few Minutes—Loss of Life.

The captain of the steamer Humboldt, from South American ports, which arrived at New York on October 31, day, reports that at 6 o'clock that morning, six miles west of Barnegat, he sighted a wreck, and bore down to it. The wrecked vessel proved to be the steamer Vizcaya, which sailed on the 30th for Havana.

He saw several persons in the rigging and sent a boat to their rescue. The chief and second officer, surgeon, one engineer and eight of the crew were taken off and brought here. The persons rescued state that on the evening of the 30th inst., at 8 o'clock, the steamer was run into by a four-masted, coal laden schooner, supposed to be bound to the northward. Both vessels sank within five minutes. One colored boy was taken ashore by the schooner's boat, and landed at Barnegat.

Capt. Cumill, of the Vizcaya, was drowned, as were also a part of her crew, in all about 61 persons. The four passengers of the Vizcaya were all lost. They were a Cuban millionaire, his wife and two children.

The captain and crew of the schooner (eighteen men) are supposed to be lost. The survivors are unable to give the particulars of the collision or its cause.

NICARAGUA CANAL.

Work is Progressing Rapidly—To Be Completed in Four Years.

Max Raber, a member of the engineering staff of the Nicaragua Canal Construction company, is in St. Louis on leave of absence. He says that the work upon the canal from the entrance at Greytown has progressed into the interior about thirteen and one-half miles, to what is known as the divide cut.

A railroad running ten miles into the country has been built by the company from Greytown through the swamps to the divide cut for transporting its men and material. It is built entirely upon the corduroy pontoons of felled tree logs. The work at the rock divide cut is the most difficult of all, as it is through the solid rock. The balance of the construction will be comparative easy to the Pacific coast, and will be pushed as rapidly as possible. The canal will be completed and open for traffic in the next four years.

Buried the Wrong Man.

At Genessee, N. Y., October 29, the supposed body of Roman Leach, a former resident of Genesee, was brought to that place from Chicago for burial. During the funeral services at the cemetery the bearers and others thought they heard moans proceeding from it. After the friends had departed they opened the coffin, and were horrified to find that the remains were not those of Leach, nor did the body look like him in any way. The body was shipped under the name of Fred Leach, and probably it was a mistake in shipment.

Iowa Farmers.

The names of more than 700 delegates appear on the roll at the Iowa state convention of the Farmers' Alliance, held at Des Moines, Oct. 31. The principal business was the election of officers. Many candidates appeared for each position, and several ballots were necessary in most cases. The following officers were elected: J. B. Furrow, Tama county, (re elected president; Wm. Blaine, Marion county, vice president; Aug. Post, Appanoose county, (re-elected) secretary; C. Powell, Appanoose county, treasurer.

Insane From Smoking Cigarettes.

Stephen Butler, the young man who entered a jewelry store in the Coleman house, New York, on Tuesday and purchased $1,100 worth of jewelry, paying for it with a check for $800, purporting to be signed by Acker, Merrill & Condit, was held for trial on a charge of forgery. Butler's parents are wealthy. He is insane from the excessive smoking of cigarettes and the eating of coffee beans. It is probable that this will be his defense on trial, and if acquitted he will be sent to a lunatic asylum.

A Portuguese Deal.

The Lisbon correspondent of the London *News* says that the Portuguese government has granted to a syndicate a monopoly on the importation of wheat, and that it has reduced the import duties on wheat in exchange for an annual payment from the syndicate to the state treasury.

Nothing Left to Sell.

The notice that the government would sell the swamp and railroad indemnity lands in the vicinity of Euclaire, Wisconsin, on November 10 next, has led to the discovery that all the indemnity lands have been stripped of their timber and are valueless.

A Raffle is a Lottery.

Postmaster Ritchie, of Leavenworth, Kan., on Oct. 31 excluded from the mails the entire edition of the Leavenworth *Times* because it contained a list of articles won at a raffle at a Catholic church fair during the early part of the week.

WILLIAM OF HOLLAND

Is Declared Incapable of Governing, and a Regency Formed.

At the session of the Dutch parliament, on Oct. 30, the question regarding the fitness of the King to govern, in view of the condition of his majesty's health, was put to vote in accordance with the section of the constitution providing for a declaration by parliament in the event of the king becoming incapacitated.

By a vote of 109 to 5 parliament declared that his majesty was incapable of governing, and the council of state was temporarily invested with regal powers.

The cause of the present deplorable condition, both mental and physical, of Holland's king may be summed up in one word—women. Upon them he lavished wealth, honor and his own dignity, if he ever possessed such a thing, and the result is that he is a tottering wreck upon the verge of the grave. Few can foretell what his death means to one of the greatest kingdoms of Europe. True, he has been a mere figurehead for some years, yet the power of the government was in his hands, and was carefully guarded by his most trusted henchmen.

William III. was born in 1817, and in 1839 was united in marriage to the Princess Sophia, of Wurtemburg, who was a year his junior. The history of that union is well known. The princess, though not beautiful, was intellectual and cultured. She adored literature and politics; William hated both. She desired to make the Hague a center of intellectual influence; William opposed it. For ten years this discord continued, when Sophia was made queen of the lower countries, and the result was that the court was divided into two openly declared parties—that of the king and that of the queen. In 1877 William became a widower, and, as the mental condition of his son was in a bad state, he readily saw that the crown of Holland was threatened with extinction. He looked about for a wife, and, two years later, he married Princess Emma, of Waldeck-Pyrmont, the result of this union being the Princess Henrietta, the present heiress to the throne.

William's most sensational liaison was with the notorious Mme. Eliza Musard, wife of the famous bandmaster of Paris, and later of the United States. Upon this woman William showered money and valuables of every description. He made little or no attempt at secrecy, and the matter was the talk of all Europe. Her equipages were the finest in Paris, and she maintained her husband in luxury. William frequently visited her at Paris incognito and she returned the visits. In 1871, finding that she had amassed a colossal fortune, Mme. Musard bade farewell to her aged lover, and with her husband, whom she loved exclusively, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, she started in to enjoy life. At the age of 37 she was stricken with blindness, and a few years ago died a raving maniac in a private asylum.

The successor to Mme. Musard in the affections of the aged rascal was a French woman named Mlle. Emilie Ambre, who had led a checkered career. She was very extravagant in her demands, and so thoroughly did she play upon the susceptible nature of William that his worthy subjects took the matter in their own hands and expelled the frail but fair adventuress from their territory. She was the sovereign's last caprice before he married the Princess Emma, and became respectable and venerable. Mlle. Ambre is still living in the provinces, and is reported as poor as the proverbial church mouse.

SIMPLY A LUNATIC.

Holland's King is Not a Physical Wreck, as Reported.

It has transpired that the statements made regarding the condition of the King of Holland by the doctors and the ministers were untrue. The king's physical health is good, but he is suffering from a mental malady, which renders him unfit to govern. In other words he is a lunatic. The statements that he was physically ill were made simply to delude the general public and to explain the necessity of the appointment of a regency.

STANLEY'S REAR GUARD.

The Explorer Tells Some Very Hard Stories About Barttelot.

In an interview published in the London *Telegraph* on Oct. 30, Mr. Stanley still indulges in innuendoes, evading the charge that he left the scum of his men with Major Barttelot, and declares that the bad state of the rear column was due to occurrences too horrible to describe in all their barbarity.

Being asked what caused the wholesale deaths there, Mr. Stanley excitedly asserted that he saw men with holes in their bodies alive with maggots. In answer to Troup's charges Mr. Stanley asked whether, if they were true, his own return would have caused enthusiasm and revived hopes in the rear column as it did.

He accuses Troup of jealousy and ambition, and says the failure of the officers to protest against Barttelot's action in order to justify themselves, compelled him to include all four in the same condemnation. Mr. Stanley adds: "They wanted all the blame to fall on Barttelot." Mr. Stanley says he possesses letters of sixteen pages from Troup, containing matter which it is impossible to publish, and that Troup refuses to modify it. In reply to the charge that he sought fame and riches, Mr. Stanley says that he spend £12,000 on the expedition before the start was made and distributed £3,000 among the members of the expedition on their return for the admirable services they rendered during the African trip. After describing in a graphic manner the death of Major Barttlelot, he concluded by emphatically declaring that he knew nothing of the alleged immorality in the rear column and that the trouble was something entirely different.

JEALOUS OF STANLEY.

Captain Stanhope's View of the Two Explorers.

Capt. Stanhope, who recently arrived in Chicago from Africa, was interviewed regarding the Stanley-Barttelot unpleasantness. Stanhope, while saying he was not familiar with the trouble between the two men, was inclined to side strongly with Stanley. He said that the highest officials in Africa have always thought Stanley a much superior man to Barttelot.

"It is understood," said Stanhope, "that Major Barttelot was never the equal of Stanley, who made new passages through untried countries, while Barttelot only traversed the beaten paths of other explorers. It is sheer nonsense to accept as truth the story that Stanley did not provide every possible means to facilitate Maj. Barttelot's progress. Stanley is known in Africa to have accepted every situation under equal conditions with his men. Successes and privations were shared alike. The great secret of it all is that Maj. Barttelot is insanely jealous of Stanley."

PETERS AND STANLEY.

The Great Explorer Has Evidently Made Many Enemies.

In an article in the November number of the London *Contemporary Review*, Dr. Peters, who claims to be authorized by Emin Bey, asserts that Mr. Stanley more than once threatened to force Emin to accompany him to the coast. Dr. Peters says that when delivering the offer of King Leopold, of Belgium, to Emin, he urged the latter not to accept it, telling him that the authorities of the Congo state had a bad way of hinting and that King Leopold had treated him (Peters) badly. Dr. Peters further accuses Mr. Stanley of drinking wine with his dinner, served in European fashion, while the others at the same table were without wine, and ate negro fare.

Favorable to Barttelot.

Herbert Ward, who was a member of the Stanley expedition, says he knows nothing about the alleged facts upon which Stanley based his insinuations. He lived with Barttelot many months and was unaware of anything that would detract from his character as an officer and as a gentleman.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY,
BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Bilious and Nervous Disorders.
"Worth a Guinea a Box" but sold
for 25 Cents,
BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Found Superior to all others in Strength and Leavening Power.—*U. S. Government Report*, 1889.

Light Sweet Wholesome Bread
Delicious Pastry

POSTSCRIPT.

THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS.

The Next House Democratic—The "Off Year" in National Politices.

The election news, up to Wednesday morning, indicate that the next House of Representatives will have a Democratic majority. The "off year" in federal politics—the elections half-way through a Presidential term—are often against the party in power, and this year is no exception.

It will be remembered that, in 1886, the the Democratic majority in the House was largely reduced. The Republican gain, however, was not enough to overcome the large Democratic majority. The change this year is probably no greater than it was in 1886, but the Republican majority in the House is smaller, and hence the change in control.

At this hour it is believed that McKinley is re-elected to Congress, and that ex-Gov. Foster, of Ohio, is also. The infamous Democrutic gerrymander in Ohio has resulted in an increased number of Democratic Representatives in this state, but not so many as they schemed to obtain.

The Republican state ticket in Ohio is elected by a good majority.

The Farmers' Alliance has developed considerable strength in the West, to the detriment of the Republicans.

A TERRIBLE SCOURGE.

Startling Revelations Concerning the Afflicted Poor of Westphalia.

Westphalia has heretofore been considered free from the bane of abject poverty, with the exception, at least, of the mining districts, but we have now received a report which outdoes everything previously heard of, even in the typhus-stricken districts which are ruled by the Duke of Raliibor. Westphalia sends every year 700 men, women and children to the colony for epileptics at Bethea, and pays 170,000 marks for their maintenance.

Statistics show that this terrible disease is brought on by insufficient, or poor quality of food. In view of these heart-rending facts, the question is pertinent whether nething can be done to relieve Westphalia of this yearly growing affliction, and it has been pointed out that the revenue spent by the government in supplying the sick poor of the province, if capitalized, would be sufficient to combat the causes of this disease. At the present time the colony of Bethea consists of 2,000 epileptics, of whom 700 are Westphalians.

A CRAFT WITH A HOODOO.

Terrible Experience of the Crew of a Recent Boston Arrival.

The iron steamship Resturion, hailing from Liverpool, under charter of the Furness line, has arrived here from Java with a cargo of 2,200 tons of sugar. She was two weeks overdue, having been 62 days out. At Java fever broke out among her crew, six of whom died. At Port Said six of the crew were sent ashore with fever and at Aden six more were sent to the hospital.

A number of Arabs and Chinese were shipped to work the vessel to Boston. They were not thorough sailors and the ship was handled with difficulty. On Monday last, about 6 p. m., when 200 miles south of Grand Banks, the vessel shipped a heavy sea which threw William Hughes, the steward, against the cabin door, crushing his hip. The next day gangrene set in. Hughes was taken to the Massachusetts general hospital. He is not expected to live.

HALF A MILLION.

San Francisco Has a Very Costly Conflagration.

The origin of a fire which destroyed the Burlington hotel at San Francisco on Nov. 3, and badly damaged the Grand hotel, remains unknown. The only insurance on the block was $25,000, which was held by the owners of the Burlington. J. P. Martin, the agent of the Sharon estate, which owns the property said there was not a dollar of insurance on the Grand. The heaviest losers are the Burlington Hotel building and furniture, $90,000; the Grand Hotel building and furniture, $75,000; Huete Bros. stock, $50,000; O. P. Downing, loss to stock, $20,000. The total loss is estimated at between a quarter and half million; insurance light.

To Fight the Whisky Ring.

For some time there have been murmurs of discontent among the whisky dealers of St. Louis and rumors of rebellion have been rife. Many wholesale dealers and jobbers were quite free in their expressions of dissatisfaction with the manner in which the trust was managing the whisky making business of the country, practically controlling the business and dictating to the dealers. This rebellion has taken definite form in the incorporation of the Central distilling company.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, Nov. 4, 1890.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

Reserve, increase	$ 826,850
Loans, decrease	2,374,100
Specie, decrease	682,100
Legal tenders, increase	888,600
Deposits, decrease	2,481,400
Circulation, increase	3,600

The banks now hold $701,795 in excess of the requirements of 25 per cent. rule.

Range of New York stocks to-day, as received by Cronenberg, Chapman & King, Law building:

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Closed
Atch.	33⅞	34	33⅝	33¾
Am. Cot. Oil	....	....	....	....
Can. Sou.	52¼	53	52	53
C. C. C.	67½	67¾	67½	67¼
C., B. & Q.	90⅝	91⅛	90	90⅝
C. Gas T.	41½	42¼	41¼	41¾
Del. Hud.	....	....	....	....
Del. Lack.	143¼	143¼	143	143⅞
Erie	21⅛	21⅛	21	21
Hock. Val.	29⅝	29¾	29¼	29¾
J. C.	111	113½	111	113½
Lead Tr.	19¼	19¼	19⅛	19¼
Lake Shore	107	107½	107	107
Lou. & Nash.	76¼	77⅛	76¼	76⅞
M. C.	....	....	....	....
Mo. Pac.	68¾	69¾	68¾	69
N. E.	41	41½	41	41¼
N. P. pf'd	73¼	73⅝	73¼	73⅝
N. W.	108¼	108¾	108¼	108¾
N. Y. C.	101	101	100½	101
N. A.	33⅞	34¾	33⅞	34¼
P. M.	41⅞	47⅞	41⅞	41⅞
Pullman	....	....	....	....
R. T.	18	18¼	18	18¼
R. I.	75¼	76½	75⅞	76¼
Read.	33¾	34¾	33¾	34¼
Silver	106⅛	106¼	106¼	106¼
Sugar	64¼	64⅞	59⅞	60⅞
St. Paul	56⅝	57⅛	56⅝	56⅞
T. C. I.	....	....	....	....
T. Pac.	18	18	18	18
U. Pac.	46¼	47⅞	46⅞	47⅞
Wabash	....	....	....	....
Wab. pfd	....	....	....	....
W. U.	81¼	81¼	81⅛	81¼

Trade.

During the past week the general trade of the country was fairly good. The outlook is good for the holiday season.

THE MARKETS.

To-day's Markets.

The markets for wheat were active to-day, but lower, closing with a better feeling.

No. 2 soft red wheat closed at 101c; No. 2 white, 96½c.

December wheat, 103c, fell to 102½c, and closed at 102¾c, ¼c decline as compared with Saturday. May wheat, 108¾, 108⅝c, and to close, 108c, ¼c down.

Corn dull and steady; No. 2 cash and May, 55½c.

Oats—No. 2 nominally, 47c.

Clover seed—Fairly active and steady. Prime cash, nominally, $6.40; February opened at $4.47½ and closed at $4.45.

Prices of November and December wheat to-day:

Nov.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	....	....	....	101n
Chicago	....	....	....	100½n
New York	....	....	....	106¾n
St. Louis	97⅝	97⅝	97	97
Dec.				
Toledo	103	103	102½	102¾
Chicago	102¾	102¾	101¾	102⅞
New York	108⅝	108¾	107¾	108⅝
St. Louis	99¼	99¼	98⅝	98⅝

Gossip at J. M. Cronenberg, Chapman & King's, Law Building.

CHICAGO, Nov. 3.—Geo. Smith and Mitchell have bought about 200,000 bushels of wheat each. I should think that Brosseau and Partridge have sold about this much each. Parker has been a seller of wheat. The news so far received here rather discouraged buying by the crowd.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—The railway market is slightly firmer since the opening, despite London sales. After a sharp decline, there is better support in sugar.

Cargoes off coast, wheat very firm; cargoes on passage and for shipment, wheat at opening firm.

Mark Lane—Wheat at opening, English and foreign turn dearer.

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 3.—12:30.—Wheat steady, demand poor; holders offer moderately. Corn strong, demand poor.

The Produce Market.

Butter—Very best, 22c; choice, 18@20c.

Eggs—Steady; cold storage, 22c; fresh, 24.

Fresh Meats—Beef, 4½@6½c; veal, 5c; mutton, 8@10c; dressed hogs, $5 00@$5 50.

Hides—Cured steers', 6@7½c; cured light, 4¾@5½c; heavy steers', green, 5c; light, 3½c; No. 2, 2½@3c; grubby, 3c; calf, cured, 5½c; green, 7c; kip, green, 6c; market firm.

Poultry—Chickens, young, 12c; old, 10c; turkeys, 13c dressed.

Beans—$1 75@2 25 per bushel.

Potatoes—70c per bushel.

Provisions—Heavy mess pork, $12 50; short mess, $13 50; clear mess, $13 00; short clear mess, $13 50. Hams—Sugar cured, 18 lbs. and over, 10½c; 15 lbs. average, 11c; 12 lbs. and under, 11½c; shoulders, 7c; breakfast bacon, clear, 9c; breakfast bacon, 8½c; smoked beef, 10c. Lard—Kettle rendered, tierces, 7c; barrels, 7c; half barrels, 7c; 50 lb tins, 7c; refined lard, tierce, 6½c; 50 lb tins, 7c; clear bacon sides, 8c; bologna sausages, 6c.

General Produce.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 4.—Flour—Firm; fancy, $4 55@4 475. Wheat—Firmer, 99@99½c. Corn—Strong, 57c. Oats—Strong, higher; 49@50c. Rye—Steady. Pork—Firm, $11 75. Lard—Steady, $6 12@6 25. Bulk meats—Firm, $5 50. Bacon—Steady, $6 62½. Whisky—Firm; sales 1,116 bbls.

CHICAGO, Nov. 3.—1:15 p. m.—The closing prices on board of Trade to-day, as quoted by the *Daily Trade Bulletin*, are as follows: Wheat firm; cash 100½c; November, 100½c; December 102½c bid; May, 108c asked. Corn, steady; cash, 53½c; November, 53½c; December, 53¾c; January, 52½c; May, 55½c. Oats, steady; cash, 43½c; May, 36½c. Mess pork, steady; cash, $10 00; December, $10 00; January, $12 17½; May, $12 87½. Lard steady; cash, $6 22½; December, $6 30; January, $6 57½; May, $7. Short ribs steady; cash, $5 40@5 45; December, $5 60@5 62½; January, $5.95; May, $6 37½@6 40. Rye steady at 67c. Barley steady at 78@80c. Flax seed quiet at $1 38½. Timothy seed firm at $1 26@1 28. Butter and eggs steady. Whisky, $1 14.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—Wheat—Receipts, 158,500 bu; sales, 680,000 bu; depressed 1@1½c lower, dull; Dec., 107 15-16@108½c; May, 111 7-16@113c. Corn—Receipts, 103,300 bu; sales, 160,000 bu, dull, ½c lower; No. 2, 60½@61½c; steamer mixed, 59½c. Oats—Receipts, 139,000 bu; sales, 6,000 bu; quiet, weaker; western, 47@57c. Beef—dull, steady; plate, $7 50@$8 50; family, $9 50@$10 50. Pork—steady, quiet; mess, $11 50@$12 50; extra prime, $10 50@$11 00. Lard—quiet, easy; steam rendered, $6 52½. Butter—Receipts, 5,640 packages; good demand, firm; Western dairy, 10@17c; do creamery, 16@26c; Elgins, 26½c; imitation creamery, 11@21c. Eggs—Receipts, 5,501 packages; firm, quiet; Western, 22@23½c. Sugar—raw, dull, nominal; fair refining, 5 5-16c; centrifugals, 96c; test, 5 15-16c; refined dull, steady; crushed, 6 15-16c; powdered, 6½c; granulated, 6¼c. Spirits of turpentine, quiet, 40½@41. Molasses—quiet, steady; New Orleans common to fancy, 28@45c. Tallow—strong, quiet; city ($2 for packages) 4¾@4 15-16. Coffee—Rio contracts went off 5 to 25 points, the near months suffering most with a further break in all foreign markets, and active selling orders with buyers very careful beyond protecting contracts. Rio on spot depressed and nominal.

Live Stock.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 3.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,000; market slow. Hogs—Receipts, 2,000; market lower; fair to choice, heavy, $4 00@4 15; mixed grades, $3 25@4 00; Yorkers, $3 75@3 85. Sheep—Receipts, 1,000; market steady.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 4.—Cattle—Receipts, 4,320; shipments, 2,700; market steady; steers, $3 25@4 80. Hogs—Receipts, 11,580; shipments, 700; market 5 to 7½c higher; all grades, $3 50@4 10. Sheep—Receipts, 3,070; shipments, 4,000; market steady; muttons, $4 10@4 35.

CLEVELAND STOCK YARDS, Nov. 4.—Errick Bros.' Report.—[Exclusive to THE BLADE.]—Receipts, 1,200; market steady with good demand; fair to best heavy, $4 15@4 25; fair to best light, $3 95@4 05; pigs, $2 75@3 25; stags and roughs, $2 75@3 50; veal calves, 4½@6c.

CHICAGO, Nov. 4.—The *Evening Journal* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 10,000, made of 3,000 Texans, 3,000 rangers and 4,000 natives; unchanged as compared with yesterday; extra steers, $5 00@5 25; prime export, $4 75@4 86; good to medium, $4 20@4 60; grassy and common steers, $2 75@3 50. Hogs—Receipts, 36,000; lower; rough and common, $3 50@3 90.

BUFFALO, Nov. 3.—Cattle—Receipts, 274 loads through; 275 sales. Top grades steady, fair demand; common dull. Export steers good to extra, $4 15@4 65; choice heavy butchers, $4 10@4 40. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 16 loads through, 80 sales; sheep steady; lambs lower. Sheep—Choice to extra, $5 00@5 25; good to choice, $4 75@4 85. Lambs—Choice to extra, $6 15@6 30; good to choice, $5 75@6 65. Hogs—Receipts, 99 loads through, 130 sales; fair demand, steady; heavy, $4 35; mediums and mixed, $4 30@4 35.

New York Wool Market.

There is a pretty good demand for nearly all grades. Delaine, 37c; unwashed Western, 20@29c; Texas, 16@25c.

Oil City Oil Market.

Opened at 79, highest, 80; lowest, 78¾; close, 79¾.

Louisville Tobacco Market.

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 3.—The sales during the week have been light. There has been a better tone to the market. Good tobacco has been buoyant. Quotations of 1889 crops are: Burley—Dark trash, $2 00@2 50; colory trash, $7 00@9 00; common lugs, $3 50@4 50; medium lugs, $5 00@7 00; good lugs, $7 00@10 50; colory lugs, $11 00@14 50; common leaf, $5 50@7 50; medium leaf, $8 00@11 50; good leaf, $11 50@18 00; fine leaf and selections, $18 00@23 00. Dark—Trash, 50c@$1 25; common lugs, $1 25@$2 00; medium lugs, $2 00@3 00; good lugs, $3 00@3 50; common to medium leaf, $3 75@5 50.

British Grain Trade.

LONDON, Nov. 3.—The *Mark Lane Express*, in its weekly review of the British grain trade, says:

Good samples of English wheat are in demand and prices are 6d dearer. The sales of English wheats during the past week were 90,365 quarters at 31s 6d, against 68,632 quarters at 30 3d during the corresponding week last year. Foreign wheats are slightly stronger under lessening shipments. Corn and barley are steady. Oats are weak, owing to heavy deliveries. At to-day's market there was a fair demand for English and foreign wheats at an average rise of 6d. Barleys were firm, and there was a more active inquiry. Oats and corn advanced 6d. Flour was well held at a rise of 6d. Rye and peas were dull. Beans were firm.